Collier's

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ROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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TRIAL BY MARRIAGE

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Here's how *you* can help America

WHEN YOU TRAVEL!

—by planning trips for week-days
Greyhound (and every other transportation system) is all-out to help America win the war. You can aid in many ways. For example . . . plan all possible trips for *mid-week* days instead of *week-ends.* This leaves extra seat space for soldiers on leave, war workers and many others who can travel only on week-ends. It makes travel easier, less crowded for you, too!

MAY
JUNE
SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER

—by vacationing early . . . or *late*
Discover, this year, that mid-summer isn't *always* the best time for a vacation. Go earlier (in May or June) if convenient—or wait until early Fall. You'll have a better time in more pleasant weather—and an easier trip, with choice reservations at hotels and resorts. You'll be helping transportation do an efficient job, and doing yourself a favor at the same time.

—by getting the facts in advance
Don't *guess* about your trips and the best time, the best way to take them. Get full information in advance from a Greyhound agent or travel bureau expert. Your trip will be more pleasant, better-timed—and you will know in advance how to avoid occasional war-time congestion. Another good tip: get your tickets in advance and be at the bus station early, to avoid delay.

—by saving to buy U. S. Bonds!
Purchase all the Defense Stamps and Bonds you possibly can . . . you'll be able to buy more of *both* with dollars saved going Greyhound. Super-Coach travel saves vital materials needed by America in its war effort, too—carrying each passenger several times as far as a private automobile, per gallon of gas, per pound of rubber and metal used.

GREYHOUND

Doing a Double Job for VICTORY!
Greyhound has a big two-way task in wartime. ● *MILITARY —taking selectees to examination centers, soldiers on leave, thousands of troops on emergency moves.* ● *CIVILIAN—carrying war workers . . . farmers . . . teachers . . . nurses . . . business men . . . everybody—keeping America on the move!*

Look! Is not this your Daughter? Is not she young America?

She has a great Heritage, A Future filled with Promise!

We see her a Woman, Sympathetic and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to her Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

SHE IS YOUR DAUGHTER—she is young America! Her future encompasses the things we stand for. You have helped give her the priceless dowry of a body strong in health, a mind shaped without fear, a confidence that faces the future hopefully . . . and *smiling!*

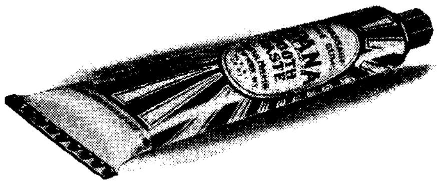
Yes, smiling! For even now this little girl knows well a lesson in dental health that many an adult has still to learn. In thousands of classrooms* all over the country, youngsters of America are being taught this vital dental truth—that *firm, healthy gums* are important to sound teeth and bright, sparkling smiles.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist right away.* It may not be serious—but let him decide. He may simply say your gums have become sensitive because today's soft foods have robbed them of natural exercise. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest "the help of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth brilliantly and thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums. When you massage your gums with Ipana, that stimulating "tingle" means gum circulation is increasing—helping gums to healthier firmness.

So get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile.



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

**In 1941, at the request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana provided charts, teaching helps and other material for use in dental hygiene classes in American schools.*

Look for the RCA Victor advertisement appearing regularly on this page

EVERY WEEK

LISTEN TO THE BRIGHT NEW TUNES ON

VICTOR RECORDS

TODAY as perhaps never before we need music to help us relax. Revitalized versions of old favorites. The latest and the best of the current hits. Victor Records preserve them for you (the *new* and the old) with a marvelous matching of talent to tune.

SONGS OF THE SERVICE

"SONGS OF THE SERVICE"

AN album of stirring patriotic records comprised of the official songs of all branches of our armed service. Ten inspiring melodies—5 records by the Victor Military Band, Leonard Joy conductor, with the Four Clubmen. P-117. List price $3.00

HAL PLAYS TWO PAL NUMBERS

MOST folks like the way Hal McIntyre plays sentimental tunes. Whereupon he turns out "I'll Pray for You" and "Do You Miss Your Sweetheart?"—both on record No. 27821. List price 50c

"SHE'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER"

INTRIGUING title of Glenn Miller's new recording. On the other side is, "Sh-h—It's A Military Secret!" B-11493. List price 35c

CO-STARRING IN A CLASSIC . . .

LOVELY Dinah Shore and Freddy Martin's band team up on one swell recording of "I Look at Heaven" (based on Grieg's *Piano Concerto*). Coupled with a favorite of the twenties—"I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby." B-11487. List price . . . 35c

AND A WORD ABOUT RADIO TUBES

TUBES are the heart of your radio. They have to be *right*. A difference of a thousandth of an inch, in some parts of a radio tube, can make all the difference between perfect tone and distortion. RCA Victor, Cunningham, and RCA Radiotron Tubes are all made by RCA—for fine radio performance, long life, and freedom from noise — so call your radioserviceman *now*. For with RCA, war work comes first—present retail stocks may be difficult to replace.

Remember Pearl Harbor! BUY U.S. DEFENSE BONDS

Prices shown are list prices exclusive of excise tax.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON

VICTOR RECORDS

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor
DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
CLARENCE H. ROY	Syntax
W. B. COURTNEY	Far East
FRANK GERVASI	Near East
MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier'

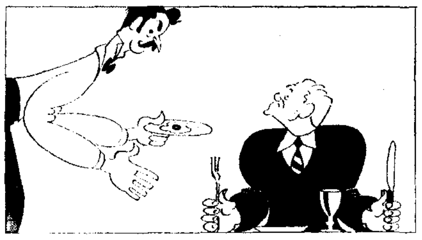
WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Directo

ANY WEEK

THE handsome young American on the cover is Victor Irving Crutchfield, of the Klamath tribe of southwest Oregon, now working in the huge Douglas plane plant at Santa Monica, California. He was formerly a Forest Service patrolman and truck driver. The Klamaths are one of the wealthiest tribes of Indians in the country, own wide stretches of timber and farm lands and maintain their ancient right to fish the salmon streams of the coast mountains in their own way.

WE'RE afraid that we shall never become an important war correspondent. We've had a go at it, having been wandering for the past few weeks up and down Central America with particular emphasis on the Panama Canal Defense and its immediate problems above and below. We started out with the Army's exhortation ringing in our ears: Ignore the trifling incidentals and keep your mind on the great goal. We gathered that the great goal was the winning of the war, but we had trouble with it. We're back with, among other things, an immense respect for professional observers, particularly the journalistic observers or experts who, after reading today's newspapers, dope out the lowdown for tomorrow's readers. We observed and observed, breaking one pair of glasses in the process, getting ourself suspected at least once of espionage and being thrown out of several strategic positions. Guess we're just the trifling kind. In beautiful Guatemala City where there is a great deal of a warlike character to observe, we ran afoul a couple of Army intelligence officers, the F.B.I. and the local police when our feet began treading forbidden ground and our tongue gave forth with a few searching questions. We settled it nicely by having them all over to the Palace Hotel for a few drinks. Having established ourself, we wandered about until we got to talking to Señor Jorge Minero Zaccano, a silversmith. We asked Señor Zaccano how the war went with him and his people. "We are flattered and aroused," replied Señor Zaccano. "As to the fighting we are in the hands of the United States and her latent might. We trust that you are conducting your national affairs as efficiently as we are asked to conduct ours—with indifferent success. We are interested to learn that in its conduct of the war, your country is employing dancers, musicians, expert manipulators of the bowling ball, cinema stars and other artists in many peaceful occupations. We understand that the pay is good and the risks of a minimum. Guatemala is a nation of artists. We are interested. As for the fighting part, we are very sensitive.

IT WAS in Guatemala we think (or perhaps it was Costa Rica) that we ran headlong into a sample of Central American efficiency. We think it was Costa Rica, one of the very few countries which actually look like their colored picture postcards. We ordered breakfast, specifying one fried egg. The bill was ninety cents. We protested, showing the waiter that an egg breakfast according to the menu was but sixty cents. "You speak the truth," he replied. "You will observe, however, that this sixty-cent breakfast is of two eggs. You ordered one egg. Therefore your breakfast was à la carte and as such more expensive than our special combinations. Nothing can be done. Tomorrow morning I shall advise you to take the second egg which you may dispose of as your humor dictates."



IT WAS while Admiral Halsey and his intrepid American squadron were raiding the Marshall and the Gilbert Islands with heartening vigor that one of Japan's dive-bomb fliers made his bid for immortality by diving straight at the admiral's flagship. He missed and died but he came so close that the admiral instinctively ducked—a completely understandable reaction we think. But when the admiral ducked, a kid seaman laughed. When the raid was over, the admiral spoke to the boy. "Don't you know," said he sternly, "that nobody of less rank than a chief petty officer may laugh

(Continued on page 49)

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THIS WEE

APRIL 25, 194

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None but the Brave. Dramatic s cut to a lady's affection. Pag

EDMUND GILLIGAN
Hunter's Moon. War cannot voi code of a sportsman. Pag

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●

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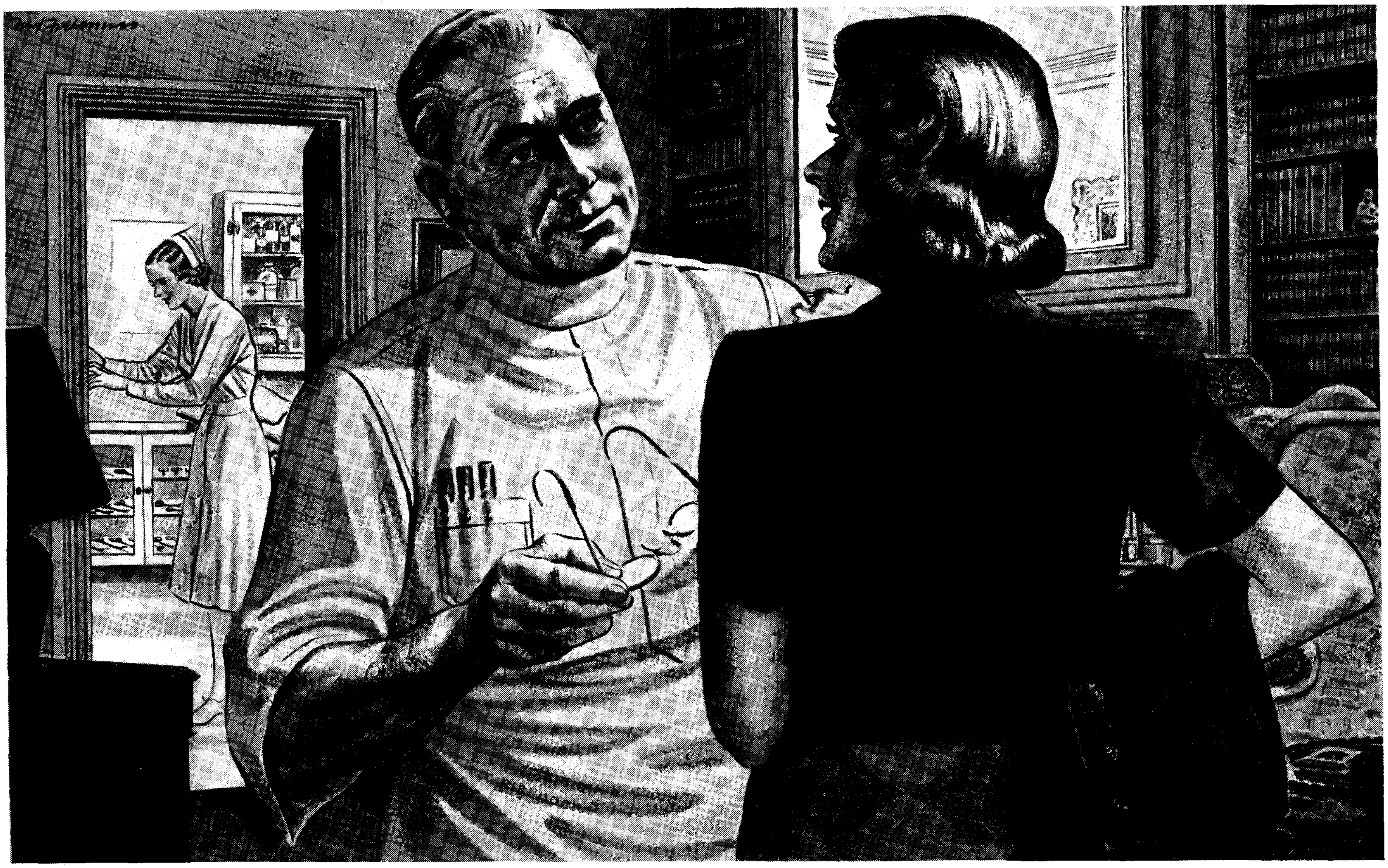
EDITORIAL
Thorough—But Fast. Page

COVER LARRY KRONQUI



"No, it isn't Cancer—"

THIS WOMAN WORRIED and worried when she discovered that she had one of the symptoms often associated with cancer. Again and again she asked herself, "Shall I wait and see what happens . . . or go to the doctor?" Wisely, she chose the latter course.

Now, after thorough examinations and tests, she has just heard the welcome words, "No, it isn't cancer."

How wonderful those words sounded! How thankful she is that she went to her doctor at once! For, even though the symptoms usually associated with cancer do not *always* mean cancer, they do indicate that something is wrong.

If cancer *is* present, the earlier it is discovered and properly treated, the greater are the chances for a cure. The chances of curing *early* cancer of the breast, for example, are almost four times greater than those of curing it in its late stages; in early cancer of the pelvic regions, the chances are *eight* times better.

That is why anyone with a suspicious cancer symptom should go to the doctor immediately—should never "wait and see what happens." Fortunately, those cancers which give easily recognizable danger signals are usually the ones which can be treated most successfully. Here are some of the danger signals:

1. Any unusual lump or thickening, especially in the breast.
2. Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.
3. Any sore that does not heal—particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.
4. Persistent indigestion, often accompanied by loss of weight.
5. Noticeable changes in the form, size, or color of a mole or wart.
6. Any persistent change from the normal action of elimination.

The only positive way to tell whether cancer is present is a microscopic examination. If cancer is present, there are three forms of treatment—surgery, X-rays, radium, or a combination of these. Beware of quack remedies or "cures" for any condition which might be cancer.

Metropolitan will send you a free booklet, 52-C, "A Message of Hope about Cancer."

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(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

● THE UNITED STATES NEEDS MORE STUDENT NURSES!

The Metropolitan presents this appeal for 50,000 well-qualified young women to enter approved schools of nursing during 1942. The appeal is made at the request of the Government by the Nursing Council on National Defense. Here is an opportunity for patriotic aid in meeting the emergency needs of the Army, the Navy, and Civilian Defense. It may also be a step toward a career of lasting usefulness and future economic security in post-war reconstruction. For further information apply to your State Nursing Council on Defense, or to the Nursing Information Bureau, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A new invention to protect automobiles is a simple electrical device that sounds the horn in a series of short blasts when a thief tries to steal the car or to remove any accessories or parts, including tires.

The olm, *Proteus anguinus*, an aquatic eel-shaped amphibian inhabiting the waters of certain dark caverns in Austria, has been blind for thousands of generations. Yet, if this animal is exposed to red light when young, its eyes develop the power of vision.

Muta is a form of legal marriage among the Shiite Mohammedans, whereby a man and woman are joined in a religious ceremony for a specified time only, which may be a year, a month or a day. When the couple wish to remain together after their marriage contract has expired, they are obliged to renew it and have another wedding.

The flag of the U.S.S. Arizona, sunk at Pearl Harbor, continues to wave in Arizona, where it was adopted as the official banner of the state in 1917.—*By N. W. Washburn, Miami, Florida.*

Twenty-six foreign countries had given women the right to vote and the struggle for such political liberty had been in progress in the United States for seventy-two years before our 19th (Woman Suffrage) Amendment became effective in 1920.—*By Mary Bak, New Rochelle, New York.*

An unusual criminal case was that of Mike Spinelli, who killed three men in Pittsburgh in 1932 and fled to Italy knowing that he would not be extradited for a crime committed abroad. However, upon the request of our State Department, he was brought to trial, convicted and sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment in Salerno, Italy, merely on testimony in depositions forwarded from America.—*By Claude B. Sweezey, Florence, Arizona.*

The term "court" for playing cards bearing pictures of kings, queens and jacks has no connection with royalty. "Court" is a corruption of "coat," the cards being so named originally because they depict figures wearing coats.

When Anglo-Saxon couples were married during the first centuries of Christianity, the groom promised to take the bride "for fairer or fouler" and she promised always to be "buxom and bonny."

The maximum penalty for bribing a professional baseball player or umpire is more severe, in several states, than that for bribing a judge, a justice or a state, county or municipal official.—*By Robert Smith, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*

Confederate Memorial Day is observed as a holiday on April 26th in Alabama, Florida, Georgia and Mississippi; on May 10th in North Carolina and South Carolina; on May 30th in Virginia and on June 3d in Louisiana, Tennessee and, until this year, in Kentucky.

Napoleon is one of the outstanding figures in world history whose portrait has never appeared on any postage stamp of any country.—*By George Vass, Springfield, Illinois.*

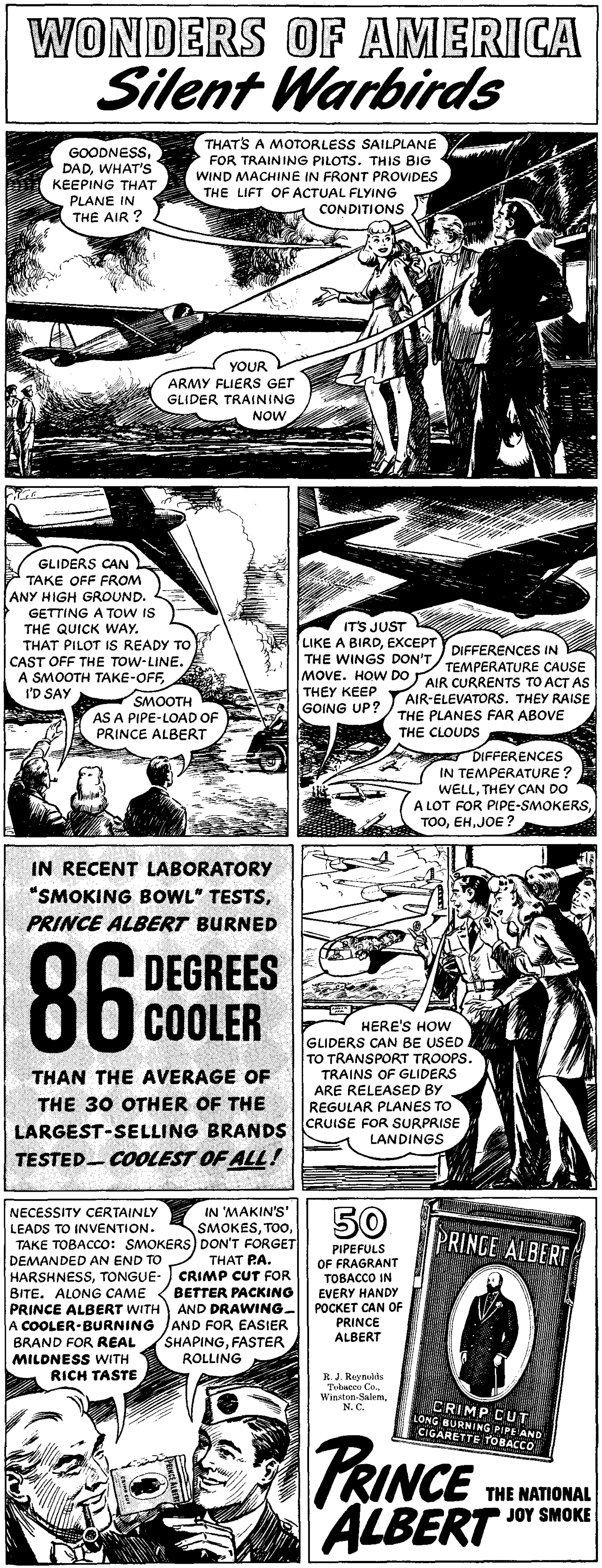
More suicides occur between five and seven in the morning than in any other two-hour period, on Sunday more than on any other day, in May more than in any other month and between the ages of fifty and fifty-four years more than in any other five years of the life span.

One of the greatest conquerors of all time was Tamerlane, whose armies of Mongols invaded and subjugated a large part of Asia in the 14th century. Although he did not succeed in his ambition to dominate the entire world, Tamerlane became the crowned ruler of 27 countries.—*By Bernard N. Craven, New York, New York.*

The Japanese soldier is paid ten yen, or about $2.36 a month, of which $1.89 is sent to his family, thirty-eight cents is deducted for his compulsory savings account and the other nine cents is given to him for spending money.—*By Roderick M. Grant, River Forest, Illinois.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

WONDERS OF AMERICA
Silent Warbirds

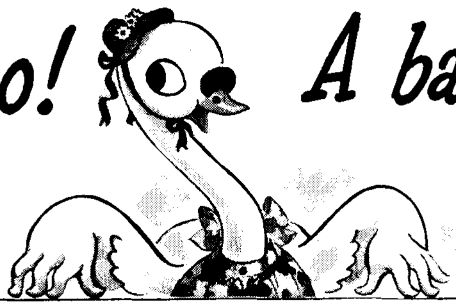

GOODNESS, DAD, WHAT'S KEEPING THAT PLANE IN THE AIR?
THAT'S A MOTORLESS SAILPLANE FOR TRAINING PILOTS. THIS BIG WIND MACHINE IN FRONT PROVIDES THE LIFT OF ACTUAL FLYING CONDITIONS
YOUR ARMY FLIERS GET GLIDER TRAINING NOW
GLIDERS CAN TAKE OFF FROM ANY HIGH GROUND. GETTING A TOW IS THE QUICK WAY. THAT PILOT IS READY TO CAST OFF THE TOW-LINE. A SMOOTH TAKE-OFF, I'D SAY
SMOOTH AS A PIPE-LOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT
IT'S JUST LIKE A BIRD, EXCEPT THE WINGS DON'T MOVE. HOW DO THEY KEEP GOING UP?
DIFFERENCES IN TEMPERATURE CAUSE AIR CURRENTS TO ACT AS AIR-ELEVATORS. THEY RAISE THE PLANES FAR ABOVE THE CLOUDS
DIFFERENCES IN TEMPERATURE? WELL, THEY CAN DO A LOT FOR PIPE-SMOKERS, TOO, EH, JOE?
HERE'S HOW GLIDERS CAN BE USED TO TRANSPORT TROOPS. TRAINS OF GLIDERS ARE RELEASED BY REGULAR PLANES TO CRUISE FOR SURPRISE LANDINGS
NECESSITY CERTAINLY LEADS TO INVENTION. TAKE TOBACCO: SMOKERS DEMANDED AN END TO HARSHNESS, TONGUE-BITE. ALONG CAME PRINCE ALBERT WITH A COOLER-BURNING BRAND FOR REAL MILDNESS WITH RICH TASTE
IN 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES, TOO, DON'T FORGET THAT P.A. CRIMP CUT FOR BETTER PACKING AND DRAWING— AND FOR EASIER SHAPING, FASTER ROLLING
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED 86 DEGREES COOLER THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*

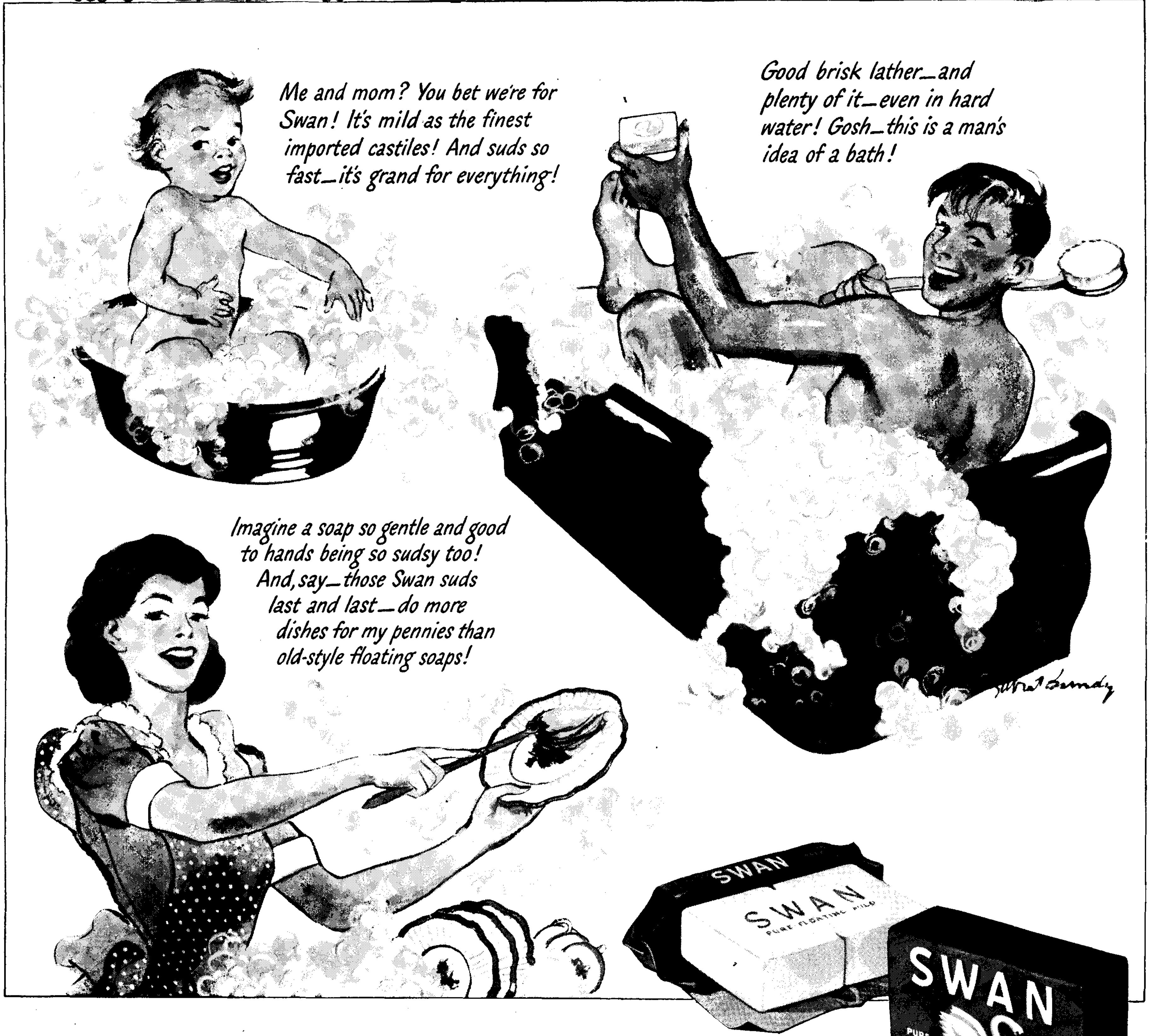
50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET CAN OF PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



Oho! A baby-gentle floating soap that's a sudsin' whiz—Swan up and see!



Me and mom? You bet we're for Swan! It's mild as the finest imported castiles! And suds so fast—it's grand for everything!

Good brisk lather—and plenty of it—even in hard water! Gosh—this is a man's idea of a bath!

Imagine a soap so gentle and good to hands being so sudsy too! And, say—those Swan suds last and last—do more dishes for my pennies than old-style floating soaps!

SWAN
SWAN
PURE FLOATING MILD
SWAN
PURE WHITE
FLOATING SOAP
LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Snap!
2 cakes for one!

SWAN

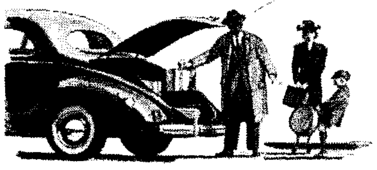
The baby-gentle floating soap that's a sudsin' whiz!

TUNE IN!
GRACIE ALLEN • GEORGE BURNS
PAUL WHITEMAN
See your local paper for time and station.

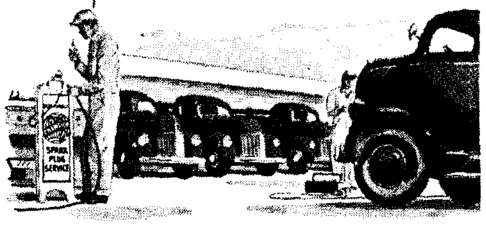
CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

CHAMPION
PATENTED
More Vital -
More Dependable
than ever!

Spark plugs put the kick in an engine, and the men who drive and operate the nation's leading fleets of buses and trucks know this. They know, too, that it's costly to use any but the best. That's why most specify Champions, and a very good reason why you should too.

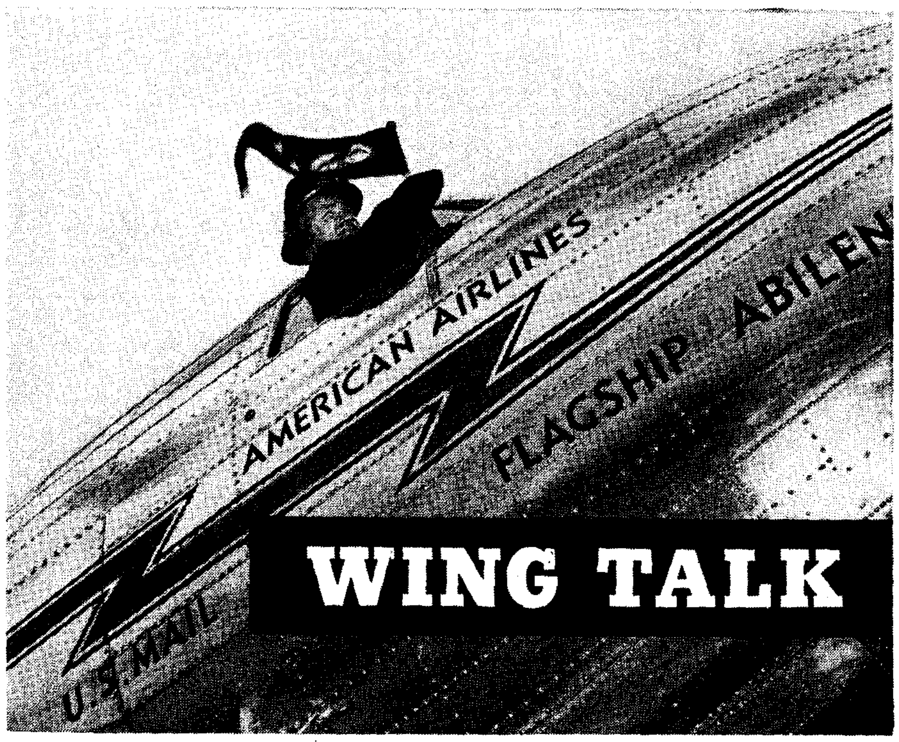


Your car is a real family asset, and a useful friend. Treat it as such and it will serve you faithfully and well during this period of war economy. Spark plugs are the heart and pulse of its engine so have them tested and cleaned at regular intervals, and replace old, worn-out spark plugs with new Champions — the spark plugs champions use.



Operators of fleets also know the importance of maintaining equipment at peak efficiency and regularly inspect, clean and adjust spark plugs. Since the foundation of a national competition among fleets, for economy and efficiency of operation, Champion-equipped fleets have won a big majority of the awards.

TO SAVE GASOLINE • KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAN



WING TALK

WILLIAM T. HOFF

First Officer Charles Johnson of the American Airlines Flagship Abilene mounts the standard after the landing run

THE shiny aluminum airliner, with brilliant red trim on the engine cowlings, nose, fuselage and tail surfaces, taxies to the loading ramp, flying a pennant from a stub mast outside the co-pilot's window. People who go to the airport to watch the planes readily identify it as an American Airlines Flagship. That fancy flag, bearing white stars on a field of blue and surrounded by a red border, is a bit of oomph that has paid off very well from a public-relations standpoint.

But how do pennant and mast survive a speed of 180 miles an hour or more? Wouldn't the wind whip them to pieces? Sure would, so one of the duties of the co-pilot is to hoist the flag when the plane has completed its landing run and leave it there until the ship is back out again ready for the take-off. Then he slides open his window, lifts mast and flag from its socket and away the ship goes.

AVIATION probably challenges the inventive nature of more people than any other modern science. This is natural. The ideal airplane has not yet been built.

Aviation people do not discourage ideas for improvements. One out of a thousand might be something the smartest guys in the business failed to think of. However, many are submitted which completely ignore the fundamental laws of flight and knowledge of aircraft structure, gained at great cost of life.

So that no promising ideas may be lost the government has set up the National Inventors Council in the Department of Commerce Building, Washington, D. C. This serves as a clearinghouse for inventions and suggestions that might prove valuable. In the past year, 2,600 suggestions and designs for aviation were sent in.

Inventors need not submit aeronautical designs to the government, but can take them up with firms in the industry and make a deal. If you offer something to the government and it's needed and wanted, the council is empowered to fix its worth—not more than $75,000—and send you a check.

WHEN two experienced airmen go aloft together, there is usually agreement in advance as to who will take off and fly for what period. The other pilot then becomes a passenger. There's a code of respect for the captain of the ship in the skies as well as on the seas, and many a pilot riding as passenger has sweated and suffered in silence while the other fellow flew in what his "passenger" regarded as a most outrageous manner.

We once knew two pilots who went cross-country in a tandem cockpit plane with dual controls. They ran into bad weather and the ceiling began to descend fast. The pilot in command wanted to keep on going; the pilot-passenger wanted to land right then. They fell to fighting for command. They didn't get hurt, but never spoke again.

Not long ago, two pilots in a tandem cockpit plane with no inter-phones misunderstood the signal of shaking the stick (meaning: I'll take over now). So no one touched the controls, the plane went into a shallow dive, cut through telephone wires and crashed. Even as the plane approached the wires, the pilot in front who had released the controls and believed his friend was flying, made no effort to grab them and alter the course. Neither did the pilot in the back seat. It was obvious to both a landing was not being attempted, as they were several miles away from an airport and the engine was turning over at cruising speed. This deep respect for the responsibility of each other cost the life of one and serious injuries to the other.

A WIDE psychological gap exists between the student pilot and the private pilot, even though their flying experience may be but a few hours apart. This has come to light through a thorough analysis of landing accidents in private flying made by the Safety Bureau of the Civil Aeronautics Board. And here it is: The student pilot undershoots for a landing, while the private pilot overshoots. The bureau says, resignedly, that there is no ready explanation for these tendencies.

HELP save the life of a potentially valuable combat pilot and help save the much-needed airplanes for training by discouraging a very silly practice that is flourishing among fledgling pilots, of flying low, cutting the throttle and shouting at people on the ground. Too many times have these shouting pilots concentrated on being heard, lost

(Continued on page 53)

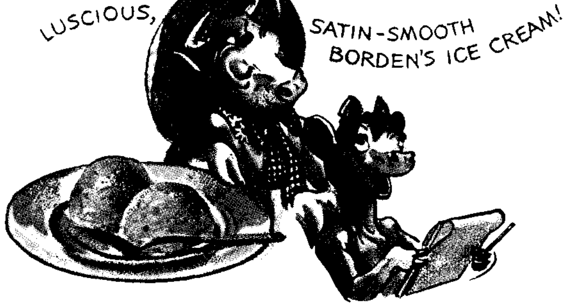
"If that poem's about spring," warned Elsie, "save at least one stanza for ice cream!"

LITTLE BEULAH, struggling with her first attack of poetry, puzzled: "But, mommy—how can I make ice cream fit in? I've got how all Nature wakes up in the Spring . . ."

"One of the most delightful Spring awakenings," pointed out Elsie, the Borden Cow, "is the way that warming weather rouses folks' appetites for ice cream—the ice cream that's extra luscious and wholesome because it's made from milk and cream I produce for Borden . . ."

"How's this?" interrupted Beulah:

"Oh, what is so nice on a day in Spring
As Borden's Ice Cream — *It's just the thing!*


LUSCIOUS,
SATIN-SMOOTH BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!

"Why, darling, that's marvelous," Elsie applauded, "particularly, if you read it sort of fast.

"Of course, ice cream isn't the *only* good thing that's the result of Borden skill and care in making my milk so good. A huge family of delicious foods springs from that original pure *Borden's Milk* of mine."

"Would it be right," asked Beulah, "to call that family the *cream* of society?"

"I should think so," Elsie agreed. "Let's see—has your poem got anything about how the birds come back in the Spring?"

PURE, DELICIOUS BORDEN'S MILK!
Borden's

"Sure, mommy," said Beulah proudly. "There, in the second stanza."

"Well, it's just as certain," Elsie replied, "that people will come back again and again for more of the marvelous cookies, candies, and cake frostings that are

LOVELY SWEET TREATS FROM BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND!
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
MAGIC RECIPES

made with *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk.*"

"I haven't finished this part," Beulah remarked, "about young things growing up and blooming."

"Just remember," said Elsie helpfully, "that lots of young *babies* start to grow up and bloom on *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk.* It's so digestible and rich

BORDEN'S EVAPORATED'S GOOD FOR BABIES!
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

in Vitamin D that many doctors approve it. And it's also the secret of grand cream soups and mashed potatoes."

"Do you think I should mention Spring Fever?" asked Beulah.

"By all means," answered Elsie. "And be sure to point out that one of the best pepper-uppers under the sun is *Borden's Hemo*—the grand new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em!"

Beulah was scribbling rapidly. "Something like this, mommy?" she offered:

"With its vitamins and minerals galore,
Each glass of Hemo *tastes like more!"*

DRINK YOUR VITAMINS AND LIKE 'EM!
Borden's
Hemo

"That's perfectly splendid, dear," beamed Elsie. "But don't forget to finish your poem with a nice moral folks will remember."

"I've got it, mommy!" cried the excited little Beulah:

"Ice cream, milk, or other fine food —
If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"

Buy Defense Stamps and Bonds today
(Or, to put it as Beulah would say:)
"Taxes and bonds, bonds and taxes
—That's the way to axe the Axis!"

-if it's Borden's it's got to be good

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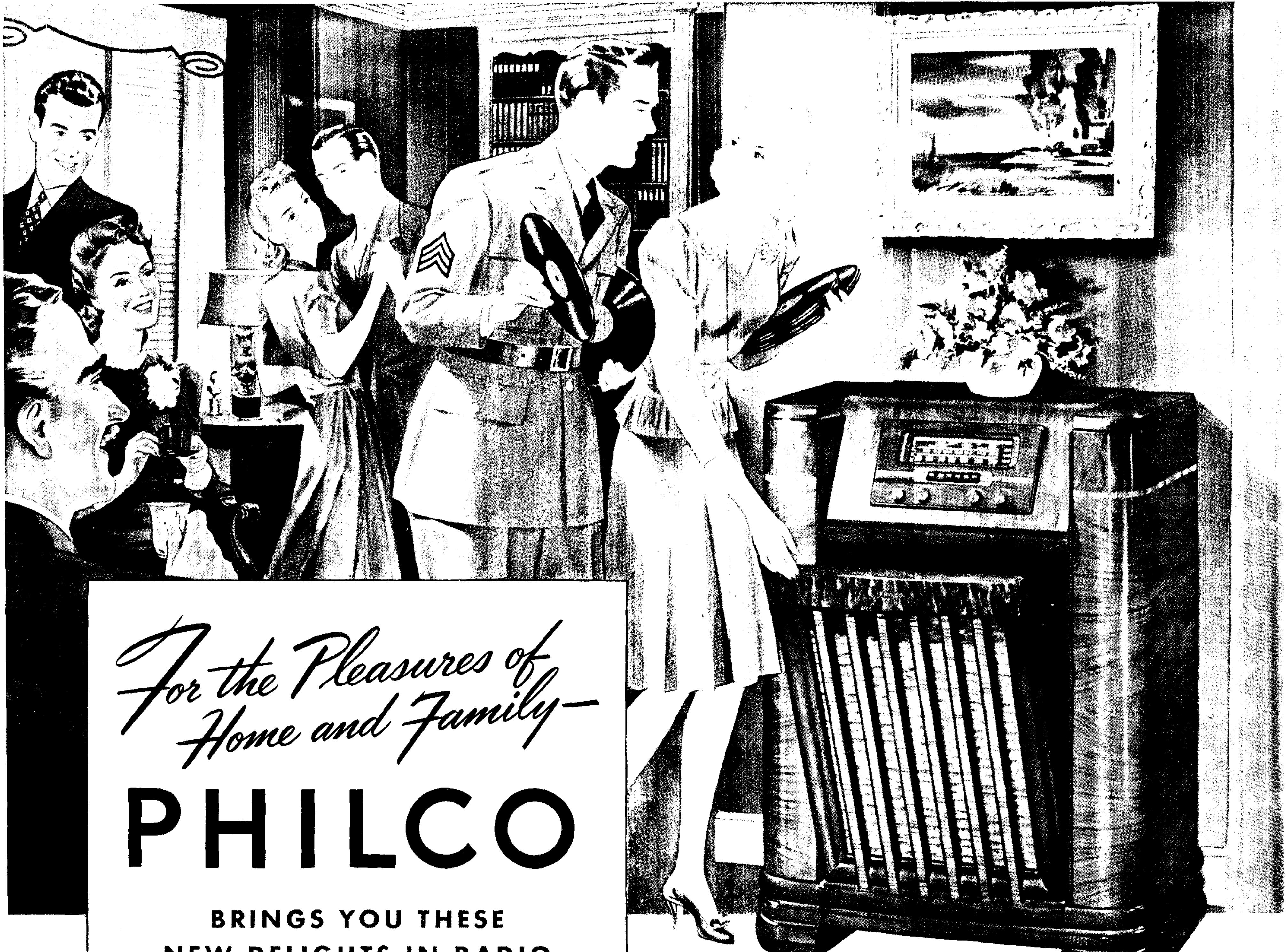

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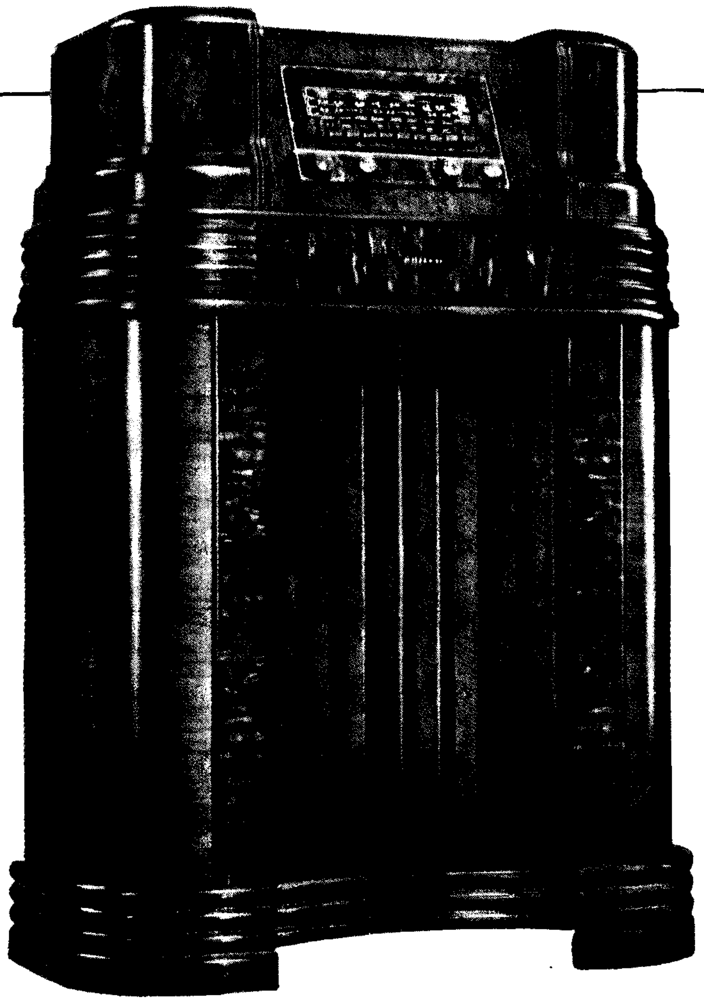
PHILCO

BRINGS YOU THESE NEW DELIGHTS IN RADIO AND RECORDED MUSIC



MUSIC ON A BEAM OF LIGHT

Just think what the *modern* inventions of Philco engineers have done to multiply the pleasures of radio and recorded music! Because of *"Music on a Beam of Light,"* you have no needles to change, you enjoy glorious new beauty from your records, unmarred by surface noise. And they last 10 times longer! The amazing new Philco Automatic Record Changer does away with the bother of changing records, handles them gently, reliably, without fear of damage. The Stroboscope Control insures absolute fidelity of pitch. All these are exclusive developments from the Philco laboratories, yours only in a Philco . . . *they are the marks of the modern radio-phonograph!* (Philco 1008 Radio-Phonograph, illustrated above.)

America's Favorite Radio Console!

In this gorgeous, impressive cabinet of beautifully finished sliced and butt Walnut woods, the Philco 380X (left) is radio's champion value in tone, performance and beauty. Its powerful 8-tube circuit is extremely sensitive. Its big Concert Grand Speaker and separate Bass and Treble Tone Controls give you glorious tone for every type of program. *Yours on Easy Terms.*

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The research and manufacturing facilities of Philco are engaged in various phases of production for our armed forces. Its assembly lines are producing frequency meters, communications equipment and radio receivers for tanks and airplanes. Its heavy machinery is engaged in mass production of artillery fuzes. The entire facilities of Philco in research, engineering and manufacture, with its complete equipment and skilled personnel, are now at the disposal of the government for the production of the weapons of victory, to whatever degree the nation requires.

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR APRIL 25, 1942

Trial by Marriage

By Vereen Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The brilliant story of two renegades and the woman who taught one of them the bitterest truth of life

DUFF lay in the cold leaves, concealed under an alder. Again he held two fingers against his throat, and a yelping sound came from his mouth.

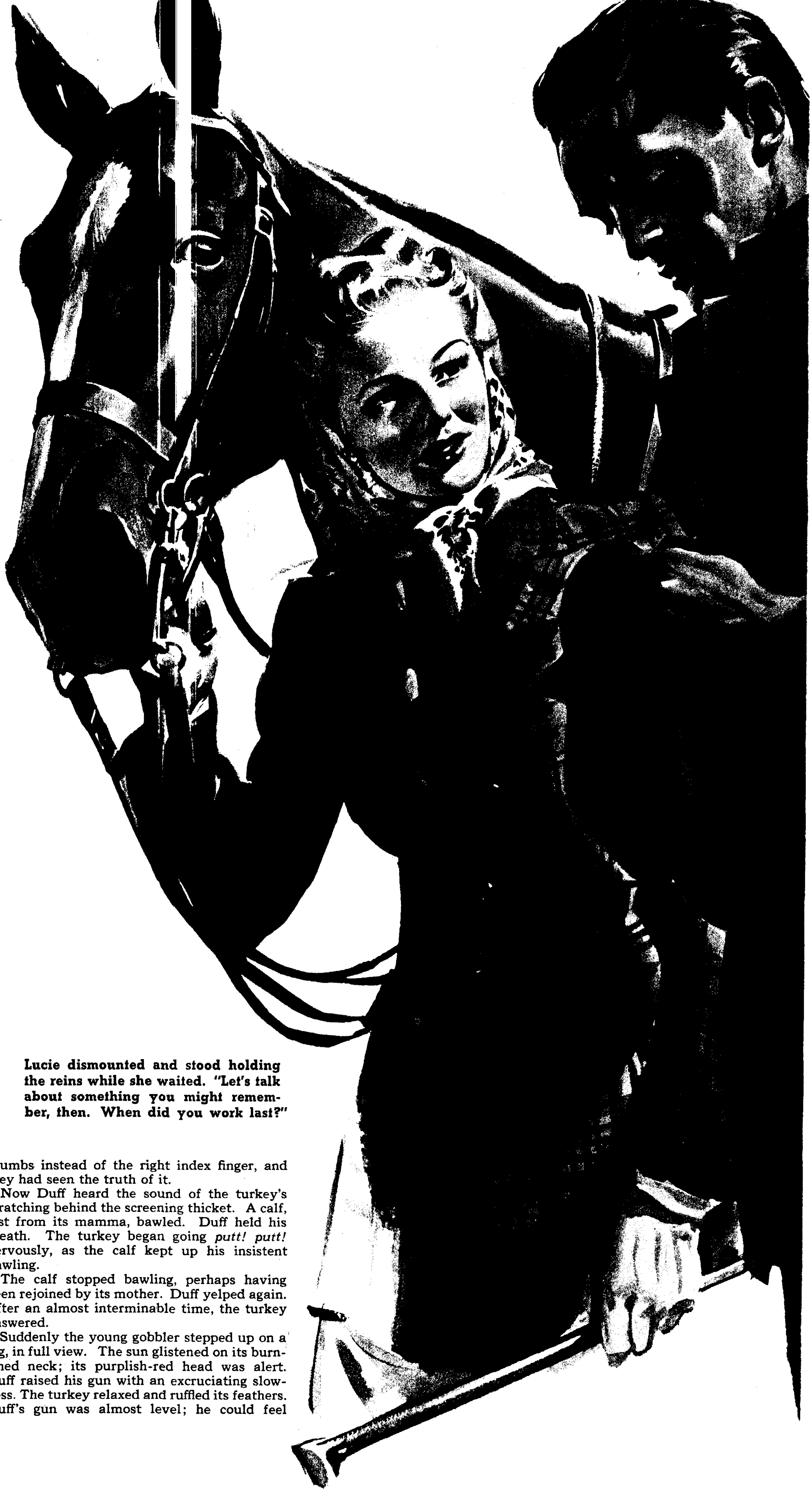
Then he listened.

A redbird whistled in a tulip tree. Out of range across the bottom on a piney hill, a buck stood with raised head, unmoving, then grazed on. A flight of robins passed overhead, above the tall trees.

Then he heard the answer. Beyond the screen of underbrush, a wild turkey replied to him. Duff noiselessly slipped the safety off the shotgun with trembling fingers. He swallowed. Not in two days had he eaten. He could have killed small birds; but he had only three shells left, and each one of them should provide him with at least two days' food. That meant a deer or a turkey, or a covey of quail on the ground. The second day of hunger, he had found, was always the worst. The third day was bad too, but by then your stomach had begun to get used to being empty. After the first few days a sort of amused lunacy crept over you, so that even cutting your own throat could be regarded as a diverting little trick, of no more importance than burning your girl's initials on your arm with sulphuric acid as some of them had done in the high-school laboratory.

He sometimes wondered what had been his mother's state of mind when she shot herself. Undoubtedly she had been in some "accelerated"—as they had said—mental condition; that afternoon she had played the piano with a stormy genius that would have astonished those who knew her as a self-conscious, complaining, thumb-fingered music teacher, then gone upstairs and stuck the muzzle of the old hammerless revolver in her mouth and blown off the top of her head. Afterward there had been some whispers of murder, because the trigger of the old revolver was almost more than a man could pull, certainly more, they said, than fragile Mrs. Webster could have pulled.

At the inquest, the coroner's wife and several other women were asked to pull the trigger of the revolver, but not one of them could snap the gun. Duff's father, who at the time had been out quail hunting as usual—leaving the run-down little drugstore to the care of the sixteen-year-old soda jerker, who habitually put a portion of the scanty receipts in his pocket as they came in—finally had risen heavily and picked up the revolver. Thrusting the muzzle of the gun in his mouth to demonstrate, he showed she had probably pulled the trigger with her two thumbs instead of the right index finger, and they had seen the truth of it.



Lucie dismounted and stood holding the reins while she waited. "Let's talk about something you might remember, then. When did you work last?"

Now Duff heard the sound of the turkey's scratching behind the screening thicket. A calf, lost from its mamma, bawled. Duff held his breath. The turkey began going *putt! putt!* nervously, as the calf kept up his insistent bawling.

The calf stopped bawling, perhaps having been rejoined by its mother. Duff yelped again. After an almost interminable time, the turkey answered.

Suddenly the young gobbler stepped up on a log, in full view. The sun glistened on its burnished neck; its purplish-red head was alert. Duff raised his gun with an excruciating slowness. The turkey relaxed and ruffled its feathers. Duff's gun was almost level; he could feel the nerves in his left wrist jumping. A leaf crackled. The turkey's head went back up, and the disarranged feathers lay quickly down. The turkey went *putt!*

Aiming at the head, Duff pulled the trigger. The turkey leaped over backward, and flopped and kicked spasmodically in the damp leaves. Duff jumped up and ran, almost stumbling in his eagerness to reach the dying bird.

When the last feeble kicking passed, Duff leaned his gun on a log and picked up the turkey by the head, just as a man in brown leggings stepped from behind a tree with a Colt .45 in his hand.

"Stand right there, and don't move that gun," he said. "Didn't expect to yelp up no warden, did you?"

Duff stared at him.

"Them 'Posted' signs, buddy, wasn't put up just for looks," the warden said.

Duff tried to speak, but his voice stuck.

"Now come here, and bring that turkey with you."

"I got to have him," Duff said, simply.

The warden looked at him curiously. "You see what I got here in my hand, don't you?"

Duff knew that if he leaned over to pick up his gun, he would be shot. His gun was something he needed badly, but there simply wasn't any choice. *He may have more pistol there than he can handle, unless he's an old army man.*

Duff turned his back and began walking away, leaving his shotgun on the log. He slung the turkey over his shoulder.

"Hey! You wait!"

Duff kept walking, as if he hadn't heard.

"You better stop!"

Duff kept on, stepping unhurriedly over a bush. If he started running, he would be shot instantly. But even the toughest warden would have to heat up a bit before firing at the back of a man calmly walking away.

"You hear me? I'm fixing to shoot!"

Duff shifted the turkey to the other shoulder. He paused to look interestedly at a wildcat scratch mark on a chinquapin tree, then continued walking.

"You better stop!"

Then there was a momentary silence, followed by the crash of the automatic. A two-inch dogwood limb abruptly broke and fell above Duff's head, and now the time to run had come. He shoved the turkey under his arm and jumped away, putting as much cover between him and the automatic as he could. The bullets were crashing like cannon balls now, but none of them came close.

At first the flight exhilarated him; then he began to tire, and once when he stopped he found that his breath was coming with such agonizing swiftness that he was almost suffocated, and his fingers could hardly keep their grip on the dead turkey.

The shooting ceased, and after a long time Duff heard the rapid thud of a horse's hoofs. The warden had gone back to where he had tied his horse, and now was coming to try to head Duff off. Duff crept quietly under a leatherleaf bush.

Presently the horse came by, moving more carefully as it felt its way across the litter of the bottom, regardless of the warden's angry kicks. Duff could hear the animal's windy breathing; the hoofs passed close by, not fifteen feet away. The sound of them gradually faded.

Duff lay still. An hour passed. Again and again the warden coursed the woods, searching. Finally dark came, and with it silence. Duff crawled out, stretched, and started the long blind walk to the fence that marked the outer boundary of the plantation.

After he reached the road, he walked four hours down it, and finally stopped in a creek swamp and began preparing his turkey for roasting.

WHEN the turkey was finished next day, Duff didn't eat again until Tuesday.

Without the gun he felt helpless. Traveling aimlessly, sleeping under bridges, and avoiding farmhouses as if he were a fugitive, he gradually developed a certain self-sufficiency. One warm day he happened upon a big diamondback that had come out of the land-tortoise hole that it had preempted for the winter. Basking peacefully in the sun, the rattlesnake had neither the energy nor the inclination to glide into the hole again, but drew its head back and sounded a dry warning.

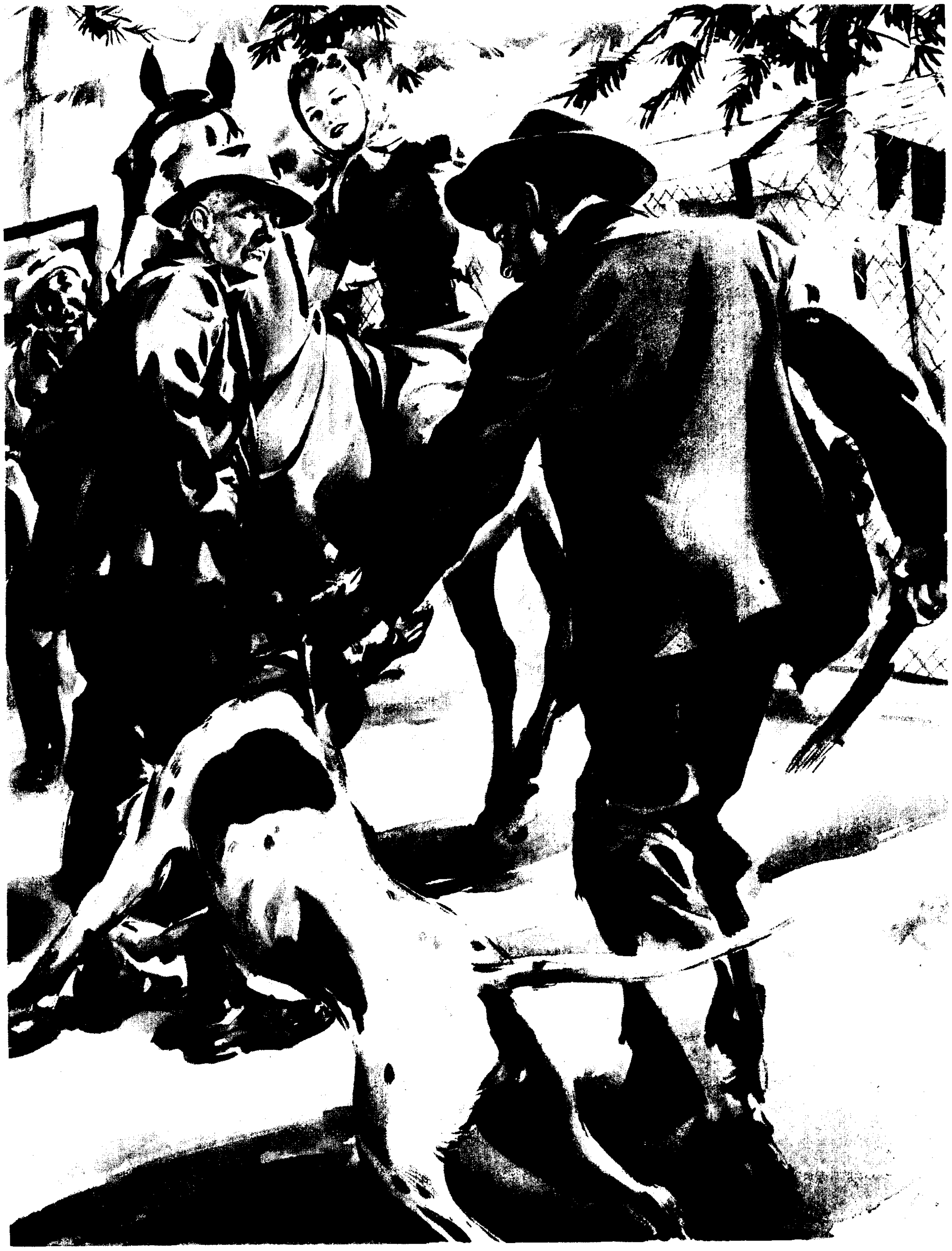
Duff killed the snake with a lightwood knot, and that night roasted the pink-white flesh over oak coals. Lightwood knots and sticks, because of their hardness and compactness, became weapons. He grew proficient at seeing rabbits huddled in the brush, their bright, frightened eyes betraying their camouflage, and in smashing their skulls with one quick throw. He learned to watch for puddles and small sloughs left by a falling creek, and to muddy the water so that the trapped small fish would seek the surface, whereupon he would flip them out.

One day while he was stalking a heron, a red-tailed hawk plummeted out of the sky upon a woods rat, just in front of where he lay; and while the bird was occupied in dispatching its prey, Duff killed it with a lucky throw; and he had both a hawk and a rat for supper.

But it was only infrequently that he had luck like that. Most of the time the quarry flushed too soon, or his throw was bad, or he found no rabbits. Most of the time he was hungry.

Then one day he came upon a dead half-grown pig, so freshly killed that the buzzards had not even found it. Duff carefully looked around. The gentle slope of the Alabama hillside was spaced with young pines; at the bottom was a gully of sedge and brambles. Beyond was a brown cornfield, at the far end of which a Negro and a mule were plowing, just beginning to break ground, the new furrows gray-black upon the

(Continued on page 26)



All of them stopped and watched the approaching pair with curiosity. Lucie's horse moved restlessly. Duff said, "I'm looking for Amos Hawthorne"

Sourdough Army

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

Alaska is perched on a powder keg and her people know it. All their lives they have had to fight in order to exist, and they know how to get back in the hills and fight a guerrilla war

DAN HOLLAND

Eskimo girls make cold-weather clothes for U. S. Army fliers in a schoolhouse at Nome, near an Army post. The two fliers are trying on mukluks and parkas. The Army will foot the bill

TANANA PETE never read any speeches by Winston Churchill. Pete never read the unforgettable one, for instance, that goes, "We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills . . ." For Pete is a half-breed Indian, and he makes his living trapping along the upper Tanana River, in the vast, vague interior of northern Alaska; and he never managed to learn to read. But when you tell Pete what was in the speech, he stops what he is doing for a moment and nods his head matter-of-factly. "Why, sure," he says, stroking his gun, "that's like we fight in Alaska, too. We go back in the hills and fight if we got to. They don't take us!"

Pete's gun is an old six-foot muzzle-loader, but Pete is pretty handy with it. People in Alaska are generally handy with guns. While you are talking to Pete, there is a single shot somewhere upstream, and Pete says without turning, "My boy Joe just kill a muskrat."

"How do you know he killed it?" you ask.

Pete raises his head again from what he is doing and looks at you in surprise. "He shoot, didn't he?"

What Pete is doing, you notice, is slicing a long strip of lead with the blade of his hunting knife, cutting the lead into little squares. He cups the square pellets in the palm of his hand and pours them into the muzzle of his gun. You ask, "What's that for, Pete? Muskrats?"

"Oh, no," Pete tells you, letting the pellets trickle casually down the mouth of the gun. "Japs."

Today all over Alaska they are loading their guns and cleaning their rifles and oiling their boots and repairing their snowshoes and fixing the runners of their dog sleds and caching food here and there back in the woods. They are doing it quite methodically without excitement, without much talk. They are not eager for the war to come. They are not afraid, either. They are just getting ready—the way they get ready for winter. A fisherman in Ketchikan tunes up the motor of his power trawler. An Eskimo on the Bering Sea coast lays in an extra supply of dried salmon. A big-game guide on the Kenai works some new rawhide thongs into his pack sack. "If there's too many Japs, I can go back in the bush. I can kill a moose. I can live a while."

"How long?"

"Two, three years."

You look at the people of Alaska, the calm, unhurried sourdoughs, who faced snow and sun and starvation and mosquitoes and made a go of it in a hard country; and you think to yourself, "I'd hate to be a Jap and try to take Alaska. I'd hate to try to take Alaska away from them!" You look at these Alaskans and somehow you think of another army a couple of hundred years ago, an army of squirrel hunters and farmers and frontiersmen who fought a trained military machine and fought it to a standstill. Alaskans are frontiersmen, too, independent and self-sufficient and used to taking care of themselves. They know how to live off the country if they have to. They know how to fight because all their lives they've had to fight in order to exist. They know how to get back in the hills and fight a guerrilla war. "Any Jap won't get near me. I'll be watching him."

"What good will it do to watch him?"

"I'll be watching him through the sights of my thirty-thirty."

The Alaskans are ready to fight. They have to be; they know that right now Alaska is perched on a powder keg. They know that at any moment the fortunes of a total war may explode this remote Arctic territory into a major World War II battlefield. They know that Alaska lies right smack in the middle of the most direct route between the United States and Tokyo, and that sooner or later there is likely to be action. The late General Billy Mitchell called Alaska the most important strategic spot in the world, and the late General Mitchell has been proved right about a lot of things. Whether the action there will be defensive or offensive, the people of Alaska, of course, do not know, though they have their suspicions. But they do know that Alaska is a big country—a fifth the size of the whole United States, with a coastline several thousand miles longer than that of the States—and that only forty-seven miles of open water lie between Alaska and Asia.

Furthermore, they know that Alaska's westernmost tip pokes out across the Pacific to within seven hundred miles of Japanese soil; its eastern tip, down on the Panhandle, is only six hundred-odd miles, bomber-flight, from Seattle and the Pacific Northwest. Whichever way the action goes, offensive or defensive, they know they are likely to wake up any morning and find their laps full of Japs.

And Alaskans don't like Japs. They have a pretty strong feeling about Japs. Down in Bristol Bay, for instance, the salmon fishermen remember vividly how their nets were slashed and their boats rammed and their salmon pack stolen from under their eyes, until they took the law into their own hands and grabbed their guns and ran the Japs off the fishing banks.

In the Aleutian Islands, the fox farmers have a private score of their own to settle with certain Jap poachers who have been making off annually with their precious fur supply. Down in southeastern Alaska, the cannery workers recall grimly how the Japs have tried from time to time to jeopardize their

(Continued on page 54C)

America is the land of aviation? Don't kid yourself. There's enthusiasm here, but not many have knowledge that can be used. In Germany they give flying lessons in the kindergarten. We're going to do some teaching now too

WHEN German Stukas blasted a way through Belgium, destroyed Rotterdam and demoralized the great French army, a new period in history began. The raid on Pearl Harbor and the sinking of the British battleships Repulse and Prince of Wales off Malaya made the lesson still clearer. Whether we like it or not, we must fly or die. We are the last generation of earth-bound men.

Faced with this hard fact of history, America has been taking stock. There are thrillingly hopeful things to report and there are vast gaps to be filled. We are turning out planes at a speed never before known to science; we have developed thousands of fighter pilots and are training other thousands with a rapidity and success hitherto considered impossible. But we have one great job to do: We must "air-condition" the youth of America.

In urging such a program for this country during the past four years, I hit upon the term "air-conditioned" because the terms generally used—"air-minded" or "air-conscious"—did not express what I meant. You can love music all your life without being able to play a note. You can appreciate electric light without knowing how to replace a burned-out fuse. In short, you are conscious of these things, but to be "conditioned" means to be in a state of fitness —fitness to do something. An air-conditioning program must equip and impel youth to participate in aviation.

We are the most mechanical-minded people on earth and we have a background of flying that started with the Wright brothers at Kitty Hawk, but we have done almost nothing in the way of keeping our education in step with our traditions. Our school textbooks were written in the horse-and-buggy days and have not been kept up to date. When there is a problem in arithmetic, it is about a man walking from point to point, or sometimes riding a horse, or even a railroad train—but almost never flying an airplane.

A minor complaint? Yes, if it wasn't for one thing: Germany. Very thorough people, those Germans, with the most complete propaganda system in history pushing along behind. Where do you think those Stuka pilots got their original enthusiasm for flying? They got it in grammar school, many of them, starting their education along that line as soon as Hitler bamboozled old Hindenburg into giving him power.

We have youngsters interested in flying—almost 3,000,000 of them, according to the manufacturers who make miniature motors and flying-model airplanes—but the Germans have made air-conditioning a part of their educational system, almost the principal course in it. It would be impossible for a German boy under present conditions to graduate from high school without being thoroughly inoculated with the subject. He studies aviation, he practices it, he lives it, he eats it.

This has been done in an iron-handed way that Americans would never stand for and have no need to stand for. Our youngsters don't need the iron hand; they need only the opportunity. The best test of this is the success of our C.A.A. (Civil Aeronautics Administration) program, which got started early. Since 1938, elementary flight and ground training has been given to more than 70,000 young men. Remember that this has been a civilian and not a military program. Yet nearly 25,000 of these boys are already in uniform, more than half of them in the air services, and the others in activities that include aviation weather-forecasting, engineering, antiaircraft defense and communications. Another 25,000 of them are still in college, a great reservoir of licensed civil pilots. Others now are being trained at the rate of 4,000 a month at more than 700 colleges and an equal number of civilian flying schools. Those training centers are putting on full speed under a recent plan announced by the War Department for use of their maximum output.

But air-conditioning must start even earlier. Today's twelve-year-old needs to know in detail about the character of the atmosphere above the earth's surface because he will travel in it. He needs to know what makes a flier "black out" in flight. Geographically, he must think of the earth as a globe. He must understand the Great Circle. He must realize that if a Japanese bomber were to set out, nonstop, for the Panama Canal, its best course would be north from Japan, then probably passing over Seattle and Galveston, flying southeast and approaching the Canal from the Caribbean side. This is not only a question for practical preparation for an eventual career but it opens new vistas for young minds in a time of change when only the alert can hope to survive.

The Germans have done all this and much more. The only other nation that has encouraged air-conditioning on a similar scale is the Soviet Union. But since Germany is the enemy, the sensible thing is to study their system with a view of taking from it what we need. We have no intention of copying it slavishly. We have no place for the mental rigidity of Naziism that makes robots of its students and slaves of its teachers; in fact we need not imitate it at all. But we can learn from it.

The information on it comes from German sources, a document entitled "German Ministry of Education; Decree of December 20, 1939, on Promotion of Aviation in Schools and Universities." The date of it is misleading. The program actually was launched, secretly, on November 17, 1934. It was not a question of Hitler asking the schools for assistance but of telling them what to do.

Air-Conditioning Begins Early

The instruction begins in the lower grades when little Fritz listens to the Story-Telling Hour. He is told of Icarus, who flew too close to the sun, and of Leonardo da Vinci, who made the first sketch of an airplane. When Fritz gets around to birds and bees and flowers, the lesson goes on. Why do certain fish glide? What distinguishes the effortless soaring of an eagle from the frantic flapping of a duck?

About this time, Fritz begins to use aeronautical terms in discussing the most ordinary things. Basic nouns or verbs, such as "flight," are combined with others—motor flight, model flight, power, gliding, long-distance, blind, and night flight. The fundamentals of aerophysics and flying theory are taught beginning in the sixth grade.

In the high schools the program begins to gather real power. Science subjects are literally crammed with aeronautical examples, while such supposedly unrelated topics as foreign languages, geography, history and art also make painstaking contributions to German air-mindedness.

From primary days, arithmetic has had an aviation flavor. Instead of adding two and one, the teacher says: "At recess we saw two planes; now another is passing by. How many is that?" They speak of Heinkels instead of oranges and apples. When the student gets into higher mathematics he is provided with problems concerning navigation and meteorology, take-off and approach angles, radio direction-finding.

Chemistry studies the supporting gases for lighter-than-air craft; emphasizes the problem of de-icing in the study of water; and stresses (in mining and refining) the aluminum alloys. Organic chemistry includes motor fuel and lubricants. Study of methods to create synthetics is, of course, emphasized. Physics courses are dominated by a thorough study of flight principles. Biology specializes in the physiological effects of flying on the human body—its limitations at high altitudes, when flying blind or when maneuvering at high speeds.

The science courses are so jammed with aviation that one might wonder how the kids could grasp it—until it is recalled that ever since the sixth grade they have been building and flying kites and model planes. In fact, many start this when only six or seven years old. They learn first the handling of tools in wood or metal work. They progress from simple gliding models to rubber-band *(Continued on page 61)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DOOLITTLE-KEAN

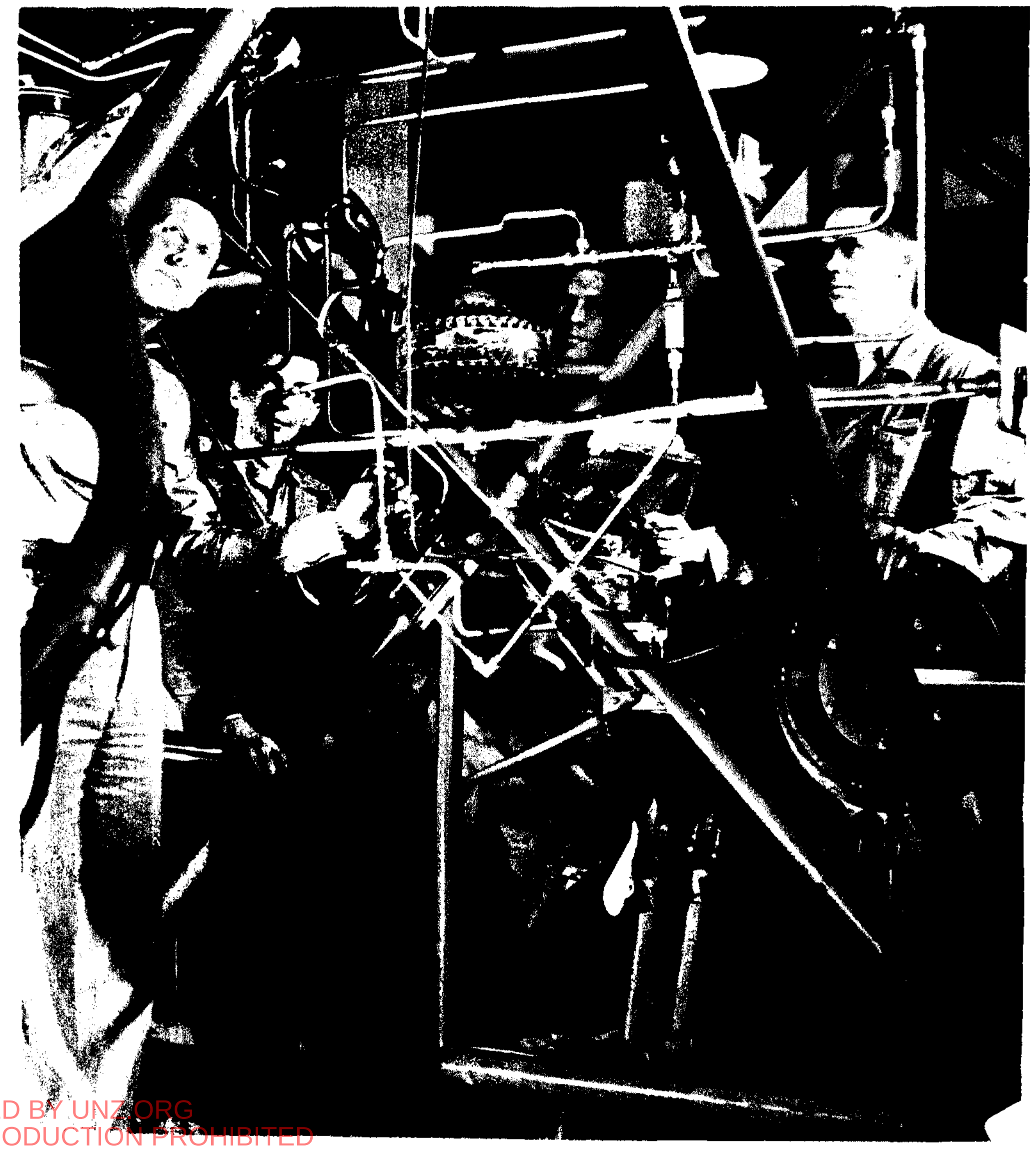
Miss Kilgore, director of a C.A.A. unit, adjusts the 'chute harness for one of her student pilots

Two students are instructed in the technique of twisting the tail of a training plane on the ground without injuring its delicate anatomy

Evelyn Kilgore, one of the few women instructors with the Civil Aeronautics Administration (C.A.A.), delegates an assistant to a student group

Future Ace pilots all begin the same way—at the bottom. At the Curtiss-Wright Technical Institute a group of C.A.A. students listen as an instructor explains the fundamental controls

A C.A.A. class at the Institute is instructed in the "cutaway" assembly of the hydraulic retractible gear of the DC-3, a twin-motored commercial transport plane with a gross weight of 12 tons



Especially a Sergeant

By William J. Breslow

"THE trouble with this army," Arturo said authoritatively, "is that the guys in it ain't tough like the guys in the last war."

"Oh, I don't know," the chef answered. He was shelling green peas at a small table near the kitchen, partly hidden from the rest of the dining room by a wide pillar. "I guess they can get plenty tough when they have to."

"Nah! They're too soft," Arturo declared. He looked down the dining room to see if he was needed. At one table a fat man was eating bread and butter and drinking beer; at another, a young couple sat close to each other. Arturo rested his back against the pillar and helped himself to a handful of peas.

"Keep your hands out of that pot," the chef warned.

Arturo tossed a few peas back into the pot and hastened forward to greet three soldiers who came in. He guided them to a table, spread a menu in front of each, then walked back to the water cooler to fill their glasses. "There's what I mean," he whispered to the chef. "Look at them guys. Kids, and one of them with a sergeant's stripes. I'll bet he ain't more than nineteen; even younger than them two buck privates."

"I remember you telling me that you were one of the youngest sergeants in the last war yourself," the chef reminded him.

"Yeah, but that was different. In the last war a guy had to win his stripes one at a time, and he had to be plenty tough to do it. Especially a sergeant." Arturo balanced the three glasses on one hand and made his way down the dining room.

The three soldiers studied their menu cards, then looked questioningly at one another.

"The veal scallopine is very good today," Arturo suggested helpfully.

"None of that Italian mush for me," the sergeant declared. "Bring me some ham and eggs."

"Same here, with French fried."

"Me too."

Arturo relayed the orders to the chef. He followed him into the kitchen and started to place bread and butter on a tray. "What an army!" he muttered. "They come to an Italian restaurant and order ham and eggs."

"Maybe they like ham and eggs," the chef pointed out.

"In the last war soldiers on pass didn't order ham and eggs," Arturo maintained, "Steaks, that's what." He peered over the chef's shoulder. "Hey," he growled, "what about putting a couple of decent pieces of ham on them orders?"

"You mind your own . . ." the chef began, then turned toward Arturo, clicked his heels together, and saluted. "Okay, Sergeant, more ham it is."

"You're ignorant," Arturo said. "Saluting a noncom." He carried the orders out to the dining room. He essayed a military bearing, but his bald head and flat-footed gait made his effort seem ludicrous.

"Hey, fellows, how about some wine?" the first private said. "I thought we come here to fuel up." He studied a menu. "How about a bottle of this here Lagrima Cristi?"

The sergeant took the menu away. "Dope," he laughed. "That stuff costs four bucks a bottle." He turned to Arturo. "Please bring us a pint of Chianti."

Arturo went out front to the bar and got the bottle of wine. On the way back he stepped into the kitchen for the glasses. "Wine," he said to the chef, and made a derogatory noise with his lips. He went out and poured their wine, set the bottle in front of them, then went back and leaned against the pillar, watching the three soldiers with amused disapproval.

THE chef had come in from the kitchen and resumed shelling peas, and in a few minutes he looked up to see why Arturo was so quiet. His eyes followed the waiter's gaze. "Nice-looking uniforms those boys are wearing, eh?" he commented.

Arturo made a depreciative gesture with his hand. "That's the trouble with this army," he insisted. "Too much comfort. Look at them. Wearing fancy uniforms and eating ham and eggs. And wine! No guys out of the outfit I was with in the last war would drink wine if they could get something stronger. Especially a sergeant."

"Yeah, I know. You washed your teeth with whisky every morning when you were a sergeant. Don't kid me, mister. You weren't any more hard-boiled then than you are now."

The fat customer tapped a spoon against a glass. He wanted some butter, and Arturo fetched it and also placed a few extra chips of butter on the soldiers' table. He hovered for a few moments near the young couple, but they were too engrossed in each other, so Arturo came back and leaned against the pillar.

In a little while the sergeant called him over and ordered another bottle of Chianti. Arturo brought the wine and a small basket of potato chips and set them on the table. He returned to the pillar and stood hopefully watching the soldiers, wishing that they would start singing or otherwise display a little more exuberance. "Them guys act like a bunch of Sunday school kids," he sighed.

"What do you want them to do, start breaking dishes or something?" the chef demanded.

Arturo glared at him with patient contempt. "A-a-a-h, nuts," he said. "What do you know about army men?"

The sergeant refilled his companions' glasses and, noticing that the bottle was empty, he held a whispered conference with the two privates. They beckoned to Arturo. "What does our bill come to?" the sergeant asked.

Arturo figured it up and told him. "Would you like to order something else, sir?" he inquired.

"Not right now, thank you. We'll let you know later." The three soldiers pooled their money. The sergeant counted it, shaking his head discouragingly.

"Look at him," Arturo scoffed. "He's probably trying to figure out if they'll have enough dough left over for a couple of ice cream sodas."

The sergeant picked out a coin and laid it aside on the table, then dropped the rest of the money into his pocket, and the two privates sat back, obviously disappointed.

"That's the end of their party," Arturo whispered to the chef. "Two bottles of Chianti and they'll go back and tell the gang they had one swell party."

"I think the fat guy wants you," the chef said. "He's ready to go."

Arturo hastened over with the check and placed it on the table. Coming back to the pillar, he glanced at the coin the sergeant had laid aside.

THE fat man had been sitting with his back to the soldiers. Now, as he started to waddle out, he noticed them for the first time. He paused at their table and said something. Then he shook hands with them and went out.

"They're leaving me a half-dollar tip," Arturo told the chef. "How can you expect an army to be tough when the guys in it are so easy with their dough?" He regarded the chef through narrowed lids. "I'll tell you what," he challenged. "Put up a half and I'll match you. You win my tip or you lose your half."

The chef brought out a coin. "Call it," he said, flipping it in the air.

"Heads," Arturo said. He collected fifty cents and went out front. In a few minutes he returned with a bottle of Chianti and a bowl of pretzels on a tray. He headed for the soldiers' table.

"I thought you told me their party was over," the chef said suspiciously. "Is this bottle on the house?"

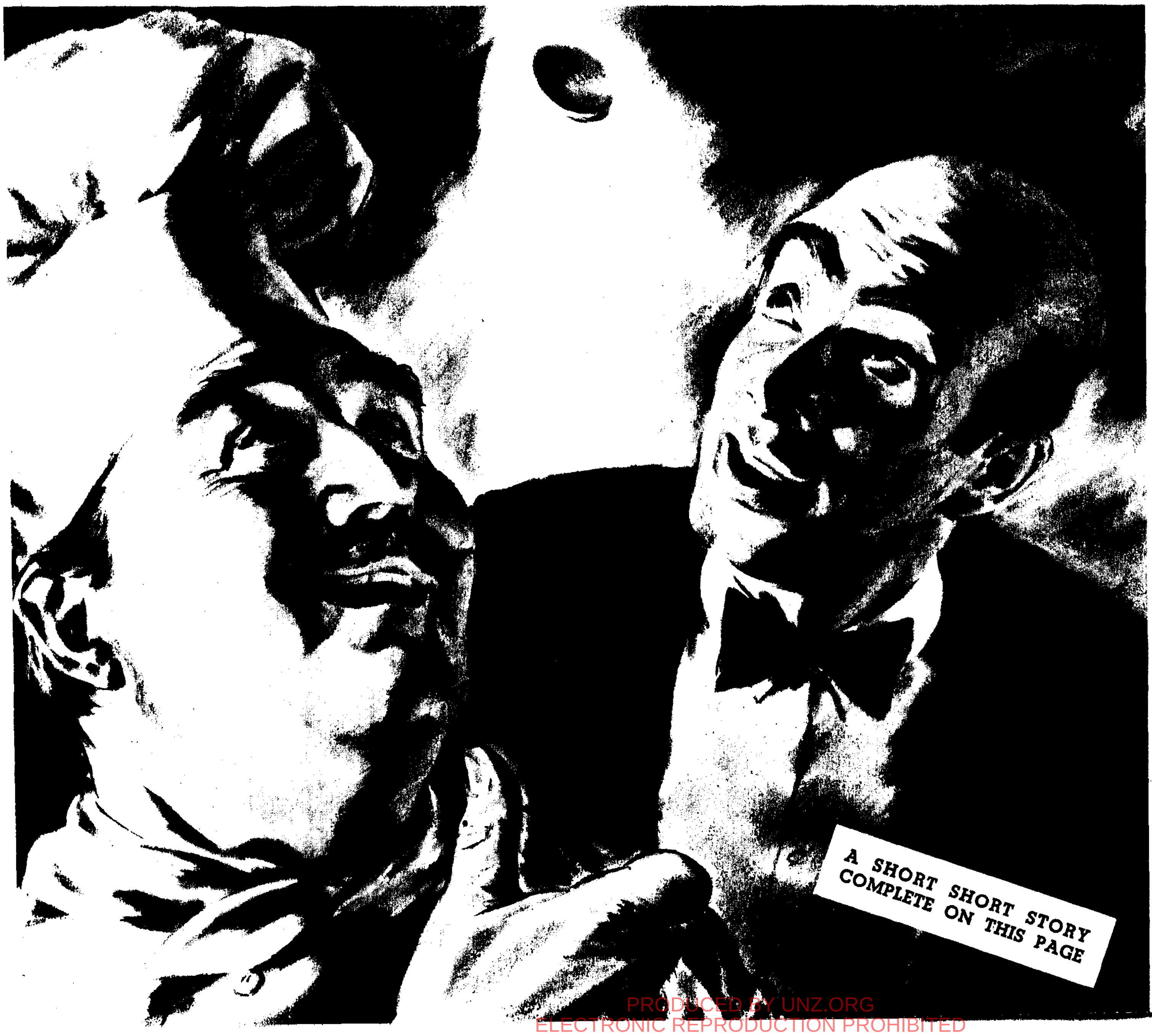
"It's the fat guy," Arturo explained. "He bought it for them."

"Baloney. That guy wouldn't give anybody the sweat off his palm. This bottle is on you and me."

"It's no dough out of my pocket," Arturo declared. "It's half yours and half that sergeant's. You don't catch me throwing half dollars around like them. The trouble with this army . . ."

"Yeah, I know, I know," the chef said with heavy sarcasm. "They ain't tough like the guys in your army. Especially a sergeant."

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM HEYER



A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

The chef brought out a coin. "Call it," he said, flipping it in the air. "Heads," Arturo said

of
Bum

The audacity of a young Michigan lawyer, who started a family for no stronger reason than his dog was crazy about kids

MIDMORNING of her second lonesome day in a strange town, Mary Margaret Dunks walked down past the only familiar thing in town—the snow-trimmed black ruins of the Lockwood Hotel, still smelling of charred, water-soaked wood from the fire she had watched.

She wore her professional air like a lance over her shoulder, and her heels clicked when she marched into Doc Madden's office—per telephone appointment.

Doc Madden was long-legged and pleasantly humped, like an old heron or a stork. "I do declare," he said, and looked at her admiringly, "every Child Welfare Director we get is prettier than the last one."

"Thank you, Doctor," Mary Margaret said. "I want to talk about the Dennis Shannon case."

"Very charming young man," Doc said. "Prominent attorney. Great career ahead of him."

"Not as a father!" Mary Margaret said. "I won't give him a baby!"

"H'mmmmm!" Doc said. "Never met him, have you?" He struggled for a moment with facetiousness. Then he put temptation behind him. "I figured it was about that adoption, so I called Denny and Bosco. Sit down. They'll be here directly."

MARY MARGARET, very conscious of her new job and her new dignity, said primly, "I never heard of anything so unorthodox, Doctor—letting a bachelor have a baby!"

Doc hoisted his legs on his desk and looked at Mary Margaret through the V of his feet. "I think the child's mother would have wanted it that way. Denny's a fine young man, though a trifle unusual."

"But he's a bachelor!" Mary Margaret said dogmatically. "There's no feminine influence at all!"

"That's a drawback," Doc admitted. "Both Denny and Bosco could do with a little feminine influence, too. Of course, there's old Mrs. O'Shaunnessy, his housekeeper, but she's only there days and I'm not sure her influence would be good."

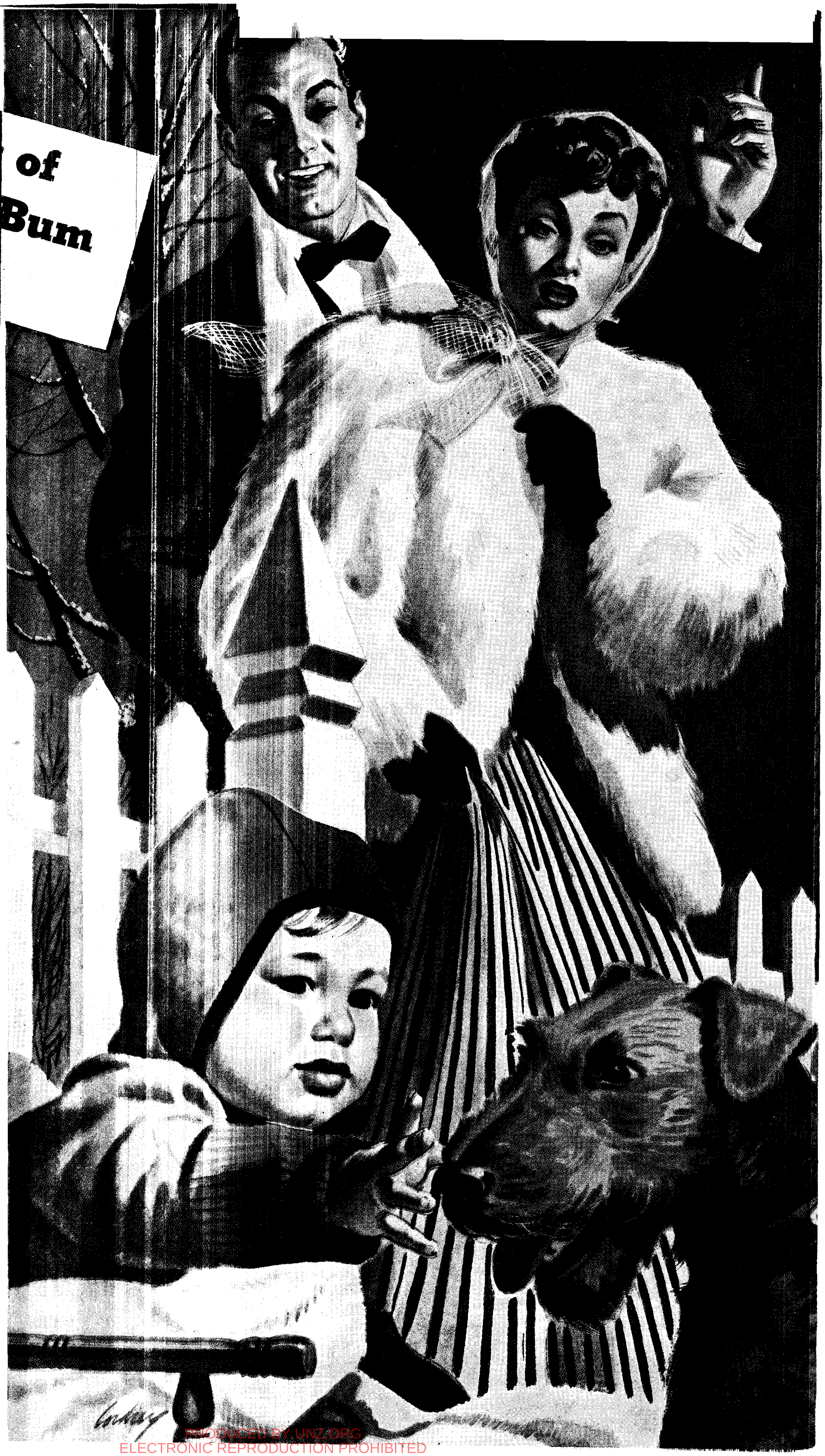
"I didn't know about her," Mary Margaret said judicially. "Is she a member of the family?"

"No," Doc said.

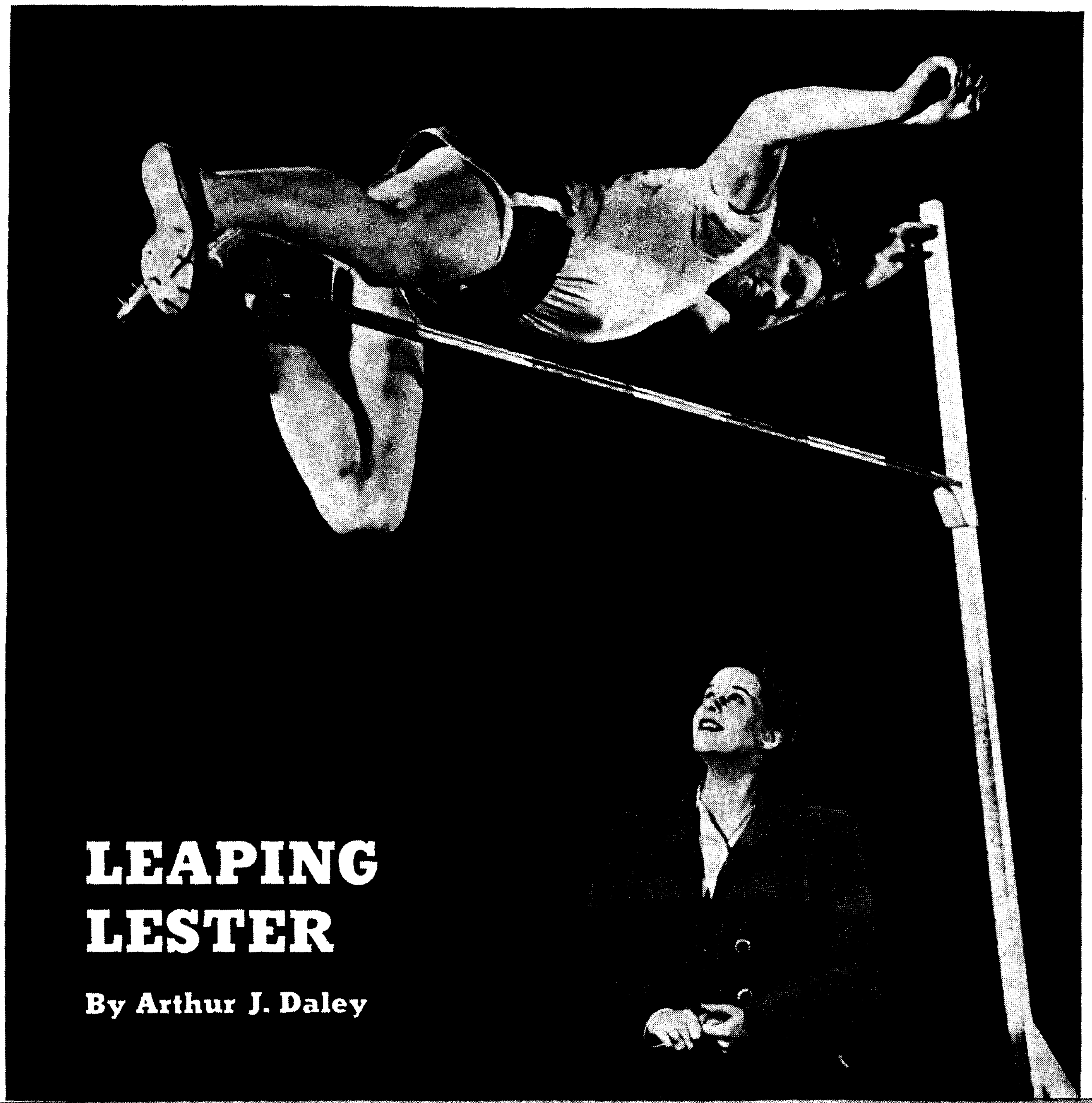
"Then she wouldn't alter the situation."

"Guess not," Doc said.

(Continued on page 45)



Bosco the Bum sat smugly beside the hand sleigh. Mary Margaret, taking four quick steps to Denny's one, said, "When does that child sleep?"



Les Steers demonstrates the up-and-over "belly roll" form that results in his record-shattering high-jump performances. Appreciative onlooker is Mrs. Steers

PHOTO-ART

LEAPING LESTER

By Arthur J. Daley

He looks more like a shot-putter, but Les Steers has broken the world high-jump record four times and he's still not content

THE first time Les Steers broke the world high-jump record he was loaded to the gunwales with soda pop, and the standards supporting the crossbar were shakily perched on two boxes and a board. It was only an exhibition performance but the fact that he had jumped 6 feet 10⅛ inches convinced him that it could be done again in better and more official surroundings.

Since then the kid with the kangaroo legs has shattered the world record four times in a row with his best a quite incredible 6 feet 11 inches. If the war does not interfere with his plans, Steers hopes and expects to be the first man in the history of sports to top the unprecedented height of seven feet.

Les had not even the foggiest notion that summer day in 1940 that he was headed upward. Cornelius Warmerdam, another human stratosphere climber and the holder of the world pole-vault record, had invited his San Francisco Olympic Club teammate to give a high-jumping exhibition at Tuolumne, California, where Warmerdam was teaching.

It was a school festival of some description and the ever-obliging Steers went over from Frisco. The pit was a hastily dug excavation and the runway was the lawn. By way of adding to his ease of mind, however, Les discovered that the high-jump standards were of midget size. The highest they would register was 6 feet 3 inches.

To you or me that might seem as high as Mount Everest but to Steers it looked as simple as jumping over a closely cropped hedge. In fact he was so confident of leaping over the crosspiece that he broke a self-imposed rule that he has never violated before or since. He took a drink of soda pop. Perhaps he should not be blamed for it, because the temperature was 105 degrees. And he kept drinking soda pop until he could feel it effervescing inside of him.

When the Kangaroo Kid went over the bar at its highest he thought that his work was done. But the delighted Californians promptly fetched out a pair of boxes and placed the standards on top of them. So Steers went over again. Two more boxes were forthcoming and a pleasant jaunt began to take on the aspects of labor. Les cleared the height, and his hosts, now run out of boxes, placed a couple of boards beneath the boxes. According to the standards, he was jumping 7 feet 4 inches but a remeasurement of the sagging bar revealed it to be only 6 feet 10⅛ inches, which still was higher than the world record. No whit daunted by that, Steers, soda pop and all, rolled over it. And he has been clicking away ever since—but without the soda pop.

As a high jumper Steers is a physical freak. He has the build of a heavyweight boxing champion, over six feet in height and a solid 194 pounds in weight. Most of the top-notch jumpers have been of the string-bean variety—long, lean and, as one record holder, dark Cornelius Johnson, once put it, "I'se split high. Ma legs ends where ma chest begins."

Steers is not like that. He is just a normal human being, perfectly proportioned unless it is that his shoulders are too broad and his chest too deep. Drop him in among a score of track and field athletes and he would be picked out as a likely shot-putter or javelin thrower.

It was not until last year that the boy really came into his own. When he started his phenomenal jumping the world record was 6 feet 9¾ inches. But he cracked that at Seattle with a leap of 6 feet 10 25/32 inches (a distance that must have been measured by a professional hair splitter). Then he did 6 feet 10⅞ inches, 6 feet 11 inches, and 6 feet 10⅞ inches again.

Let us pause for a moment and consider what it means to leap over a crossbar at those astounding heights. Just out of curiosity measure 6 feet 11 inches on the nearest wall and you will turn away shaking your head in the belief that jumping that high is a physical impossibility.

Yet the Kangaroo Kid did it. And oddly enough, he was unable to win the National A.A.U. championship in the season of his biggest triumphs even though he had been unbeaten all through the campaign, had cracked the record four times and had captured the National Collegiate A. A. title.

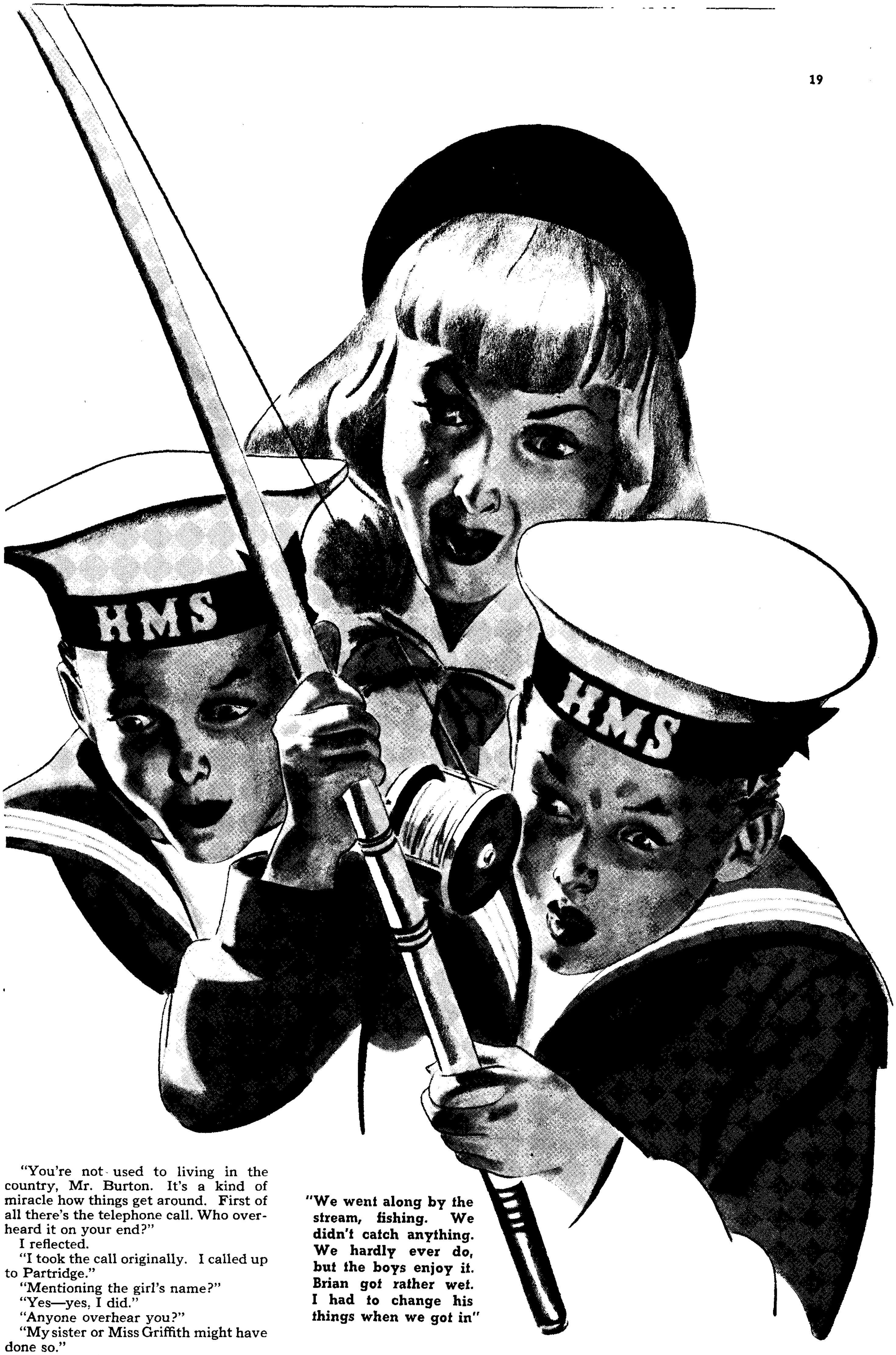
As soon as his college year at the University of Oregon had ended last June, Steers took a job in a ship-building yard on the Coast and spent sufficient eight-hour days on concrete

(Continued on page 33)

MOVING FINGER

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



"We went along by the stream, fishing. We didn't catch anything. We hardly ever do, but the boys enjoy it. Brian got rather wet. I had to change his things when we got in"

The Story Thus Far:

JERRY BURTON, a young Londoner, is injured when a plane he is piloting crashes. Obedient to his doctor's orders, he goes to the small town of Lymstock, where the fresh air may hasten his recovery. He is accompanied by his sister, Joanna—a delightful (and extremely "modern") young person.

No sooner are he and Joanna settled in "Little Furze"—which he rents from Miss Emily Barton, an old maid—than he receives an insulting anonymous letter. A short time later, he learns that others have received, and are still receiving, somewhat similar missives. He learns, furthermore, that two capable officials — Superintendent Nash and Inspector Graves—are investigating.

Among the Burtons' neighbors are the Symmingtons: Richard Symmington, a lawyer, and his wife. Living with the Symmingtons are their two young children; Elsie Holland, a nursery governess; Megan Hunter, the lawyer's stepdaughter; Agnes Woddell, a maid; and the cook, Rose. To the amazement of Lymstock, Mrs. Symmington—seemingly a happy enough woman—commits suicide, *after she receives a "poison-pen" letter!*

While the community is recovering from that shock, it receives another: Early one morning, Megan Hunter (a girl with a curious personality that no one in the town understands) finds a dead woman in a storeroom in the Symmington home. The woman—*Agnes Woddell—had been murdered!* Someone had stunned her with a blow on the back of her head, then jabbed a kitchen skewer into the base of her skull!

Shortly after Burton gets the story from Megan (in her home), Superintendent Nash arrives on the scene. He reminds the young Londoner that, when Mrs. Symmington had poisoned herself, she had—according to the evidence—been alone in the house. After which, he says that Fred Rendell, a young man employed by a local fish shop, had been in love with Agnes Woddell; that Fred had been the recipient of some nasty anonymous letters, accusing Agnes of "going out" with someone else; and that—following a quarrel with Fred, shortly before Mrs. Symmington's death—Agnes had gone home, remained there.

The superintendent gives it as his opinion that the letter that had apparently driven Mrs. Symmington to suicide had been left by hand, pushed through the letter box by someone other than the postman. Burton, listening intently, says, "And Agnes saw whoever it was who delivered the note?" The superintendent nods. "That's my guess, Mr. Burton." Burton stares at him. "If you're right, Agnes knew *who the anonymous letter writer was!"*

V

"YES," Nash said. "Agnes knew who wrote those letters."

"But then why didn't she—?" I paused, frowning.

Nash said quickly, "As I see it, the girl *didn't realize what she had seen.* Not at first. Somebody had left a letter at the house, yes—but that somebody was nobody she would dream of connecting with the anonymous letters. It was somebody, from that point of view, quite above suspicion.

"But the more she thought about it, the more uneasy she grew. Ought she, perhaps, to tell someone about it? In her perplexity she thinks of Miss Barton's Partridge who, I gather, is a somewhat dominant personality and whose judgment Agnes would accept unhesitatingly. She decides to ask Partridge what she ought to do."

"Yes," I said thoughtfully. "It fits well enough. And somehow or other, Poison Pen found out. How did she find out, Superintendent?"

"You're not used to living in the country, Mr. Burton. It's a kind of miracle how things get around. First of all there's the telephone call. Who overheard it on your end?"

I reflected.

"I took the call originally. I called up to Partridge."

"Mentioning the girl's name?"

"Yes—yes, I did."

"Anyone overhear you?"

"My sister or Miss Griffith might have done so."

"Ah, Miss Griffith. What was she doing up there?"

I explained.

"Was she going back to the village?"

"She was going to Mr. Pye first."

Nash sighed. "That's two ways it could have gone all over the place."

I was incredulous. "Do you mean that either Miss Griffith or Mr. Pye would bother to repeat a meaningless little bit of information like that?"

"Anything's news in a place like this. You'd be surprised. If the dressmaker's mother has got a bad corn everybody hears about it! And then there is this end. Miss Holland, Rose—they could have heard what Agnes said. And there's Fred Rendell. It may have got around through him that Agnes went back to the house that afternoon."

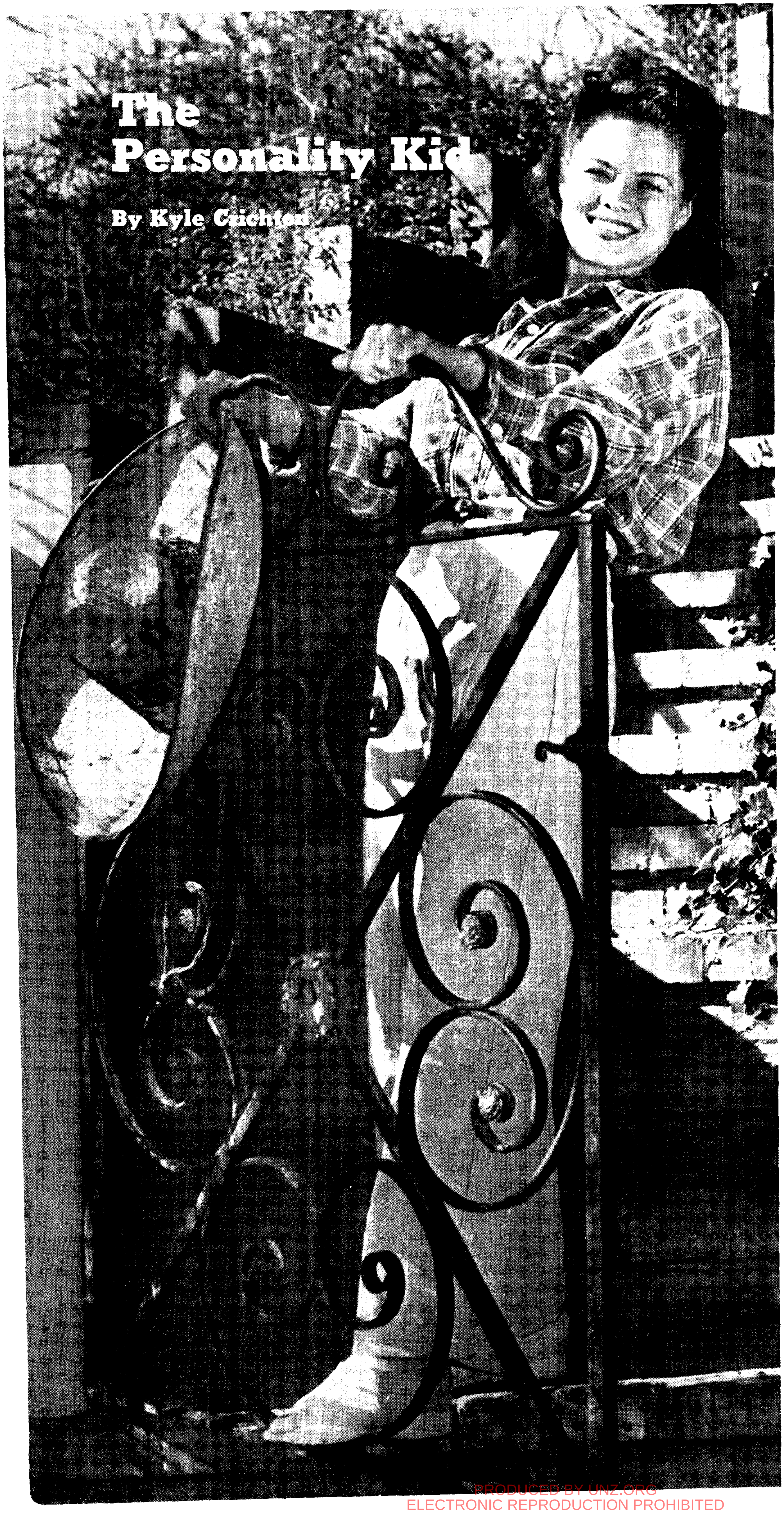
I gave a slight shiver. I was looking out of the window. In front of me was a neat square of grass and a path and the low prim gate.

Someone had opened the gate, had walked very correctly and quietly up to the house, and had pushed a letter through the letter box. I saw, hazily, in my mind's eye, that vague woman's shape. The face was blank—but it must be a face that I knew . . .

(Continued on page 55)

The Personality Kid

By Kyle Crichton



Dona Drake's language is unique. Gathered in night clubs and one-night stands since she was thirteen, her vocabulary takes care of most situations. If it fails her—well, what's a girl got muscles for?

THE trouble with getting a reputation is that nobody ever lets you forget it. Dona Drake is now an actress at Paramount in Hollywood, but before that, she was Rita Rio, a young lady who led her own orchestra, also made up of young ladies. She beat time for this outfit, sang and danced, and doubled in brass. She played the piano (very well), the trumpet (blaring), the clarinet (stinko), the saxophone (ai-yi) and the drums (swell).

The result of this was a following of hep-cats dedicated to the principle that jive makes all creatures equal.

"H'ya, Talent," they would yell at Dona, after she had got placed at Paramount and was trying to live her past down.

"H'ya, Stuff," she would answer wearily.

This revealed extraordinary humility in one who had been reared in South Philadelphia, but Miss Drake pursued this course under the theory that people might otherwise find her high-hat. Associated with this was the fear that some day she might be very glad to get back to the band and her loyal minions.

Therefore, when her jive friends howled, "What's cookin', pal?" she merely answered meekly, "Nothing much gives, chum," and went back to her dreams of being a motion-picture actress—a rather hopeless ambition at that point because she had done a minor bit in Aloma of the South Seas and had rested thereafter for a period of six months, being paid regularly but realizing that nothing establishes a cinema career more rapidly than being in a picture. Then she sang the theme song in Louisiana Purchase, gave a rapid wiggle of the rear that entranced the nation and had a short scene with Victor Moore.

It was at this juncture that a young man most thoroughly hep met her on the lot one day and cried cheerily: "What cooks, Snooks?"

She gave him a long, hard look, very bitter.

"Scram, Gate!" she said tensely and knew immediately that her future must be before her, because she had definitely parted with the past.

A Lady Who Knows All the Angles

Getting the personality of Miss Dona Drake on paper is a difficult thing because one article can contain only so many words, and Miss Drake is a girl with millions of them. She has just turned twenty-one and has been eight years in show business. She started at the age of thirteen with N.T.G. (Nils T. Granlund) in the chorus of the Paradise night club in New York. Since then, she has known show business as only few young people ever get to know it. She knows the life of the show girl, the life of one-night stands on the road. She knows the crooks, the gentlemen-on-the-make, the shysters. She looks like an urchin, has the wisdom of an owl and understands herself perfectly.

"When did I ever live?" she asks bitterly.

Hollywood to her is what it is to many an old trouper—a place of rest in a harried life. Nothing but the negative reaction of the public is going to keep her from being a screen success. The business of handling Hollywood will never stop her. She knows the angles of show business; no man that ever lived can frighten her. She forced her way into Hollywood but insisted on her price when she got in.

"Four hundred a week," she says grimly, "and it's a steal for Paramount."

Her real name is Una Novella and she is the daughter of a Mexican father and an Irish mother. She was born in Mexico City but the family left there when she was four and settled in Philadelphia where her father ran a chili parlor. They lived in South Philadelphia, where life is hard, and since that time nobody has ever kicked her without getting a boot in return.

Her sister Renee got a job with Granlund when his company was playing at the Earle Theater in Philadelphia. By the time *(Continued on page* 54B*)*

Dona Drake at 21 has eight years of show business behind her and a bright movie future ahead

JAMES DOOLITTLE

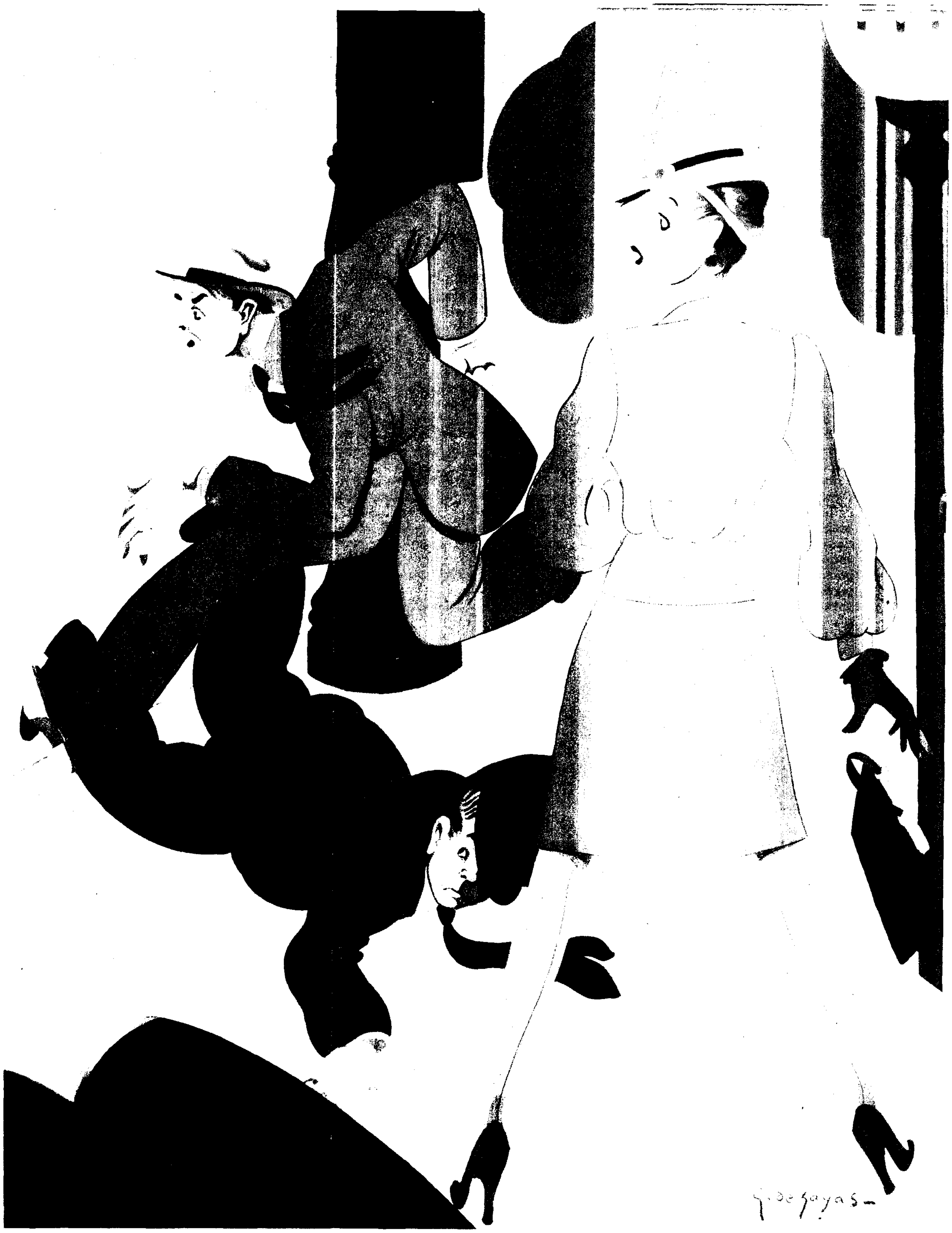
None but the Brave

By

Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

It was very wrong of Mr. Wissel to trifle with the reputation of a poor idealistic girl like Miss Zaenker. He should have known better. But he didn't. That was a break for Miss Zaenker



Claude would have been squashed by fat Mr. Wissel if he hadn't managed to squirm from under him. A second later, free, Claude bounced into the air and made a beeline for home

A FELLOW that only stands on a corner taking care of his nails is not at all so desirable, so I simply crushed this corner-boy like a worm when he tried to speak to me. If he thought for a moment that I was the kind loafers can speak to he was much mistaken, but he was so interested, and he always spoke to me every time I went by his corner every night, and he was such a fighter that he could always fight my escort no matter who, except a soldier, and chase them down the subway or across 125th Street, so it was simply terrible, but I wouldn't give in if it killed me. I wouldn't give him the satisfaction. I did everything, I even had him arrested, but what's the good when a fellow's that way about a girl?

Oh, I hated him like anything, I thought.

Of course I could always get a soldier nowadays, and I love a soldier, I love a fighter, but, trouble was, this corner-boy would always run in his hallway when he saw a uniform coming, and then where was I? With a strange soldier, and strange soldiers are not serious, they are only out for a good time and I am no good-time girl, I am serious, and you can't tell about a strange soldier or sailor, is he a gentleman. I wanted a gentleman that would brush off when I wanted to brush him off, and I could get lots but they were not such fighters.

For instance, the time I had this corner-boy arrested. I was coming up on the subway, going home from Mr. Wissel's office, from business, and a very gentlemanly-looking fellow was standing right in front of me.

This gentlemanly-looking fellow was standing right in front of me and holding on a strap and giving me the eye, which, goodness knows, is nothing unusual if a person happens to be a real blonde and rather cute if I do say it myself. I took no notice of him for a while and I was thinking will I crush him or let him walk me by the corner, when I stood up and I grabbed his arm and he had a good muscle, so I said, "Oh, pardon me, I'm getting off at 125th."

"You and me," he said, and we got off together and climbed up to the street, and there was the corner-boy taking care of his nails and watching for me. So I walked right up to him and said, "You cur. How dast you speak to a lady, you common loafer!" He looked at my escort and said: "Another new mug. How would you like a good slam on the snozzle?" So I said to my escort, "Well? Are you a real man or are you going to stand there and let me be insulted and molested? Smash him." But my escort only turned pale and tipped his hat and said, "Nice to've met you," and off he walked.

The corner-boy gave a low mean laugh and tried to give my escort a good kick, and was I scared! So I gave a loud scream and a policeman came. The corner-boy ran up in his house and the policeman ran up after him and caught him kicking his door and yelling, "Ma!" He was yelling for his ma to let him in. So the policeman brought him down and I said, "He's the one," and did I give him a piece of my mind! I said, "You dirty big coward, afraid to fight soldiers and policemen." So we all got in the wagon and rode down to the court that is open nights, and I cried and told the judge how he always insulted and molested me and made my escorts tip their hat and go, or hit them.

HIS ma was there too and she cried and said she was only a widow and her Claude—his name was Claude—was her only boy and what would become of her if he was put away? Well, I cried too and the judge looked in his book and saw where Claude's ma had him arrested two times before for finding where she hid the rent money, so the judge gave Claude ten days and probation. I felt so bad. I cried and cried, and I was coming out of the court and Claude's ma was laying for me and gave me such a sock in the eye I had a big blue eye.

A big blue eye is so ordinary, particularly if a girl goes to business, and I had it painted up in my beautician's next morning so you couldn't tell it, except it was closed, and I went to business. And Mr. Wissel thought I was winking at him.

I kept turning my blue eye away from Mr. Wissel and looking at him sideways, and he thought I was winking at him like anything. I never wink at my boss, any office I was ever in. I never start being friends, but if the boss wants to start being friends, I am not silly, and I just let him go on till I am sure I am

(Continued on page 50)

Russia Uncensored

By Alice Leone Moats

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

The author came home to write this story because it would never pass Russia's blanket censorship. Here's how the realistic Russians look at their war, and their allies, including us. We aren't flattered

WHAT do Russians think about Americans?" is a question that has been asked me again and again since my return from the Soviet Union. The answer is simple: Russians don't think about Americans.

That is no doubt a puzzling statement to anyone who doesn't understand what a controlled press is. Soviet newspapers and magazines do not exist to provide news. They are printed to tell the people what the government wishes them to know, and apparently the government has no desire to keep them informed as to what is going on in the outside world. The back pages of Pravda and the other papers do carry foreign news but it can scarcely be called either complete or detailed coverage. A new pact signed between two nations will deserve mention, as will some war communiqués or a very important speech by a statesman. The reports, however, are miracles of brevity, with no interpretation or other frills. It's as easy as that to keep interest in the rest of the world at the lowest point.

Even since the German invasion of the U.S.S.R. there is no idle chatter about England and America, no high-flown references to "our gallant allies."

Stalin in his February speech made the official attitude clear when he said, "The Red Army, so far, has had no support." In that speech he also failed to mention that any supplies or equipment had arrived from Great Britain or the United States. Litvinoff, in his talk at the Overseas Press Club dinner, followed the party line by insisting that Britain and America must invade the Continent and remarking that the Russians weren't greedy; they were perfectly willing to share the glory of beating the Nazis.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the Russians don't think a great deal about Americans. There was a time, I understand, when great admiration was expressed for our industrial capacity and what was called the "Amerikanski tempo." Since stress has recently been laid on how little material aid we are giving the Soviet Union, even those matters don't come up for discussion. The only leftover from old times is the fact that the workers seem to be more aware of our existence than any other group.

Whenever the correspondents were taken to visit a factory, we would be asked if we had been over the du Pont plant, and we created consternation by admitting that we had not. The subject of unemployment in the United States was invariably brought up, and the figures quoted were at least double any that we have seen discussed in our own press. Heads were shaken over the American government's failure to help the unemployed.

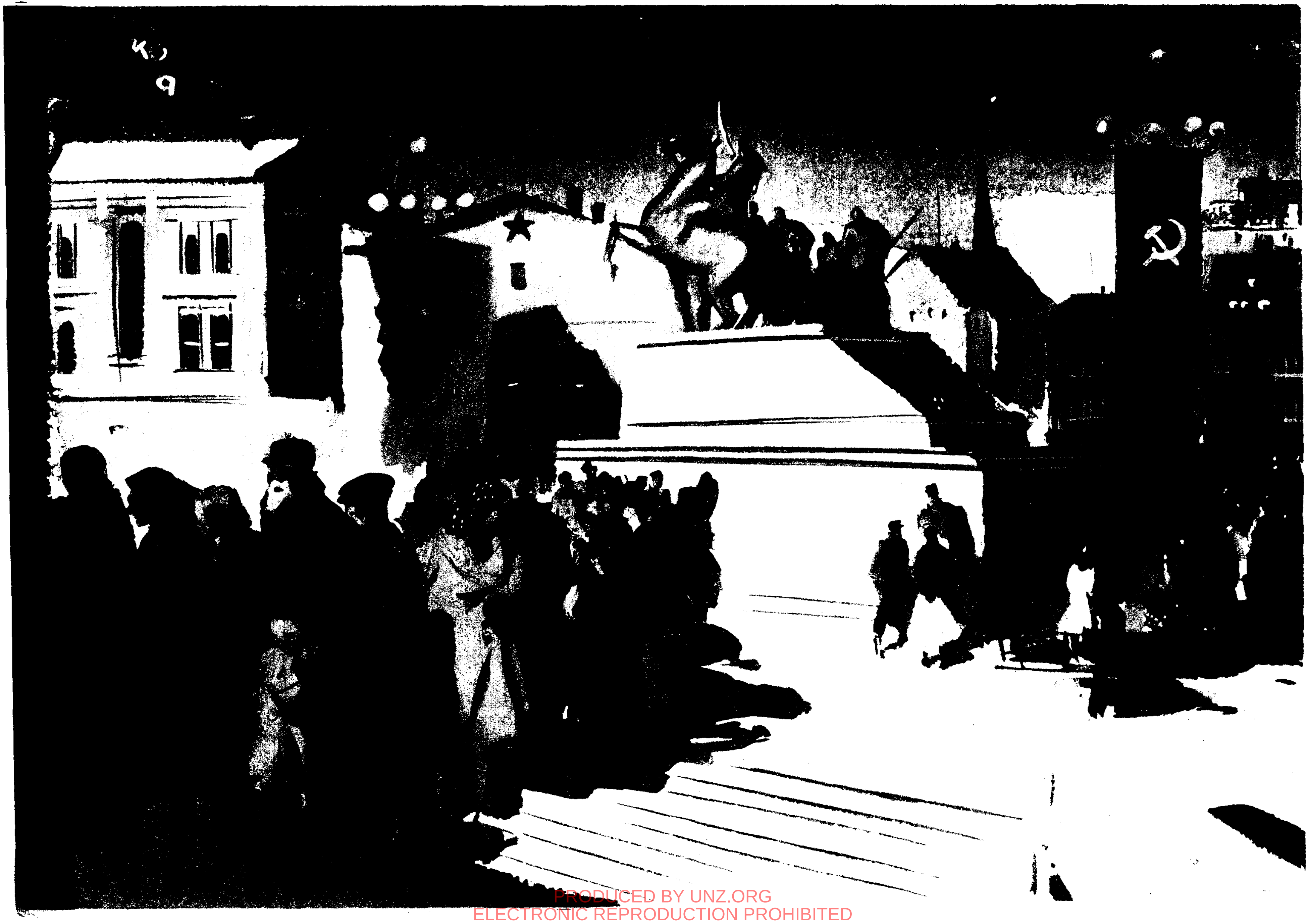
When I would try to explain the WPA and relief, everything I said was greeted with a cynical smile. Another notion that I found to be very widespread was the one that foreign visitors look so well dressed only because their governments provide them with clothes before they set forth. These garments, incidentally, must be given back when they return home.

In order to appreciate even further why there is so little interest in America, it must be constantly kept in mind that Russians are not encouraged to mix with foreigners. There are agencies set up to deal with visitors. The tourist agency manages certain hotels (tourists may not stay in any others) and makes traveling arrangements. An agency attends to such things as renting houses and apartments, providing servants, doctors, etc. Another looks after international cultural relations. The Press Bureau takes care of correspondents, writing letters to the police when visitors' permits must be extended, handing out gasoline coupons and arranging tours.

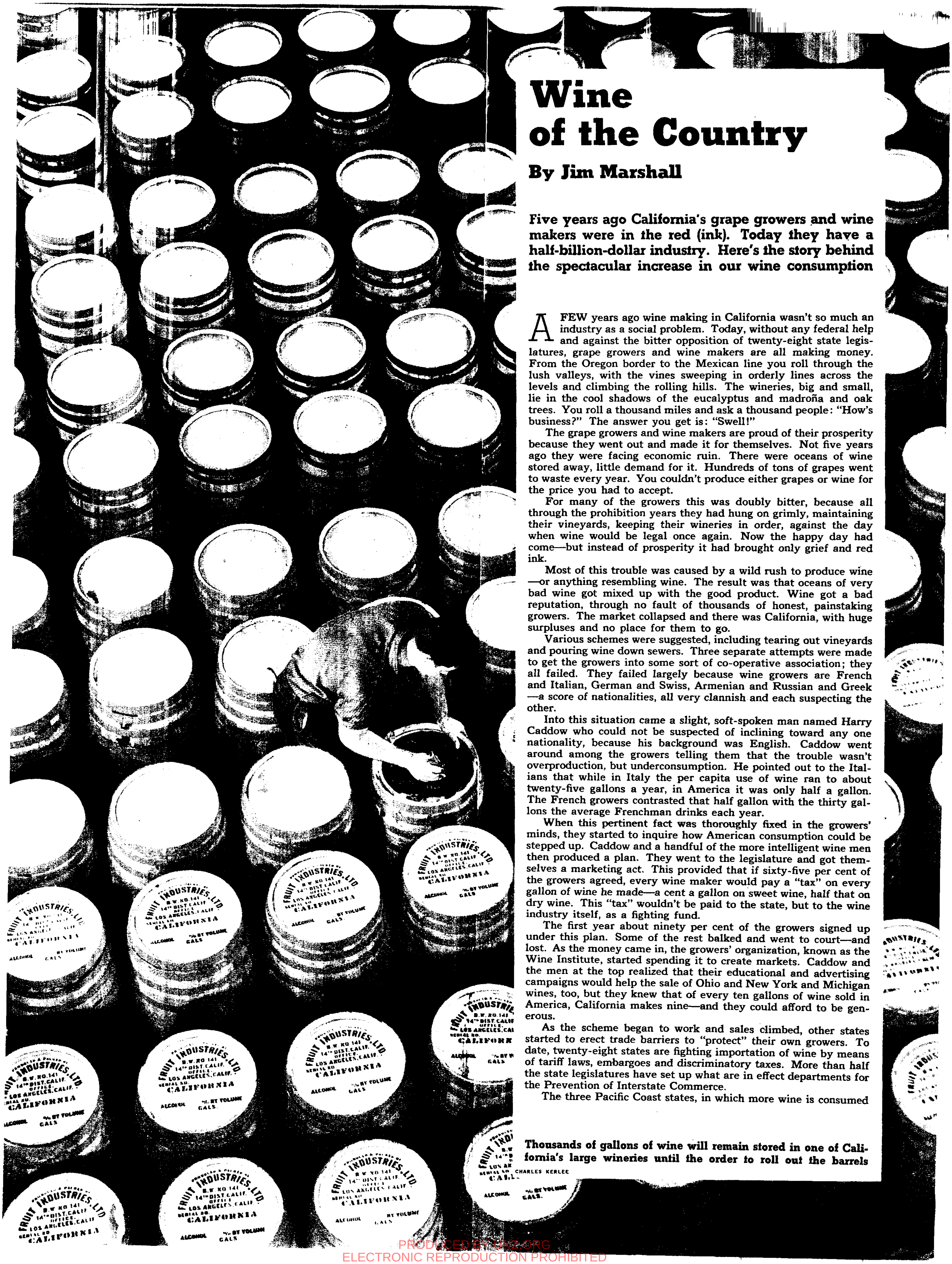
The employees of these organizations must necessarily mix with foreigners, but the relationship is kept on a strictly official basis. Part of their work is to build a Wall of China around a visitor and prevent his having any contact with the ordinary man in the street. That is what makes a diplomat's or correspondent's job so difficult in the U.S.S.R. The people themselves are very friendly and pleasant by instinct but they have had to learn to curb that instinct. The consequences of fraternizing are too serious. For instance, any Russian applying for a job must fill out a form. One of the questions on the form is, "Do you know any foreigners? If so, how well?" There is no point in lying, since the GPU is usually pretty well informed. Admission of any but the most casual relationship with a foreigner means no job.

When someone does forget his fears for a moment, he is sure to be reminded

(Continued on page 40)



War makes little difference to hardship-conditioned Russians, who have probably developed special muscles from standing in queues



Wine of the Country

By Jim Marshall

Five years ago California's grape growers and wine makers were in the red (ink). Today they have a half-billion-dollar industry. Here's the story behind the spectacular increase in our wine consumption

A FEW years ago wine making in California wasn't so much an industry as a social problem. Today, without any federal help and against the bitter opposition of twenty-eight state legislatures, grape growers and wine makers are all making money. From the Oregon border to the Mexican line you roll through the lush valleys, with the vines sweeping in orderly lines across the levels and climbing the rolling hills. The wineries, big and small, lie in the cool shadows of the eucalyptus and madroña and oak trees. You roll a thousand miles and ask a thousand people: "How's business?" The answer you get is: "Swell!"

The grape growers and wine makers are proud of their prosperity because they went out and made it for themselves. Not five years ago they were facing economic ruin. There were oceans of wine stored away, little demand for it. Hundreds of tons of grapes went to waste every year. You couldn't produce either grapes or wine for the price you had to accept.

For many of the growers this was doubly bitter, because all through the prohibition years they had hung on grimly, maintaining their vineyards, keeping their wineries in order, against the day when wine would be legal once again. Now the happy day had come—but instead of prosperity it had brought only grief and red ink.

Most of this trouble was caused by a wild rush to produce wine —or anything resembling wine. The result was that oceans of very bad wine got mixed up with the good product. Wine got a bad reputation, through no fault of thousands of honest, painstaking growers. The market collapsed and there was California, with huge surpluses and no place for them to go.

Various schemes were suggested, including tearing out vineyards and pouring wine down sewers. Three separate attempts were made to get the growers into some sort of co-operative association; they all failed. They failed largely because wine growers are French and Italian, German and Swiss, Armenian and Russian and Greek —a score of nationalities, all very clannish and each suspecting the other.

Into this situation came a slight, soft-spoken man named Harry Caddow who could not be suspected of inclining toward any one nationality, because his background was English. Caddow went around among the growers telling them that the trouble wasn't overproduction, but underconsumption. He pointed out to the Italians that while in Italy the per capita use of wine ran to about twenty-five gallons a year, in America it was only half a gallon. The French growers contrasted that half gallon with the thirty gallons the average Frenchman drinks each year.

When this pertinent fact was thoroughly fixed in the growers' minds, they started to inquire how American consumption could be stepped up. Caddow and a handful of the more intelligent wine men then produced a plan. They went to the legislature and got themselves a marketing act. This provided that if sixty-five per cent of the growers agreed, every wine maker would pay a "tax" on every gallon of wine he made—a cent a gallon on sweet wine, half that on dry wine. This "tax" wouldn't be paid to the state, but to the wine industry itself, as a fighting fund.

The first year about ninety per cent of the growers signed up under this plan. Some of the rest balked and went to court—and lost. As the money came in, the growers' organization, known as the Wine Institute, started spending it to create markets. Caddow and the men at the top realized that their educational and advertising campaigns would help the sale of Ohio and New York and Michigan wines, too, but they knew that of every ten gallons of wine sold in America, California makes nine—and they could afford to be generous.

As the scheme began to work and sales climbed, other states started to erect trade barriers to "protect" their own growers. To date, twenty-eight states are fighting importation of wine by means of tariff laws, embargoes and discriminatory taxes. More than half the state legislatures have set up what are in effect departments for the Prevention of Interstate Commerce.

The three Pacific Coast states, in which more wine is consumed

Thousands of gallons of wine will remain stored in one of California's large wineries until the order to roll out the barrels

CHARLES KERLEE

than anywhere else in America, all have tariff walls against one another's wine. If you are a New Yorker, visiting in California, you cannot ship yourself a carton of wine; New York won't let you. Michigan won't allow a Michigander to import a barrel of wine. Florida makes it easier to sell French or Italian wine than the New York or Ohio vintage. Utah forbids any Utahan to make wine from Michigan or California grapes. Georgia imposes a thirty-five-cents-a-gallon supertax on out-of-state wine. Unless an Arkansawyer is content to stick to Arkansas *sherry—unknown to* connoisseurs outside Little Rock—he must pay a supertax of forty-five cents a gallon. And so on.

Wine making is at once the simplest and yet most complex of the arts. In essence, you merely crush grapes, run the juice into casks and let nature do the rest. Inevitably, you will get something resembling wine—but if you want good wine it's harder.

You have to start with the soil, plus a certain climate, plus certain kinds of grapes, cultivated in a certain way. That's just a start. Into the long process of "growth" from grape juice to bottled vintage there go years of experience and scientific knowledge worked out in private laboratories and state universities. It takes up to five years or more to produce a bottle of good wine—and neglect for a few hours during this period may ruin the whole thing.

Most of the wine made on the West *Coast today is produced by the* descendants of European vintners who settled there nearly a century ago. The result is that each winery clings to some extent to tradition and is proud of some special brand it produces. There are more than one hundred forty varieties of grapes grown in California alone, each of which may produce a distinctive wine. Wines made from combinations of two or more varieties are endless.

Wineries Small and Large

There are small family vineyards, such as that of the Salmina family at Larkmead, near St. Helena; there are huge affairs like the Italian-Swiss colony's yards and the winery at Asti, with its wine-barrel-shaped little church, its capacity for pressing eight hundred tons of grapes a day, its storage tanks and underground reservoirs filled with eight and a half million gallons of wine. Out *on a railroad track* Enrico Prati, the wine maker, will show you a line of glass-lined tank cars in which wine is shipped, and the hundreds of small and huge oak and redwood casks in which it is fermented. *A good oak wine cask,* incidentally, costs as much as an automobile, but lasts longer. Some in California date back to the 70's.

A family affair in the German tradition is that of the Beringer brothers—the Los Hermanos plant near St. Helena. Here, the wine is stored in huge caves dug back into the limestone hill by coolie labor—they had nothing to do after the railroads were built in the West and were put to work excavating wine cellars by hand. Wine likes hill cellars because the temperature there is cool and even, seldom varying more than a few degrees a year.

The French influence comes out in the near-by Beaulieu Vineyards, owned by the stately Mme. Fernande de Latour, who maintains a magnificent home and formal gardens in the old tradition, and follows out that tradition in her wine making. This is the top development, perhaps, of the family-circle ownership *system, where producing fine vintages* has definitely overtaken profit as an incentive—just as some gardeners think more of growing fine roses than of making money out of them.

Tradition helps in *wine making—but* sometimes it proves an obstacle to selling. Many Americans have two fixed ideas about wine: That the older wine is the better; and that wine produced in some years is better than that produced in others. The first idea never was true anywhere; the second is true only in Europe.

As a matter of fact the wine Americans drink is, on the average, older than that drunk by Italians and Frenchmen. Most everyday wines are at their best from one to two years old. A few fancy wines grow finer with age, but only up *to a point. After that, they begin to de*teriorate. There is no general rule about wine ages: One variety may be at its best in six months; another in six years.

So-called "vintage years" are important in Europe, because it is only infrequently that the climate of the growing season will be just right to produce the best grapes. On the West Coast, in the wine valleys, there isn't enough annual variation to make much difference. Hence there are no "vintage years." Or, to hear the Californians tell it, they're all vintage years.

"I do hope he doesn't pick up a brogue!" PERRY BARLOW

One other fly in the ointment for American wine makers has been what *is called the snob complex:* The legend that imported wines are much, much better than the home-grown variety. In the early days of automobiles this complex resulted in a belief that the Renault, the Mercedes, the Lanchester, the Benz—any foreign car—was superior to any American automobile. It took some years to dispel this illusion, and the wine makers are hoping it won't take so long in the case of wine.

It's a Question of Taste

Curiously enough, the same complex among Europeans results in American wines being prized over there—just because they're imported. California wines, in fact, walked away with top honors at—of all places—the Paris Exposition in 1937.

Up to a point, good wine and poor wine can be set apart by chemical analysis, but past this it's question of taste. A few—very few—experts can tell you, from its bouquet or taste, where a wine comes from and perhaps the year it was made. But these people are not responsible for one tenth of one per cent of *national wine consumption.* Most people like a wine because they like it, and minute differences of taste don't bother them.

The war, cutting off supplies of foreign wine, is helping the American product. People grumble as the price of French and Italian and German wine rises; finally they try the cheaper home products—and discover that in most *cases they are better than the imports.* Actually, imported wine doesn't amount to one twentieth of the national consumption—but it got talked about a lot more. After the war, however, it is *doubtful if foreign wine ever will regain* its position here. In 1934 we imported nearly twelve per cent of our wine; this year we will import hardly any.

America, for example, is making her own vermouth as French and Italian supplies come to an end. Vermouth is merely red wine spiced with various combinations of about twenty-five herbs ranging from angelica root through cinchona bark, marjoram, peach leaves and rosemary, to yarrow. Since there are endless combinations of these, there will probably be scores of varieties of American vermouth.

Ohio, Michigan, New York and other Eastern states have their wine regions, *but the great river of American wine* flows out of the Pacific Coast states. Here in the warm valleys east of the Coast Range and, in the South, in coastal counties, is the heart of the industry. *In the North, Oregon and Washington* are turning out more and more berry wines, from loganberries, raspberries, blackberries, and even apples—any sort of fruit that will mature in the cool, mild summers. These states *also* produce grape wine from the hotter interior valleys.

In California, wine has been made continuously for more than one hundred sixty years, the first vines being brought in by the padres from Lower California, in Mexico. Ironically, native California grapes are no good for wine making and all grapes there are from imported stock. East of the Rockies, however, native grapes are okay.

The padres used Indians to make the first wine—some of the old mission records carefully relating that the grapes were tramped out by "well-washed natives." The first vintages were stored in hollowed rocks, later in jugs brought in from Spain, via the Philippines by galleons. Father Junipero Serra brought the first vines to what now is San Diego, and there wine was made in ox hides. Once in a while the padres' wine would sour and they would be forced to buy Spanish stuff from the governors of California, complaining bitterly at the price of $1.25 a pint.

If we drank as much wine as the French or Italians, our annual consumption *would be around three billion gallons.* If the industry can sell a hundred million gallons this year, it will be quite satisfied. This will make it a half-billion-dollar industry and provide work for one thirty-fifth of the population of California.

Californians now drink about three and a half gallons of wine apiece each year. Citizens of Louisiana, Nevada, Washington, Oregon and Colorado make away with more than a gallon each. But the national average still is about a couple of quarts. . . . In dreamy moments, American winegrowers look at French and Italian statistics, and sigh heavily.

The history of grape growing is full of curious twists. Most European grapes today are grown upon American roots. This comes about because along in the 1880's an insect plague almost wiped out the California vineyards, which were full of imported vines. After everything else had been tried, the few surviving vines were grafted into native American wild grape roots, which were immune to the insect. This worked.

A Right to Individuality

A few years later, when the same disease attacked European vineyards, American roots were shipped over to battle the trouble. That worked, too. So we now have European grapes transplanted to California, then sent back to Europe to make European wine to be exported to America.

In future years you may find American names instead of European on your wine bottle. Many wines are named for the locality from which they came originally—Port from Oporto, Sherry from Jerez, Moselle, Chablis, Burgundy, Rhine, Champagne, a score of others. Some growers are starting to develop their own brands and names, on the theory that every wine has a right to individuality. An Ohio wine has as much right to be known as Sandusky or Cincinnati as Burgundy or Sauterne; California wines should be known as Napa, Sonoma or Los Angeles, instead of Port, Chianti or Riesling. Why call a wine from New York Madeira or Moselle, when it's really Niagara or Fredonia?

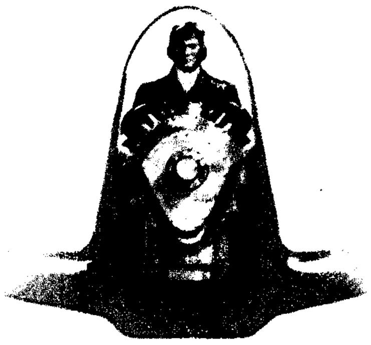
This probably will come in time, if American wine consumption keeps increasing at its present rate. In the past two years, consumption has grown by more than one third. And this increase has turned what was almost a dying in*dustry into a successful, money-making* co-operative enterprise. This, remember, was done by a comparatively small group of vineyardists in one state—a group composed of strongly individual*istic nationalities, in the face of all sorts* of trade barriers and with no federal handouts whatever.

It was a tough proposition to get thousands of Americans, many of them still steeped in the loves, hates, traditions and ways of life of a dozen European countries, to build a machine to save them from ruin—and still tougher to get them to work in unison to make the machine produce. But it was done, and the machine is working.

Today, the people whose folks came from Italy and France, from Spain and Germany and Portugal, from Russia and Switzerland and Armenia, are all working together as good Americans—and discovering that the American way pays off.

THE END

"No broader than a Pilot's Shoulders"



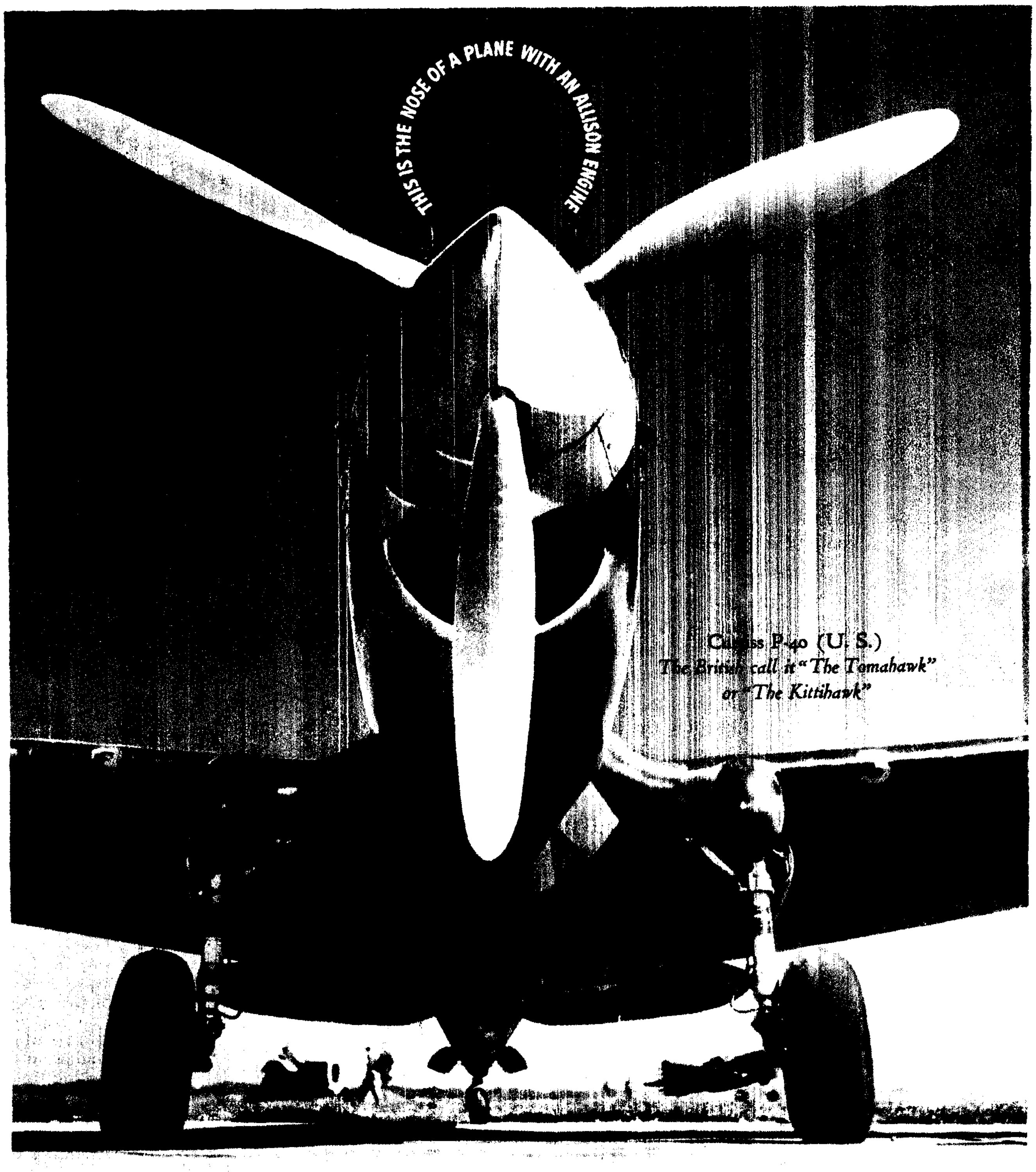
THAT'S an important specification for an airplane engine, when you want every mile of speed you can get from a military fighter plane.

When you cut down wind-resistance, you get more good from horsepower and fuel, because it's less effort to push the plane through the air.

And only with a liquid-cooled engine can you build such a plane.

So General Motors undertook the long job of developing the Allison engine—starting back in 1930.

And now that thousands of these engines have gone into service, America can be glad that someone tackled that job.



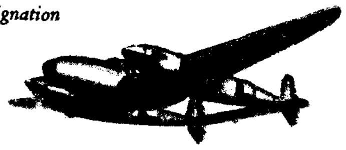
Curtiss P-40 (U. S.)
The British call it "The Tomahawk" or "The Kittihawk"

They're going into planes for the U. S. Army and the R. A. F. And they've been meeting the test of combat everywhere—in the Far East, the Middle East, Europe and Africa—as you read in the newspapers from day to day.

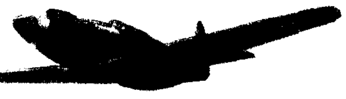
Each succeeding month, in fact, adds to the evidence that the Allison engine is unsurpassed for the job assigned to it.

The experience of General Motors is full-rounded and without bias in the airplane engine field. In addition to the liquid-cooled Allison engine, GM is under license to build air-cooled radial engines in its Buick and Chevrolet plants.

Bell Airacobra
U. S. and British designation



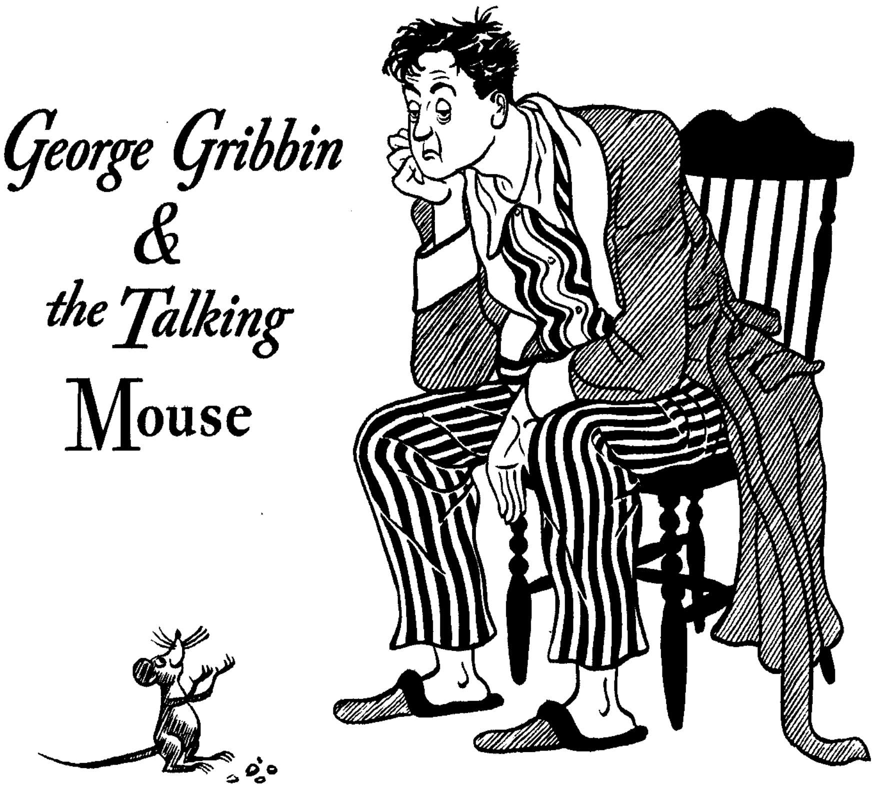
Lockheed P-38 Interceptor (U. S.)
The British call it "The Lightning"



North American Apache (U. S.)
The British call it "The Mustang"

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES
Allison
DIVISION OF GM GENERAL MOTORS

George Gribbin & the Talking Mouse



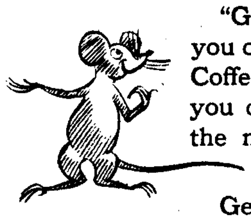
ONE NIGHT, George Gribbin couldn't sleep, so he put on his bathrobe and slippers and started walking around.

In the kitchen he met a mouse, who was having dinner.

"Get the h--l out of my kitchen, mouse!" George said. And the mouse said, "O.K., buddy. If that's a hint I guess I can take it. But just out of pure curiosity, what are you doing down here at *this* time of night?"

"Well," said George, "I drank some coffee at dinner and it's keeping me awake."

"Ran out of *Sanka* Coffee, eh?" said the mouse. And George said, "What's Sanka Coffee?"



"Gosh!" said the mouse. "Maybe you ought to get around more. Sanka Coffee, buddy, is a coffee that lets you sleep—so that you don't go wandering around in the middle of the night like this, interrupting people at their meals."

George said, "If Sanka Coffee is real coffee, how can it let you sleep?" And the mouse said, "They take 97% of the caffein out of Sanka Coffee. It's the caffein in coffee that keeps some people awake."

"Hm-m-m," George said. "Does it hurt the taste any to do that? Is Sanka Coffee really *good* coffee?" And the mouse said, "Well, I don't go for coffee much myself, but in some of the better houses, where I usually eat, I hear them say that it's the finest, most wonderfully delicious coffee that ever rose in steaming fragrance from a cup!"

"Gosh!" said George. "Is it hard to get?" And the mouse said, "Well, I guess you have to go to some outlandish place like a grocery store. And now, if you'll excuse me, I'll slip over to the Jones', where they not only have excellent food but drink Sanka Coffee and sleep nights."

So the mouse went to the Jones' and next day George went to the grocery store and got some Sanka Coffee which he liked so much he drinks it every meal. He feels grateful to the mouse and now goes around frowning at cats and leaving cheese all over the place—but he has never seen the mouse since because, *these* nights, George is always sound asleep.

REGULAR GRIND
SANKA COFFEE
DRIP GRIND
SANKA COFFEE

Sanka Coffee

REAL COFFEE—97% CAFFEIN-FREE

"DRINK IT AND SLEEP"

Trial by Marriage

Continued from page 12

straw-colored field. In the distance, perhaps a mile away, was a water-oak grove, and almost concealed within it, a farmhouse. In the morning stillness, Duff heard the far, faint sound of several dogs barking. He wondered if the Negro plowman could see him that far away. Finally, crawling backward on his hands and knees, he began dragging the hog behind him.

Only after he had reached the woods, and sat there panting and admiring his prize, did he wonder how the pig had met its death. Satisfied that the trees would conceal the smoke, he got a fire started; and while the sticks were catching, he examined the pig. The only marks were holes behind the head, and a small amount of dried blood in the dark bristles. When he turned the pig over, its head dangled loosely; and Duff perceived that something had bitten the pig back of the head so savagely that its neck had been broken.

NEXT day he climbed a small hill and lay in the sunshine. When his stomach was empty, he was more absorbed in the problem of filling it than in introspection or brooding. But now that it was full, his dissatisfaction with himself returned.

It used to be a joke around Hattiesburg to say, "I've been downtown all morning helping Duff Webster," which meant doing nothing. And the old ladies around town said, "Guess Duff's taking after his papa."

And this, he supposed, was partly true. For the good days that he remembered were the ones when his father had been a professional horseman, and then a field-trial man. Some of his earliest memories were of helping his father put their five-gaited mare's tail into the tail-set to make it arch, and of firing her with ginger root to make her lively and flashy. But Duff's mother despised horse-show life and horse-show people, and kept nagging Troy Webster until he gave it up. In his youth he had trained dogs, and now he returned to it in a professional way, and got hold of a good setter, a dog he won over two thousand dollars with, the first year.

Then for several years they had lived the nomad life of field-trial people. From November until March they traveled to the big-time Southern trials, thence up east for the one-course trials on pheasants, until late spring; and finally the twenty-five-hundred-mile trek to the summer training grounds on the prairies of Manitoba. Duff remembered this part of his life with a faint pleasure, even in spite of his mother's attempts to turn him against it.

"Might as well be gypsies," she complained bitterly. "Not a chance to live a normal, Christian life, or to appreciate fine things."

Before long she had ceased accompanying Troy, and had kept Duff at home, where she could play the piano to him, and read poetry to him, and try in every way possible to counteract the influence of his earlier life. Eventually she persuaded Troy to give up field trials, and to buy the little drugstore. At the moment Troy thought he was tired of being a nomad, but after a few months of trying to sell hot-water bottles and Pellets for Pale People he lost his enthusiasm for it. He had been a fairly good provider before; but as a merchant he was shiftless and indifferent. Duff's mother began teaching music to help out, and to try to shame Troy into working harder. But Troy didn't shame easily.

"The trouble with me," Troy had said one afternoon when he and Duff were on the lake duck hunting, "I was born a hundred years too late. I was never meant to be no drugstore man. I get sick of just smelling that rotten drugstore. On the other hand, horse manure smells pretty good to me. Listen: when I was a boy, the neighbors used to come get me to track down their strayed cows, I was so good at it; and getting lost in the woods is something that just ain't in my book. I've killed ducks flying with a .22 rifle; I can sneak through the woods quiet as a cat. Why if I'd been born far enough back, they might have statues to me instead of to Davy Crockett and them! But my kind ain't in demand any more. Now you got to be good at selling stuff, or banking, or singing on the radio. You take a man who knows how to blow in a hound dog, or make a horse swim a creek, or head off a crippled deer, he ain't nobody now, just a loafer or a poacher or maybe a game warden."

But Troy didn't really worry about it. And that was the difference between him and Duff. Duff thought maybe his mother might have had something to do with it, because all his life she kept telling him what a great man he was going to be, possibly a musician or a painter. She tried to teach him piano until she discovered he was tone deaf.

Periodically she would read high-minded poetry to him. He rebelled at these forced feelings of inspiration; he would never forget the memory of her somewhat nasal voice as she put "expression" in the readings. He exasperated her by preferring Barrack Room Ballads. Often, now, he wished he remembered more of the other poems. And he found that he fully expected to be, if not a great man, at least one capable of making a living. So it was a surprise to find that his ambition was no greater than his father's. At the beginning of each promising job he would goad himself fiercely—only, at last, to lose interest in it.

NOW, having left at his mother's death, he found that no work in his life absorbed him like his fight for survival. Each hungry night he lay by his fire planning his hunt for the next day. The problem of how to capture one of the soft-shelled turtles in a slough fascinated him. He was pleased to discover that there were mussels in the river, after noticing their tortuous trails here and there on the white sand of the bottom. But the problem of the dead pig was not solved for several days.

On a morning that he thought might be Sunday, because the birds were singing, he came upon a freshly killed goat, a big buck with a fine spread of horns. Exhilarated by this good fortune, he felt the animal's still-warm neck to see if it was broken.

There was a bloodstain in the goat hair back of the shoulders. Grasping one of the thick horns, he raised the head off the ground and the goat seemed to break in the middle. Duff stared, his hunger forgotten. Again he lifted the goat's head and again only the front half lifted.

Duff had an impulse to drop the goat and run. Slowly he knelt down and felt the animal's backbone, the still-damp blood staining his hands. The backbone was broken. *What could have done that?* he thought uneasily.

Near by, a woodpecker worked its way up a tree, rattling the dead bark. Duff looked at the goat. With a queer nervousness, he opened his knife and made a shallow slit down the back of the animal then pulled the skin back so he could see the injury. On the smooth pink flesh were blood-filled holes—teeth marks.

Just then he heard a sound, and he turned with a start. Standing there watching him was a dog—a big straight-legged pointer dog with a chest like a well bucket, and wide-sprung ribs, and lean belly. The dog's head was like something cut from stone; it was black with a white blaze, and the rest of him white with black ticking; his eyes, instead of being deep brown, were light, almost yellow. He stood watching Duff unemotionally, gently panting; and Duff suddenly knew it was those exposed capable teeth that had broken the goat's back.

"Hello, pup," Duff said, relieved.

The dog lifted his lip in a soundless snarl.

"Take it easy, boy." Duff stepped over the goat and moved slowly toward the dog. The big pointer gave a warning growl.

"Ah, come on. Don't try to be tough. You're not so bad—just a goat killer."

THE dog jumped, then, straight for Duff's face. Surprised, Duff jerked backward, and the dog's jaws chopped shut, loud in their nearness. He shoved the dog away, only to have him spring again. This time Duff struck blindly at him with his fist, turning the dog half around in the air. On the second swing, Duff lost his balance and fell, and instantly the dog's jaws closed on his thigh. Duff rolled over, and the dog was upon him again, this time going for his stomach; but on that flat surface he could get nothing in his mouth but clothes. Duff seized the dog's neck and slung him to one side. As he tried to rise, the animal came again, and Duff kicked him away.

For a moment they paused, the dog standing in a crouch, with his head down, ready. Slowly Duff rose to his feet, his face ash-gray with weakness. Then, as if bored with the fight, the dog turned and went away.

Duff's leg began to throb, and the spit was dry in his mouth. The strength was gone from him, as if his ligaments had been cut, so that only by great exertion of will could he close the fingers of his hand.

Overhead, a crow flew, the bright winter sun glinting off its back. The borers worked steadily and noisily in a pine log near by. The morning grew. Finally Duff crawled over and began skinning the goat.

Every night he sat under the creek bridge with his increasingly inflamed leg throbbing and stared into the fire and tried to figure some way to get even with that outlaw dog. His mind conceived many shrewd snares and traps, none of which worked. Finally he saw the pointer ranging the countryside. From the tree into which he had painfully pulled himself, he could follow the dog's swift coursing, and he saw him head out toward a cornfield. From a blackberry patch, something broke cover—a litter of half-grown pigs. The dog swerved and effortlessly overtook one of them and, almost without slowing, killed it and flung it aside. By the time the sound of the terrified squeal drifted to Duff, the pig was dead and the dog was out into the field.

THREE days later, the dog was trapped, but not in a contrivance of Duff's making. He caught a hind leg in a fence. Duff chanced upon him, apparently not long after it happened. The dog was not yelping; silently he writhed and twisted as he hung there, trying to get at the imprisoned leg and chew himself free.

Nervously Duff looked for a club heavy enough to be of protection. Finally he found a piece of fence post, from which he knocked off the rotted sap until a solid bludgeon of pine heart was left. He limped back to the dog, not sure, now that he had him, what he would do.

The pointer had ceased struggling to watch, his front feet braced against the wire. Duff touched him gingerly with the end of the club, and immediately the dog's jaws closed upon it. Duff twisted it free.

The dog watched him, his lips fluttering with a measured, rattling growl.

Duff's eye fell upon the dog's collar. A brass plate was upon it, bearing an inscription. He could see one word: REWARD.

Duff cut a limb from a black-gum tree with his knife and trimmed it to four feet, the thickness being that of a broom handle. Working patiently, he bored a hole through one end of the stick with the point of his knife, and through this he ran a strand of wire twisted from the fence. He removed his torn coat. With one hand he prodded the dog with the club; when the animal's quick jaw seized the wood, he instantly threw the coat over the dog's head. There was a momentary struggle as the dog fought the coat, but at last it was fast on him, with the sleeves tight around his furious head.

While the dog was preoccupied in trying to bite his way out of the coat, Duff quickly twisted the loose strands of the wire around the collar. That done, he had the dog fast on the stick and therefore under his control, so that he could neither attack him nor run away. The plate on the collar read, *REWARD. Amos Hawthorne, Tafton, Ala.* He raised the dog, taking the pressure off the bound hind foot and releasing it, and snatched the coat loose.

The dog's first move was to leap at Duff. In spite of the fact that he only hurt himself by trying to jump against the stick, he kept at it, circling and charging time after time. Finally he tried to get away, but Duff braced himself and held on against the dog's incredibly powerful pulling. At last the dog became reconciled to his capture, and stood watching the man, softly growling.

WHILE colored John Wesley Davis and his son Paul were putting the dogs in the wagon, Lucie Sullivan gave her horse an extra bit of grooming. Wearing old riding breeches and brier-scratched boots, she strapped him and picked his feet and adjusted the bridle. She loved the horse and liked to touch him and work on him herself. He was a bay gelding, four years old, a somewhat small, good-chested animal; still a little too nervous and full of colt foolishness to be a first-class dog-training horse.

The first time she had ever got on him the bridle broke and he bolted. As he ran, the saddle began to slip; holding on to the mane, she had managed to keep easing higher on the horse so that the saddle went on over without her, and eventually slipped off completely. When the horse finally tired of his gallop, Lucie was still there, without saddle or bridle. They had put an item in the Tafton Weekly Times about that.

The horse moved about impatiently, turning his ears toward the sounds of the eager dogs and the Negroes. John Wesley Davis spoke to the dogs with a natural familiarity, as if everything he said was completely understandable to them. "Okay, Mike, you gits another try-out today; only recollect we's pointing patidges and not stink-birds, if you don't mind. Look out dere, Nat, better not pick no argument with old Friendship, if'n you want to live to flesh mo' coveys."

Paul, his son, was a quiet, morose

"I don't care WHAT the book says!"

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type. As he harnessed the dog-wagon mules, he sang:

I want to die easy when I die,
I want to die easy when I die,
Shout salvation as I fly.

Lucie stopped brushing. She was a rather plain girl, with light hair and coloring; she used no make-up, which she figured was just as well. But her teeth were even and dull white, and her figure was good, and her gray-blue eyes were animated by an Irish love of life.

"For gosh sake, Paul," she said. "I don't call that dying easy."

The Negro boy stopped singing. He had a deep and pleasant voice, and had studied at Tuskegee Institute.

"What's the call for that?" Lucie asked.

Paul straightened and looked at her. "I guess it's just the nigger in me."

"Why can't the nigger in you sing about God's chillun having shoes or something, huh? It's too early in the day to be dying easy." She looked at him again. "What's the matter with you lately, Paul?"

"Nothing."

John Wesley heard and looked worried. "Yes'm, Miss Lucie, something's wrong wid dat chile, Lawd knows. He's troubled in his mind."

Paul looked at his father angrily, and went back to fastening the harness.

"Miss Lucie," John Wesley said, regarding his son with puzzlement, "he say he gwine away."

"You're leaving, Paul?"

"Yes, Miss Lucie."

"Where? North?"

"I guess so. I wish Papa hadn't said anything about it."

Lucie had known long ago that Paul wasn't meant to be just a dog trainer's nigger, although sometimes it seemed that he liked handling dogs even better than John Wesley did. She had known this as far back as high-school days, when the white boys had got Paul to do their algebra homework for them.

In those days, she recalled with a rush of memory, she had been going with Charley Bedlow. That was before Delia Phillips had appeared. Charley had taken her to her first dance, in his old car. On the way to the pavilion the car stalled, and she had to get out in her new long dress and push; but she had tied the dress up around her hips in the dark and thought nothing of it. At the dance Charley drank several bottles of home brew. She tasted it once, which was enough, and thereafter watched with awe as he let it flow from the brown bottle down his throat with hardly a gurgle.

UP UNTIL that time she had considered kissing immoral, so when Charley caught her off guard and gave her a thorough one on her horrified mouth, she responded with her fist—which, in his home-brewed happiness, he considered not worth getting sore about. Later, in bed, she reviewed the incident and found the memory of the kiss not at all disagreeable. Next day she apologized to him and asked him to please let her know in advance next time so she could be ready. "Next time," she said, "just knock."

For a while, then, she and Charley were doing what was known as "going together." This was more his idea than hers and, before long, getting rid of him amounted to a problem. And then it was that Delia Phillips arrived upon her awareness. For Delia, to Lucie's gratitude, stole Charley away.

Delia's swift and positive acquisition of Charley Bedlow, Lucie recalled, was the first indication of the power of this female electromagnet. Delia then was only a sophomore, which is low in the high-school caste; and it soon developed that few boys interested her at all. But when one did interest her she threw the switch and whoever it was in the magnetic field was drawn inexorably in, and held fast there as long as she saw fit to keep the current on. "It's interesting to watch her work," one of the girls had said, "as long as it's not your boy she's working."

Charley Bedlow—soon dropped by Delia—failed to graduate, for, not caring to face Lucie, he quit visiting the kennels for aid from Paul. "Don't know as it matters much about Mister Charley not gitting by," Paul concluded. "His I. Q. ain't none too high anyway."

DRIVING out—they lived in town so as to be away from the noise of the dogs, and drove the four miles out to the kennels every morning—Amos Hawthorne had complained that his morning eggnog had slipped up on him, so Lucie decided not to worry him with the matter of Paul's going away. The dogs saw him coming, an erect six-foot-three man of seventy-odd, and they let out an excited, deafening chorus. For a moment he tried to talk against the noise, then whirled, as if hearing it for the first time, and squalled:

"Wha-a-a, you!"

There was instant silence, and the kennel pens emptied magically. Presently here and there a head appeared; a bold dog or two tiptoed out of houses into the pens, and before long most of them were out again, standing up on the heavy wire and whining to be carried afield that day.

Abruptly all the dogs began barking furiously, their attention now at the gate, where Duff Webster and the dog had turned in from the highway. Duff walked slowly; his clothes were unkempt, and one trouser leg was split to the knee, so that his calf was exposed.

John Wesley said, "Here come a tramp. And, look a-yonder, Mr. Amos," he added suddenly, "if dat ain't ol' Judas he got with him!"

All of them stopped what they were doing, and watched the approaching ones curiously. Lucie's horse snorted and moved restlessly.

Duff said, "I'm looking for Amos Hawthorne."

"That's me," Amos said, leaning forward to squint at him.

Duff licked his dry lips. His eyes were red-shot, as if with fever. "I brought your dog. I thought you might be glad to get him back."

Amos snorted. "That dog? He ain't no good. Been loose two weeks. Every farmer in the county's gunning for him."

Duff hesitated. "It says 'Reward' on his collar."

"All my collars are the same. He ain't no good, just an outlaw dog. Just a mean, hard-headed bolter."

"Well, it said, 'Reward,' " Duff said disappointedly.

"Well, you ain't gonna get a dime out of me. We was taking him to the vet to chloroform him the day he got away."

"Pay him something, Squire," Lucie interrupted. "It says it on the collar. He probably earned it, getting Judas onto that device he's fixed there."

"Lucie, I ain't paying no tramp no reward for no goat-killing dog. Paul, you got my horse ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Paul," Lucie said, handing him a key, "go get my pocketbook out of the car. I'll pay the reward out of the grocery money, and let the old tightwad eat maypops and branch water for a few days."

"Yes'm."

JOHN WESLEY then spoke with deliberation, " 'Scuse me, Miss Lucie, but dat man's sick. Look yonder at dat streak up his leg!"

They looked. An angry purple showed on the veins of his exposed calf.

"What's wrong with your leg?" Lucie asked. "Did that dog bite you?"

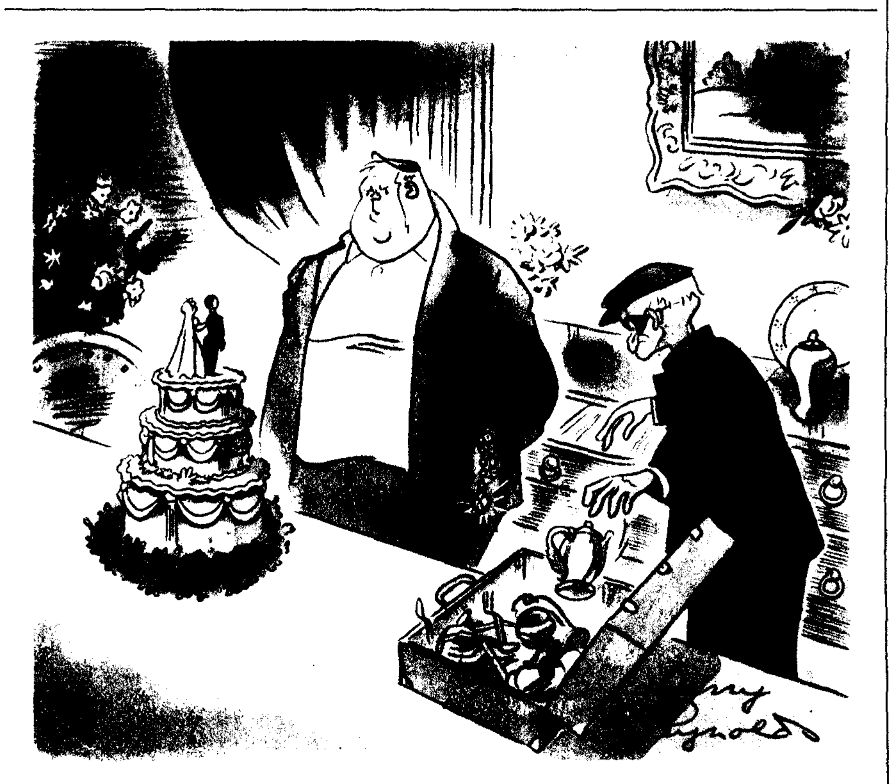
"Yes, he did that, all right. Were you going to pay me something for catching him?"

"Yes," Lucie said finally. "Here's five dollars. My advice is to spend it in a doctor's office."

Duff steered the dog Judas toward the kennels. "You want me to put him in here?"

"Not in there!" roared Amos Hawthorne suddenly, so that Lucie's horse jumped. The dog nearest the gate was a liver-and-white pointer, now somewhat fat around the shoulders, with graying muzzle, and his growl at Judas showed yellowed teeth. "For Pete's sake, Wesley, take that Judas dog and shut him up in that empty pen. You go-

BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**



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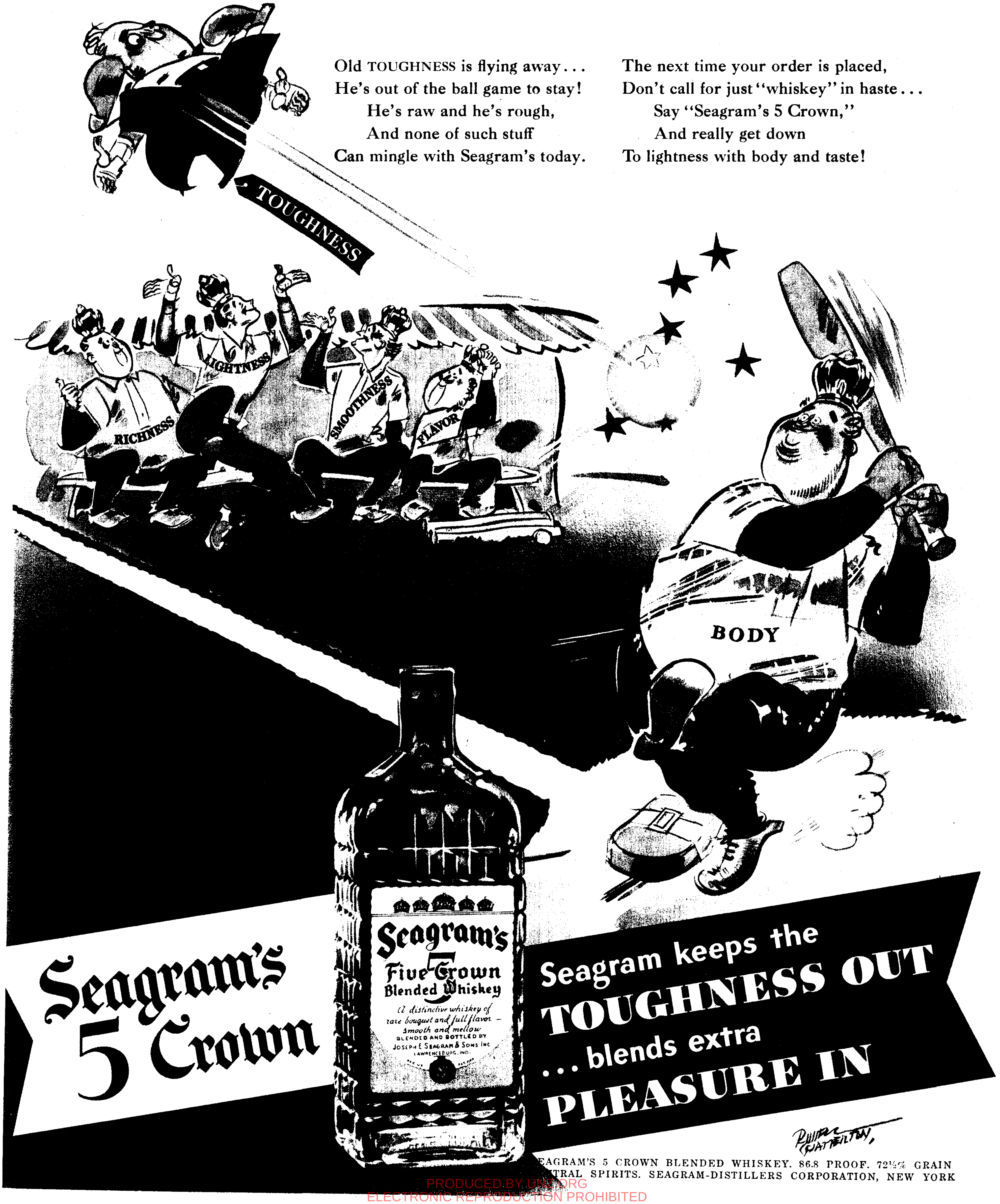
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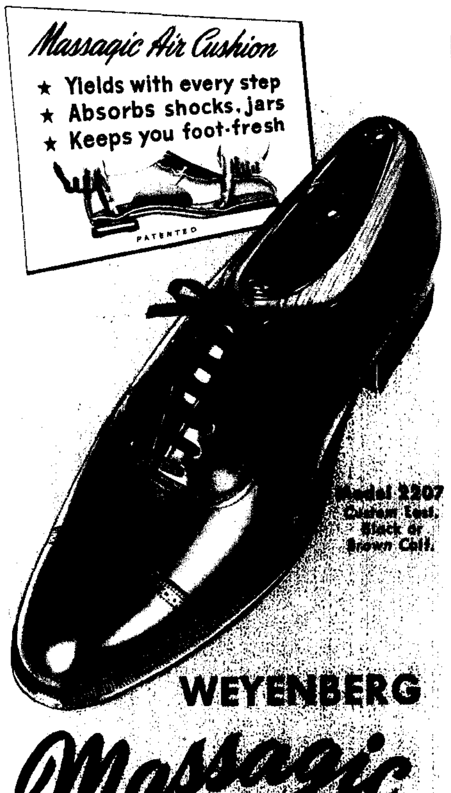

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ing to stand there and let him put that dog in with Sam?"

Duff folded the bill with a preoccupied deliberation, creasing each fold with thumbnail and forefinger. His fingers were trembling, and the simple act seemed to take hours.

Lucie said, "Thanks for bringing our dog back."

"That's all right."

While the Negroes loaded the dogs into the dog wagon, she watched Duff as he walked toward the gate. He went slowly, with a careful tread, as if he were drunk.

"All right, Lucie," her grandfather called.

"Just a minute," she said. "Let's see if he's going to make it to the road, or fall in the yard."

Amos came back and watched, too, suspiciously.

"Them tramps and hobos like that, they got all sorts of tricks. Being sick and needing medicine is old as me, and that's downright old. Your ma, now, in her day, she used to fall for any crazy story."

"Sucker, wasn't she?" Lucie said. The man reached the gate, and now crossed the cattle gap, stepping from one pipe to another. "I imagine they were glad to get a sucker like her in heaven, to elect her chairman of the board or something," Lucie added. "Look, he's made the road. Now he's the county's responsibility, huh? Takes a load off my mind. I have my doubts."

"Just drunk, likely as not." The dogs were barking, and the two Negroes were waiting.

"They sort of get me, Squire, these derelicts on their way to sunny Florida," Lucie said meditatively. "Who are they, and where do they come from, and what's the matter with them? You take our friend about to fall on his beard yonder; I know it sounds funny, but there's an outside chance that under that front, there's a brain and a heart and capacity for work and love."

"If them fellows was any account," Amos said impatiently, "they wouldn't be in that fix."

"I guess that's true part of the time," she said, leading her horse forward so she could see the man in the road. She turned back. "There he goes. Wesley, go to your house and tell Sarah to have some sort of bed ready, then come down to the road and help us."

WHEN she got to the road, Duff was sitting on the bank, head in his hands, with his feet in the ditch. He didn't look up until the horse stopped beside him. He stared at the girl for a moment, his eyes fever-bright.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Lucie Sullivan," she answered. "What's *your* name?"

"Duff Webster," he said. "That's a nice horse."

"Look," she said, "now that I've got you in a confiding state of mind, when did you eat last?"

He pondered a moment and finally said, "Recently."

"How recently?"

"I forget."

She dismounted and stood in the road, holding the reins, and she talked to him while she waited: "Let's talk of something you might remember, then. When did you work last?"

"What's that got to do with it? I didn't come here and I'm not going to leave." Rubbing his hand across his mouth, he gently fell over backward, but his bright eyes remained open. When he talked his lips barely moved, so that what he said was almost indistinguishable: "On Saturday nights, late, even after the barbershop has closed, then's when you scrub the fount, and the ammonia chokes you and makes your eyes run, and I looked up and there stood this . . . and what it seemed he had in his hand seemed like a . . . a gun . . . and I thought he was somebody just playing a, you know, a . . . the twenty-nine dollars he took out of the cash drawer was the most of any Saturday night except . . . then my eyes kept running water and he thought I was crying and I let him have the glassful of ammonia and blinded him and he shot down a row of medicine bottles . . ."

"Listen, you haven't been shot? Is that what's wrong with you?"

"I'm fine . . ."

"Oh, sure. Don't take me out, Coach, I'm all right," Lucie said.

THAT night, Teague McGinnis, on his way to the Free-for-All, stopped by to see Amos Hawthorne. McGinnis was a Texan, a small, pleasant, hard-riding, hard-working dog man not long ago moved to Alabama. His face was weather-burned, though not of the brown-parchment quality that generations of sun and cold and wind had imparted to old Amos'. McGinnis drank almost nightly, always in small, frequent swallows straight from the bottle, without any chaser except a deep appreciative breath; the liquor apparently had no effect at all on him, unless to make him even pleasanter than ever. His brag dog was Hotfoot, a fiery-going young pointer, somewhat small headed, but as Amos said the first time he saw the dog run, "He's got more style than a sheep's got guts."

"Lucie's at the picture show. When she comes in," Amos said now, "you-all can ride out and find a pen for your dogs. We'll put you up, too."

"Be sure you got room. I don't want to cause you trouble," Teague McGinnis said. "I aim to show your dogs up, same as ever."

"Young fellow, you sleep on my bed and drink my liquor, and welcome; but when we turn the dogs loose, we'll run 'em till the hair slips, right on."

"Don't believe I've had the pleasure of meeting your granddaughter, Lucie."

"She's a good hand, though being a woman she ain't got a good squalling voice for a field-trial handler," the old man said.

"I hear your eyes are going back on you some," McGinnis said sympathetically.

"Good as yours, young fellow," Amos said sharply. "Better, maybe."

McGinnis mumbled in embarrassment. Then: "Glad you've retired old Sam. He was always hard to beat," McGinnis said presently. "One grand dog!"

Amos looked at him levelly, "McGinnis, Sam ain't retired, as you'll find out at Grand Junction in February."

"Why, man, that dog's over ten years old!" McGinnis said.

"Yes, and I'm seventy-odd; but you better pray you don't draw against the old folks in the National!"

After Lucie had come in and they had talked a while, Amos said, "Take him and his old plug dogs out to the kennels, Lucie. I'm going to bed."

"I wanted to see our patient anyway," she answered. "Doc's going out."

They rode the four miles out to the kennel farm in Teague McGinnis' pick-up truck. The dogs were in their cages in the back.

"The squire's some guy," McGinnis said.

"He'll be okay when he matures. He's just at the awkward age now," Lucie said. "If you're from Texas, you'll have to see my horse."

"I'm all for looking at anything that'll keep me out with you a little longer."

She looked around at him. "That's okay with me. Although I never thought I'd go for any man wearing those high-heeled cowboy boots."

After they put the dogs in an empty kennel pen, she led him to the barn, and held the flashlight into the stall of her colt Pete. McGinnis took the light and went over the horse slowly.

Finally the girl said, "Well, say something. What's wrong with him?"

"He's okay."

"Just okay, huh?"

"He's all right," McGinnis said.

"Just all right, huh?" she answered, laughing. She took his arm and steered him toward John Wesley Davis' house. "That horse is a little fresh. Tomorrow we're going to hitch him to a plow and let him work off a little meanness. You think he'll object? He's never been put to any plow."

"All I can tell you is don't hitch him to any plow you want to use again," McGinnis said. "I'm sorry I'll be leaving too early to see that."

Dr. Phillips was at the house when they got there. His handsome daughter, Delia, who sometimes acted as nurse for him, opened the old black pill case. Duff Webster was in Wesley's company bed, his head rolling. Two fever spots were on his cheek and he made incoherent noises.

Delia looked at him. "It wouldn't surprise me," she said speculatively, "if under that beard there was a pretty good-looking face."

Lucie thought, "*Uh oh! That from Delia ought to revive him.*" She asked Dr. Phillips, "How is he now?"

"Two years ago," Dr. Phillips said, rummaging in his case, "a case of septicemia like this would have called for a lot of desperate treatment and transfusions; and he'd've kicked off anyway. Now we just shoot the sulfathiazole to him, and, bingo, he's okay. I'm trying to get his fever down, right now. But there's no question about his living, although I will say that he ain't greatly enthusiastic about it."

Duff's head gradually slowed in its twisting, and he said:

"The earth is iron, and the skies are brass,
And faint with fervor of the flaming air
The languid hours pass . . ."

Lucie listened in amazement. "That's poetry."

"He *been* talking like that, Miss Lucie," John Wesley said, in the morose tone that had overtaken him since Paul left to go north. "Yere dis morning he speak a piece give me de trembles. Talk about down, down, down to de devil."

"He must have been a schoolteacher, some time or other," said Delia Phillips.

Outside, Teague whistled softly. "Yow, who's that girl in there?"

"Hey," Lucie said, laughing. "What is this? You saw me first."

"I'm just curious."

"Yeah, I know. Just curious. Well, I'm happy to say that you didn't register on Delia's voltmeter. Else I'd be hitch-hiking home."

IT WAS apparent that the colt did not like the looks of the equipment they were draping around him. The more they put on him, the more nervous he became; and when finally John Wesley hitched the plow to him and said, "Giddup, Pete!" the colt went forward just enough to feel the encumbrance behind him, and then reared perpendicular, hoofs pawing the air. Again he reared, only this time without reservation; he went on over backward, and fell in a mess of chain and leather. They hastened to extricate him, avoiding the threshing hoofs.

Amos shouted, "He won't git away with that!"

"Let's skip it," Lucie begged. "He'll kill himself."

"Listen, child," Amos said. "That

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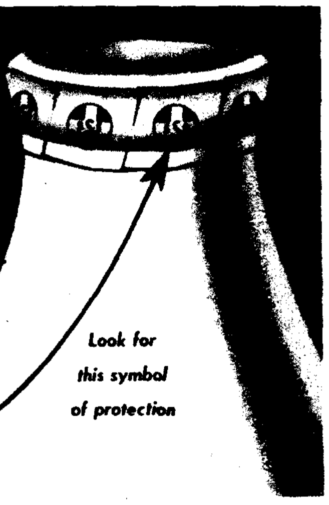

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PROTECT HEALTH WITH FULLY PROTECTED MILK!

horse has got to be worked hard and regular. If you won't let nobody else ride him, he'll have to be plowed. Wesley, put him up until tomorrow, and maybe by then he'll learn a little sense."

WHEN Lucie went in to see the sick man, she found him shaven and awake. She stood in stunned silence, seeing for the first time what he looked like His burned skin clung tight to the bone. His chin and mouth were chiseled into lean lines, his nose was thin and almost Roman, his eyes were black as his eyebrows and hair; his eyes were boyish, but there were no laugh wrinkles around them.

"Hello," she said. "You must be feeling better."

"I reckon you'll be glad to have me off your hands," he said apologetically.

"Oh, not especially. Our dog bit you, after all."

Next day he was propped up in bed, and could see them having their trouble with the colt and the plow. He got painfully up, slipped on his old clothes, and limped out to where they were harnessing the snorting horse.

"Look," Lucie said. "Lazarus has arisen."

"The doctor say you could git up?" Amos asked.

"I forgot to ask him," Duff said, supporting himself on the fence. He paused. "It's not any of my business, but you're liable to hurt this colt. If you'll hitch him up again, maybe I can make him behave."

"He's had enough for today."

"I believe I could make him behave."

"What are you going to do?"

"Hitch him up and let me show you."

They hitched the colt up again. He was so wild they had to hold him by a twist on his nose.

"All right," Lucie said to Duff, "what now?"

"Turn him loose."

They released the twist from the horse's nose. He lunged forward, felt the plow catch in the earth, then reared and went over backward like some sort of mechanical tumbling toy.

"Gosh!" Amos said. "Git him loose, quick!"

"No, leave him alone!" Duff said, hobbling forward.

He reached the struggling colt, and fell upon his head. The colt's struggling ceased.

For thirty minutes Duff sat there on the colt's head, holding him down.

"Now let's straighten him out," he said, finally, "and see."

They straightened the gear, and Duff got up off the horse's head. The horse came up with a leap, and shook himself.

"Giddup," Duff said.

Pete danced for a moment, as if he were about to rear. Then he seemed to think better of it, and went forward into the collar with a smash, and the gray earth began to up-spill over the smooth moldboard of the plowshare. John Wesley had to get into a trot to keep up.

ON THE day Duff was dismissed by the doctor, Lucie asked him, "Where to now?"

"Down the road is all I know," he answered. He felt ill at ease.

She said, "Look, before you go, would you help me saddle Pete? Everybody's out now, and sometimes he acts up."

He followed her into the yard and to the tack room. It was a cold, somewhat windy day, and the moving air howled softly against the corners of the barn; the dogs stood shivering in their kennels, watching them. She noticed that he brought the bridle holding the mouth of the Pelham bit in his hands to warm it; he saddled the horse deftly, and tightened the girth gradually, one hole at a time, unhurriedly. Pete stood still.

He led the horse out past the kennels, just as a delivery truck from town drove up with a dog crate in which a young setter lay disconsolately.

When the dog had been unloaded, she said, "He's from Indiana. A Derby prospect. Good head on him."

"Looks like Sport's Peerless stock, doesn't he?" Duff said.

She glanced at him sharply. "That's a son of Sport's Peerless."

"Anybody can see the resemblance."

"No, not anybody. Only somebody that knows something about bird dogs. Look," she said directly. "Do you want a job?"

"Why, you don't know anything about me."

"More than you think," she said. "We lost a hand last week. Do you want the job or not?"

Duff felt suddenly trapped. What he had thought he wanted was to go his own way, alone, to return to the animal life that he had found. He was suspicious of his overwhelming gratitude to this friendly, generous girl. And yet, from somewhere there was an urge to stay.

"Well?" she said. "You want the job?"

"I don't exactly know."

"Where could I find out?" she inquired.

LATER, when it was all settled, Lucie said to her grandfather, "Squire, you needn't look any further for a helper to take Paul's place. I got one."

"Who?"

She tilted her head toward Duff. "Him."

"That tramp? You ain't hired *him!*"

"Squire, he knows something about dogs, or he'd never've got that Judas here. But even if he was raised in a shoe store, he can mix dog food and clean out kennels and stuff."

"You don't know nothing about him."

"He mentioned that."

"I ain't goan hire no tramp that comes beggaring into my yard!"

"Squire, look. He wasn't begging—fine place to come, if he was. And if he doesn't suit us, we'll let him go. Okay?"

"He don't suit me! Not none. Let him go right now."

"I guess we lose the advance pay I gave him to get him some clothes," she lied.

"*What!* You've done give him money? Well, put him to doing something then! If you cain't find nothing else, have him pick the fleas off them dogs by hand." He shook his mud-gray head, and looked toward Wesley's house angrily. "Durned if I ain't done sunk mighty low, having to git a something-another like that to feed my dogs."

Afterward, Duff went to the kennels and came to the pen of the black-and-white pointer Judas, drawn to the dog by some strange kinship that transcended their enmity. For they were both, he felt, misfits, outlaws. The hostility of Amos Hawthorne hurt him, stifled the quick admiration that he had felt for the old trainer. The girl was certainly friendly enough, but then, being friendly was stock in trade with girls. He disliked them all in advance, knowing that they were all subject to the metamorphosis of marriage, emerging from the ceremony as something quite different from what they had been or seemed to be. *"I don't know what it is about them words a preacher says,"* Troy Webster had once confided, *"but a woman ain't the same any more after they're said."* Only with this wild dog did he feel at ease.

"Hello, Judas," Duff said.

The dog rose and walked stiffly toward him. He bared his teeth and growled.

"Don't worry," Duff said. "You're liable to get another chance at me."

(To be continued next week)

Leaping Lester

Continued from page 18

flooring to take some of the spring out of his legs.

Thus handicapped, Les could jump only a miserly 6 feet 9¾ inches to equal the listed world record at the National A.A.U. show. At that height he was tied by Bill Stewart, a Southern California freshman, who was awarded the championship in accordance with A.A.U. laws. This strange code provides that every time an athlete misses a jump at any height it is scored against him and, in the event of ties, the one with the fewer misses gets the title. A few years ago under the old rules—college meets still permit ties—the pair of them would have shared the crown.

In a way Steers has only himself to thank for his defeat. At Philadelphia he kept patting Stewart on the back, discussing mistakes with him and doing some impromptu coaching of his rival. Les never has mentioned his generosity but officials on the field brought back the tale.

The first break Les received was when his family moved from his birthplace, Eureka, California, to Palo Alto, home of Leland Stanford University and also —this is the important item as far as Steers was concerned—of Robert (Dink) Templeton.

Dink was the Stanford track coach, a fiery, enthusiastic citizen who was a high jumper on the American Olympic team of 1920. Dink was a great coach until illness forced him to give up his work, and among his discoveries at the Palo Alto grammar school some thirteen years ago was an eleven-year-old fifth-termer who bore the name of Lester Steers.

Day after day the wide-eyed boy strolled across the highway to Stanford to watch the varsity men work out. And day after day Templeton encouraged the youngster and taught him all he knew. By the time Steers had graduated from grammar school he was doing 6 feet 2 inches. He added an inch a year to that during his stay at Palo Alto High School.

When Steers was a student at San Mateo Junior College in 1939 he won the National A.A.U. junior championship for Charlie Hunter's Olympic Club team and the next day he came back to annex the senior laurels, the junior crown just under 6 feet 8 inches and the senior title just over it, a feat that had not been accomplished in twenty years.

A Taste of War

He should have gone to college that fall but Les took a side trip instead, an excursion that gave him conversational fodder for the rest of his life. He won a place on the American track and field team that was scheduled to compete in England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Hungary, Greece and Italy.

This small ten-man team cleaned up a big international meet in London, went on to France for some more competition there and meandered on to the French Riviera, where they were when the war broke out.

Guy Stollenwerck of Memphis was the manager of the team and he strove to get his youngsters out of Europe. But boats were not sailing and the youngsters were buffeted about as efforts were made to bring them home.

One night when they were in their hotel at Cannes there was an ominous roar. Sirens shrieked. Obviously it was an air raid.

"That roar seems nearer now," Steers remarked to Charlie Beetham, the half-miler.

"Let's get closer to this wall," someone said.

Tense, silent and scared, they huddled against the wall of the hotel as the zoom of German planes seemed louder and louder. They could hear the steady throb of engines and suddenly Steers began to laugh. His teammates gazed at him in astonishment at such levity at such a time. Death was so close and Steers was laughing.

"Are you crazy, Les?" asked Joe Batiste, the hurdler.

"Do you know what it is, fellows?" chuckled Steers. "It's the ice machine in the cellar."

It was. And that was the closest they came to the actual war. The only way they could reach their port of Le Verdun, near Bordeaux, was to drive there in a broken-down truck.

Credit Where It's Due

By the time Steers returned to California it was too late for him to matriculate at the University of Oregon where he was scheduled to resume his studies. So he did odd jobs for a year and picked up the scholastic thread the following fall. He has been a tremendous athlete ever since. His record jumping feats really speak for themselves. Credit for his rise has been batted back and forth across the net by Templeton and his Oregon coach, the 78-year-old Bill Hayward.

Here's Hayward speaking: "I take no credit for Les' jumping. Dink Templeton taught him how and Les knew all about the event before he came to Oregon."

Here's Templeton speaking: "That's silly. Les Steers learned to jump as a boy. He went to Oregon where, in a year, Bill Hayward added three inches to his previous best performance. Name another California boy who has shown championship possibilities here—where training conditions are superior —and who has gone elsewhere to develop in that way. Steers was lucky to find Hayward."

Whatever the truth is—and most experts agree that Templeton is responsible for Steers—much of the credit has to go to the boy himself. He loves to jump. In fact, he is convinced that the only way to develop spring in his legs is to use those identical muscles in actual jumping. Certain training exercises may help others but not the Kangaroo Kid. He just jumps.

In style, he differs slightly from most athletes in that he takes off closer to the bar than the others. He pushes terrifically with his left leg, the last to leave the ground, and he's up and over. A few years ago he used the old-style Western roll, which meant sailing over the bar with back parallel to the ground. But he's changed to the newer and less euphemistically named "belly roll" in which he goes over with his stomach facing the ground. He's been doing better with it, too.

The Steers jumping has been so incredible that it brings to mind the story of the old Irishman who was told by a neighbor that a village lad had "lept" over five bars of a stile.

"Get along wid ye," said the Irishman. "No one can go that high."

"With me own eyes, I saw it," insisted the neighbor. "Sure t'was your brother Dan's son."

"Oh, him," said the Irishman. "He can go higher."

So it is with Les Steers. He can go higher, too.

THE END

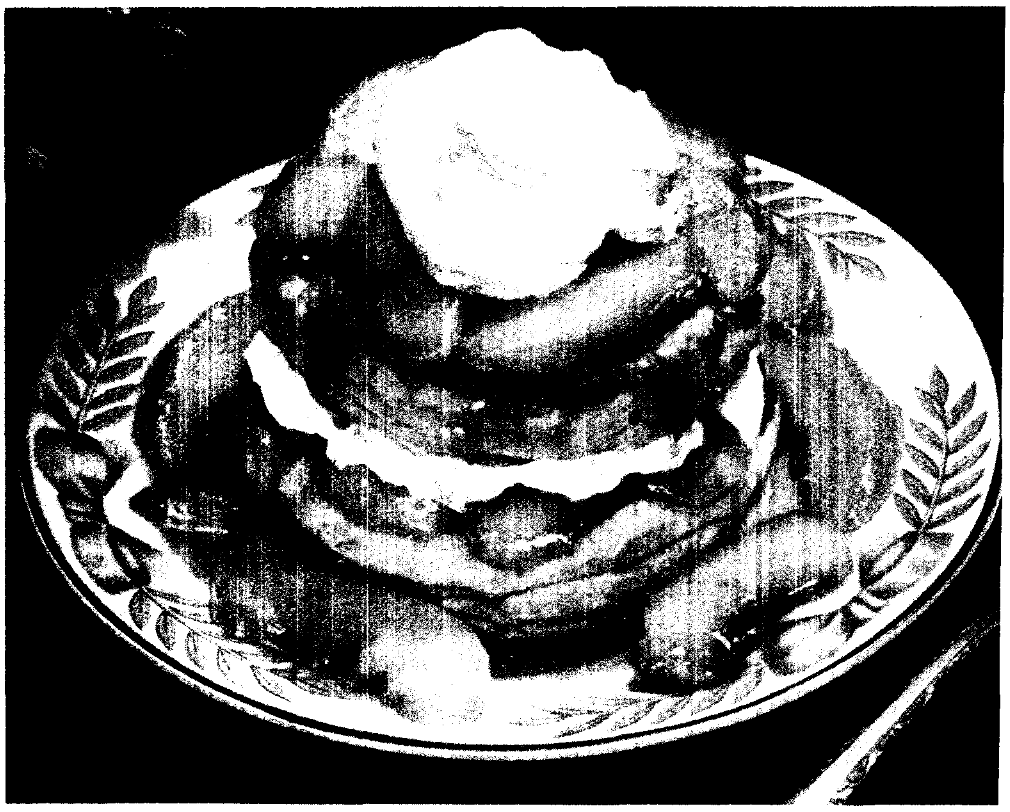
How to beat the Calendar on
Orchard-fresh Peach Shortcake!

AUTHORIZED DEALER
BIRDS EYE FOODS
VEGETABLES
POULTRY·MEATS
BIRDS EYE
PEACHES

1. If you've a man who just *can't wait* till summer and *fresh* Peach Shortcake—listen closely! Here's how to beat the calendar, and serve him *delicious* Shortcake—with *juicy, orchard-fresh* peaches—*right now, today!*

JANUARY
JUNE
FE
APRIL
MAY
MARCH

2. Secret? Buy Birds Eye peaches—you'll never eat *better!* For these gorgeous golden beauties are picked at their plumpest peak . . . and *Quick-Frozen within 4 hours!* All that *full, tree-ripened, true* peach flavor is *sealed in*—held for *you!*



3. Birds Eye Peaches come sliced... slightly sweetened...waste-free...ready to serve! And when he learns how little these *any-season* Birds Eye Peaches cost, he'll lean across the table and exclaim, "Honey—you're *terrific!*" Try some today!

SPECIAL!
WEEK OF APRIL 20-25
SLICED PEACHES
Box serves 4 generously
CUT CORN
Golden, Whole Kernels
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SEAFOODS
BE SURE IT'S BIRDS EYE
NEW YORK N.Y.

"By the Dawn's Early Light"

THE first low ray of the young morning lights his untroubled face, peaceful and serene.

If there are dreams behind the closed eyelids, they are boyish dreams of bikes and BB guns and the heroic exploits of Superman.

If there is concern here, it is a sort of puzzlement over what's come over Mom and Pop of late . . .

Pop doesn't get home so early as he used to, somehow isn't quite as ready to romp and play as once he was.

And Mom — she's quieter, and every now and then is caught looking at him, long and slow, a brooding tenderness in her eyes.

War? Sure, he knows there's a war. It's in the headlines, names of faraway lands, unreal as any fairy tale.

TOWARD A BETTER FUTURE

War accelerates the pace of progress. Out of Goodyear's work on war goods already have come numerous developments that will be usable after the war is won, including:

Combat tires and bullet-puncture-sealing inner tubes for armored cars and military trucks. Even when riddled by machine-gun fire this new Goodyear tire equipment will carry a vehicle to its destination — without stopping for repairs. It means safer tires for you — after the war.

Pop says they can't get new tires for the car because of the war; and instead of giving him nickels now and then to spend, brings home Defense Savings Stamps that he says will be spending money "after the war's won."

But what's all this got to do with a little boy?

He doesn't know, of course, that even while he sleeps here in the dawn's early light, somewhere soldiers, sailors and airmen stand vigilant guard—for his sake.

He doesn't know that while kids like him play their shouting games of dive-bomber and mock air alarm, real American planes are splitting the sky, real American shells are arching through the heavens, real American machine guns are chattering forth destruction — for his sake.

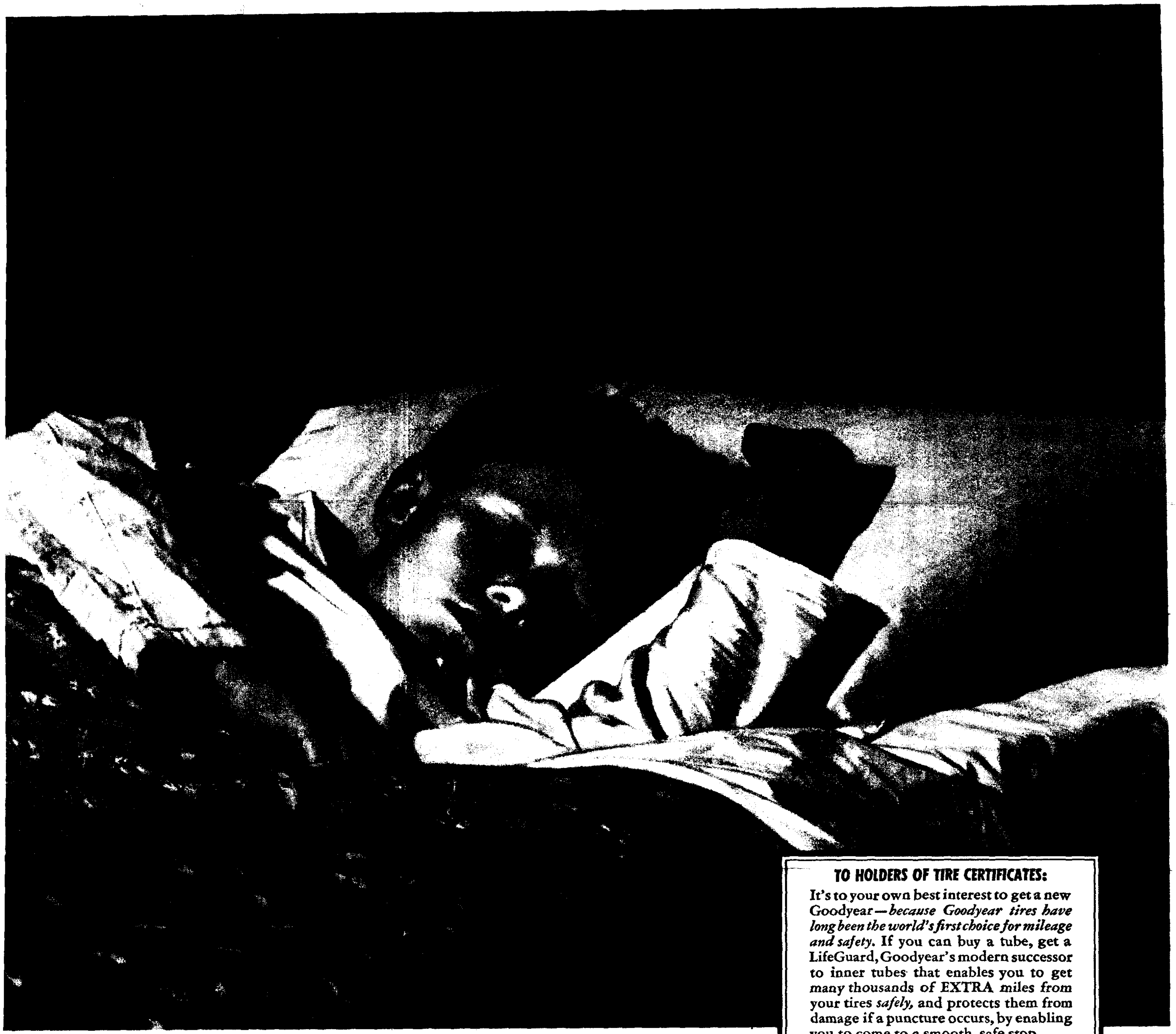
He doesn't know that vast factories hum in angry haste through seven three-shift days a week — that instead of making tires, tubes, belting, flooring and other good things of rubber, plants like Goodyear's are pouring forth countless plane

parts, gas masks, combat tires, tank treads, self-inflating life vests and so on — for his sake.

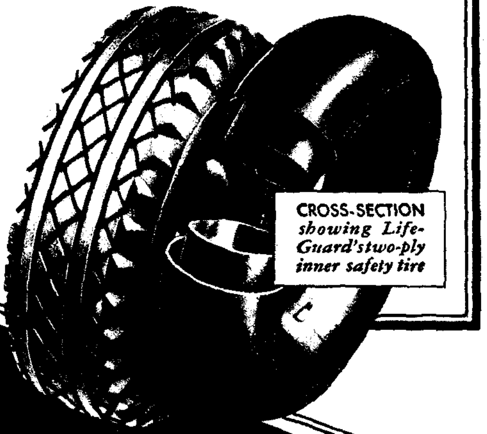
He doesn't realize, you see, that *he* is the coming America.

He doesn't know *he is the future,* here with us today, living emblem of the one thing in the world worth fighting for — hope, and promise, the chance for a better life.

He doesn't know that as long as boys can be boys, men can be *men*



TO HOLDERS OF TIRE CERTIFICATES:
It's to your own best interest to get a new Goodyear—*because Goodyear tires have long been the world's first choice for mileage and safety.* If you can buy a tube, get a LifeGuard, Goodyear's modern successor to inner tubes that enables you to get many thousands of EXTRA miles from your tires *safely,* and protects them from damage if a puncture occurs, by enabling you to come to a smooth, safe stop.



—that Mom and Pop understand that, as he will himself some day when he has a son of his own.

It won't be the billions we spend that will win this war, not all our factories and the machines that are in them—it will be the things men see in the faces of little boys.

It will be the willingness of fathers not only to fight, but to work and sacrifice in fierce guardianship of those they love.

So may his sleep be sweet.

Some day he'll take up the burdens, the fruitful tasks of manhood; it is our job now to see that he can take them up as a free man, fit to fashion a better world.

GOOD YEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

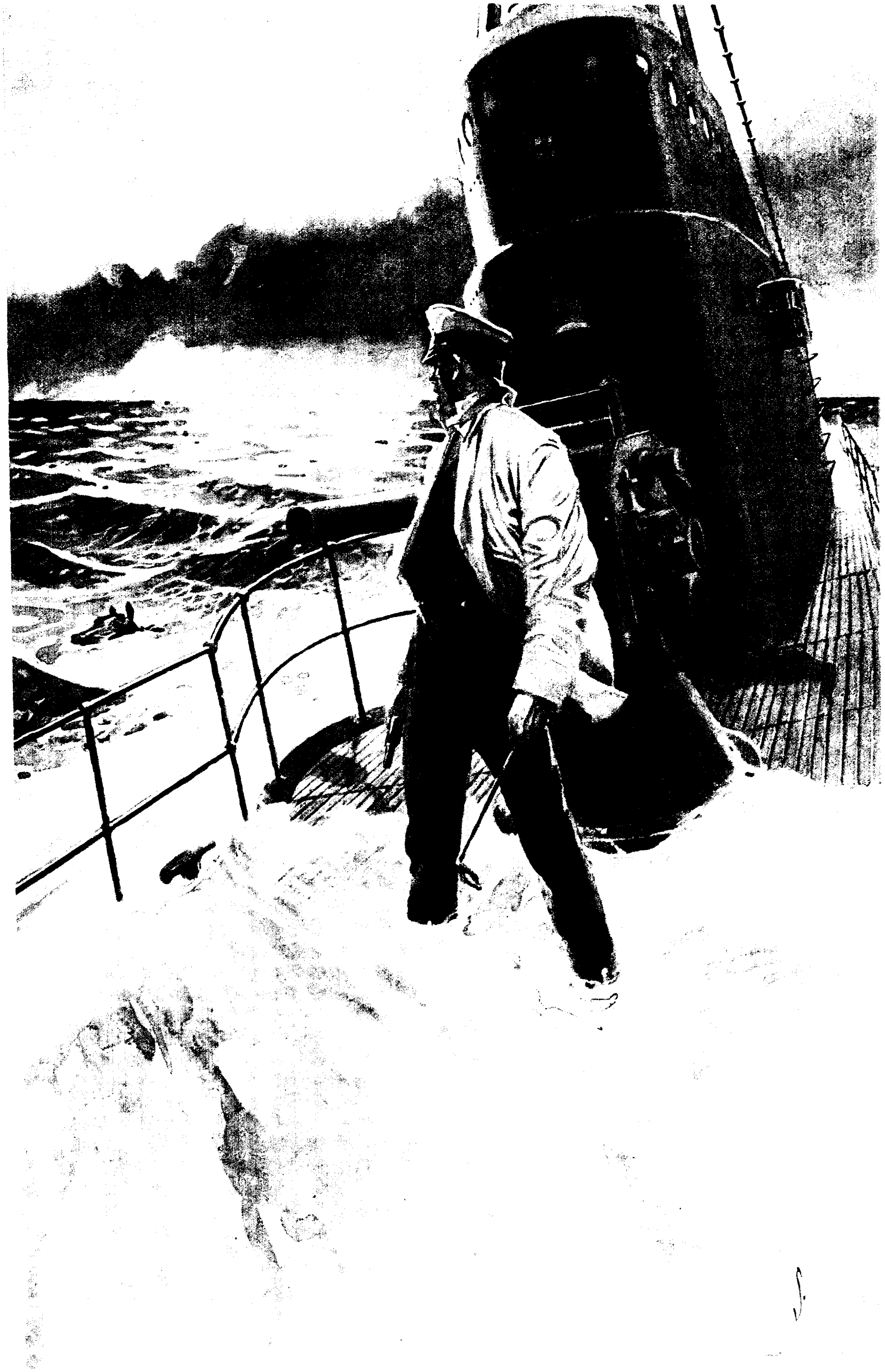
LifeGuard—T. M.
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

HUNTER'S MOON

BY EDMUND GILLIGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

It will rise again for neither of them—hunter nor the hunted



Then, as if the sight of that curved hull had shown him that all was lost, the horse turned away, swam alongside the vessel in silence

BEFORE moonrise there came the sound of firing far to starboard and then a silence, unbroken except for the murmur of the Diesels driving the submarine leisurely westward. A yellow glare sped across the east. Soon the hunter's moon, immense and beautiful, heeled upward from the mid-Atlantic wilderness. The vessel bore on, slid serenely between the heaving, tumbling walls of water. The brassy light followed after, leaping from wave to wave, making the wave tops burn like meadows afire.

The talk among the bridge watch changed to a whispering. A lookout forward turned from his station, stared at the spreading glow upon the waters. His face, wetted by the spray, shone ghastly white under the brim of his sou'wester. The helmsman glanced behind at the black wake that cut the golden sea in two. He turned toward the captain, who stood by himself, his wide-open eyes staring full into the shadowed hills and gleaming meadows on the great plain of the moon.

The captain took a step forward and whispered, "Alter course, Heim." And then, as if angered by his whisper, he said in a clear, loud voice, "Two eighty, Heim. Two eighty. Do you hear?"

"Two eighty, sir."

"For fifteen minutes. Then alter to three twenty. A little dog-leg for a change, Heim."

"A little dog-leg it is, sir."

In the turn, a new and brassy spray leaped over the vessel, poured and clanged against the turret.

"That is well." The captain turned again to stare into the splendor of the hunter's moon. His thinned and colorless cheeks borrowed a bright hue from the shining water. He seemed suddenly transformed into a young and healthful countryman, watching a moon's stately progress over fields and paddocks. Only his eyes stayed watchful in warlike caution. They shone dark in the metallic mask above his turned-up coat collar.

THE moon left the billows and rose higher. Its fire pierced the dark blue sky and the sea tossed black and high between its rim and the rim of the world. The moon's autumnal flame changed swiftly to an opal glare. Its hills and plains became clearer and darker. This change was at once reflected in the captain's youthful face. He shook his head in boyish disappointment, left off staring and came closer to the helmsman.

"Under that moon, Heim—" He paused.

"Yes, Herr Kapitän?"

"Under that moon I've had many a hard scramble home with the hounds in the County Clare."

"Yes, Herr Kapitän."

"I am thinking, Heim, that if this weather holds, the torpedoes"—he hesitated over the word—"the torpedoes will run badly."

"Yes, Herr Kapitän."

"Dive in twenty minutes. We have been too much in its light."

The helmsman turned to the voice pipe.

The senior engineer came halfway up the ladder, showed his head, and stopped

Artur Rodzinski

brilliant conductor of The Cleveland Orchestra, and one of the many world-famous artists now recording *exclusively* for Columbia. Among his new Masterworks triumphs are Jerome Kern's superb symphonic arrangement of melodies from Show Boat and the Symphonie Fantastique by Berlioz.

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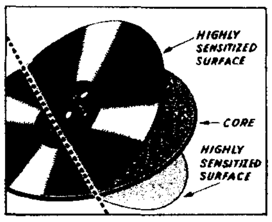

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Conserve!

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and your brakes, tires and car

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★ **DON'T JAM DOWN on BRAKES** except for an emergency stop. Quick stops from high speeds create excessive heat in the braking system and shorten the life of the tires.

Gradual application of brakes avoids creation of high-pressure "sledge hammer blows" within the braking system. Sane braking will assure long, dependable performance of all the parts which make up this important system in your car.

★ **SHIFT TO LOWER GEAR** when going down steep hills. Let engine do part of the braking. You'll keep the brake drums cooler, cause less wear on parts, and will reserve full retarding power of brake until needed.

★ **CHECK BRAKE PEDAL.** The brakes need adjustment or additional brake fluid is required in the brake system if the brake pedal can be depressed within an inch of the floor board.

If brake pedal action produces a soft, spongy feeling, the brake system should be "bled" to eliminate air.

★ **BRAKE FLUID LEVEL** in the master cylinder of the brake system should be checked at every lubrication period. Fluid should be added if the reservoir of the master cylinder is less than half full.

★ **HAVE WHEELS PULLED** at least once a year. This should be done by a brake expert. His inspection may disclose wear and minor trouble which can be easily and inexpensively corrected before serious trouble occurs. He may find that brake wheel cylinders and parts need attention, or that the brake lining is badly worn. He will also inspect the master cylinder.

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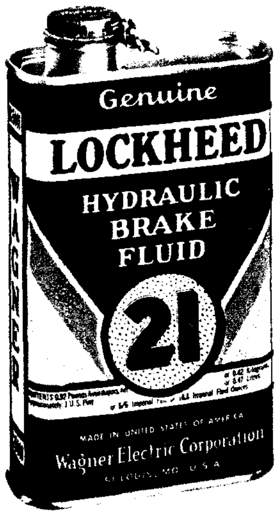

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H42-10

Wagner

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AIR BRAKES...CoMaX BRAKE LINING...NoRoL...TACHOGRAPH

there. He opened his mouth to speak, but the blaze of moonlight silenced him, made him whisper. "All charged. We've had time enough, thank God!"

"Dive in twenty minutes, Fleck."

"Yes, Conrad. Right. In twenty minutes. No propeller noises yet. Did you hear the firing? A destroyer?"

"Yes, Fleck. Far to starboard."

"Such a moon makes the English nervous."

They went below, breathing easily and with relish in the newly pumped air. The bridge watch followed. One man below laughed over a book spread upon his knees. The captain looked at him in pleasure, then stepped into the control room.

A bell clanged. A quartermaster spoke into the voice pipe: "All hands to diving stations!"

The grinning reader put his book down, sprang to his feet. Making ready for the downward slant, the Diesels ceased their murmur. The starboard electric motor took up the job, then the port chimed in, and a new humming filled the great hull. Erect and attentive at the diving-valve controls, the sailors repeated their orders, stared steadily at the dials. The vessel tilted, went by the head a little. Again a hush returned.

THE captain sat at his desk. He turned the bright light until its full force shone on the boat's position and course on the chart. For a little while he gazed and blinked, then he shut his eyes in a frown. The glare of the bare, pulsing bulb made his face bloodless again, bloodless and lightless, save for the harsh illumination. He seemed like a man sick of a secret sickness, borne down by a secret longing. He lifted his face and a sudden, sweet smile broke the stern planes of his cheeks and jaws. He reached out over the desk, reached into the gloom beyond the circle of light, and took down from the wall a handsome riding crop, well and stoutly made of good leather and bound ivory. Long ago his hunter's hand had worn its grip to smoothness.

He ran his fingers up and down the leather with delight. He smiled again and held the crop close to the bulb until he could read the letters dimmed by his sportsman's sweat and by the sweat of Irish horses. He read the words, "Cronin-Dublin," and fell to dreaming over them. Once he gripped the crop strongly, reached out and downward with it and laughed in his galloping dream.

The bell clanged harshly. Instantly the motors ceased their humming. Abaft in the seamen's mess a voice cried out in warning:

"Propellers coming!"

The other listeners at the headphones raised their hands in a warning signal. Onde ripped off his set, held it out to the captain and said, "Propellers, Herr Kapitän."

The captain adjusted the headpiece, listened, and nodded. "Two destroyers. At cruising speed."

He listened. In a clear, rapid beat, the screws of the enemy ships came onward, nearer and nearer. A tiny, yellow bead of sweat ran down the captain's forehead. He bowed his head slightly, then turned to look into the eyes of a listener near him. It was Heim. They exchanged a glance, in which fear and affection mixed, and they looked away. Higher and clearer came the twin beat and rumble. A clamor filled the world above, a noise like that of many seamen shouting or of hounds in full cry. And then the propeller whir reached the maximum beat and blow, poured down a harsh bray into the alert, listening hull. The destroyers raced onward, reached a position directly above the submarine.

The captain nodded eagerly, waved a triumphant hand to Heim and to the staring reader. Swiftly now the propeller beat began to wane. In a little while, the captain took off the headpiece, blew out his breath and laughed:

"To the bottom. Call me when you hear the convoy. It can't be far behind."

The motors began, ceased and idled, then began again. The vessel answered. Slowly, serenely, the submarine rolled in the watery chasms, making her way tenderly down to a black deep haven. The finger of the depth gauge passed from fifty to sixty, then to eighty and a hundred. The middle watch came on. The captain and the others slept.

Twice the captain laughed in his sleep. Once he cried out a word in English; then he awoke and went back to his desk. There he toiled over the navigator's charts, studied the course for home, waited for the betraying sounds of merchant vessels. Hours later, just as the middle watch was knocking off, the senior engineer came out of the control room, his face toughened by an inner excitement.

"The first of them!"

Again the captain clamped on the headpiece, again he listened. A great clamor came down to him through the sea thickness. Propellers were turning far to the west, many of them. That first slow, steady throbbing grew minute by minute into a louder discordance of steel vibrating in water, of water churned by steel. Spread far and wide in convoy formation, the freighters were steering through the night for the ports of England. The ships sailed slowly, all held down by the convoy law to the speed of the slowest tramp.

The captain gave his orders: "Follow after. Nine knots. Periscope depth in thirty minutes."

The finger on the depth gauge began to drop—one hundred and fifty, one hundred. The reader, an old hand of the first U-boat war, began to whistle softly the same wild phrase over and over from the U-boat song: We Sail Against England. Heim laid out a fresh suit of oil clothing for the captain.

The captain poured coffee into a mug. "Homeward bound after this shot, Heim. Glad, aren't you? I am."

Heim smiled. "Homeward bound. Yes, Herr Kapitän."

Men passed to and fro in the narrow spaces. One brought word from the torpedo compartment forward. The captain nodded.

Another reported: "Periscope depth, sir."

THE captain pressed his eye against the eyepiece, gripped the handle. The water, now receiving the first green light of dawn, swiftly changed from blackness to a translucent gleam of green and blue. And then, suddenly, a dazzling burst of light came. The captain turned the handle, turned and searched. He frowned and whispered to himself: "Nothing yet!"

He drew away from the eyepiece, then looked into it again. For long minutes, while the officers and men waited in anxiety, he stared. At last, he smiled and swept his hand slowly to and fro, its palm downward. He had seen them. Vague shapes out there gave off short gleams of light, gleams soon hidden by whirls of mist. Short columns of freighter smoke ran upward, then turned flatly westward in the rising wind. Three ships came first, then a fourth and fifth came into his view. These were the outer screen, a protection for the powder ships that kept the inner positions.

He had hardly sighted them before a high bank of fog shut off the east and rolled down upon the convoy. The great ship vanished. One by one, the others followed.

The captain drew away. "Fog!"

The old U-boat man cursed.

"Follow after." The captain glanced

at the compass. "Nine knots. Keep a sharp lookout for stragglers." Then, as if this thought had prompted his action, he again fixed his eye to the periscope, twisted the handle. He saw that the wall of fog had ceased to advance, that his vessel still sailed in clear water. To the westward he saw the straggler, a steamship with a deck cargo. Hastily she plowed along, yearning for the quick enveloping plunge into the fog.

The captain shouted. In quick obedience to his orders, the submarine struck a parallel course to the hurrying steamship; then slowed its speed to let the straggler overhaul and pass before the waiting torpedo tubes.

"Shoot!"

The yell of the torpedomen ran in the narrow, stinking spaces:

"Stand by for surfacing!"

TWENTY seconds ticked off before the first terrible detonation shook the world of water, jolted the submarine. Long before the reverberation of the successful shot passed through and out of the trembling hull, there came another explosion. The straggler's boilers had gone.

"Hard astarboard!"

The submarine plunged smoothly upward, broke through the calm surface and shook off her tons of water. At once the Diesels began. The blowers drove water from the ballast tanks. Ventilators whistled, expelling dead air.

The captain left the conning tower and took his stand on the forward deck. Eagerly he snuffed up the good air. Heim clambered down after him, held out the oil clothing. The captain thrust his arms into the sleeves of the jacket without taking his rapt eyes off the hull that lay hidden in a pall of smoke, a quick ruin on the green sea.

"A good shot, Heim."

"Yes, Herr Kapitän, a good shot."

From the far, receding battlement of fog a fresh breeze blew, making whitecaps as it approached the hull. And, at the same moment, there came from the smoking ruin a mighty din, indistinct, formless, yet seeming to be a cry of pain from giant voices. Shrill blasts and whistling sounds rang through the terrible chorus, which waxed and waned amidst a hissing and a crackling of steel and timbers. Now the breeze ran against the torpedoed ship and blew away the pall of smoke.

It was then that the captain saw the horses.

He held out his right arm stiffly. A look of horror froze his triumphant face. His lips dried.

The horses, long-legged, long-necked remounts for officers overseas, reared and plunged through the sliding litter of their deck housing. Heads and manes and hoofs flashed in the morning light. From their gleaming jaws the din of terrible noises poured and spread. A billow of black smoke blew upon them and many sprang forward, stumbling and heaving, to the empty space amidships. There they reared high and twisted away from the yawning pit below, where the waves rushed. A funnel fell roaring down upon the wreckage of their stalls. In terror they again sprang forward. At last, a dappled gray, neighing in fear of his coming death, leaped far out into the foam. Another and another followed until a panic seized them all and they went diving, plunging into the sea to escape the torture of the flames.

The captain shuddered.

A half mile away, on the port side of the sinking hull, he saw the ship's boat in line, towed by a launch. A naked man in the last boat lifted his clenched hand in a sign of cursing. The fog received them.

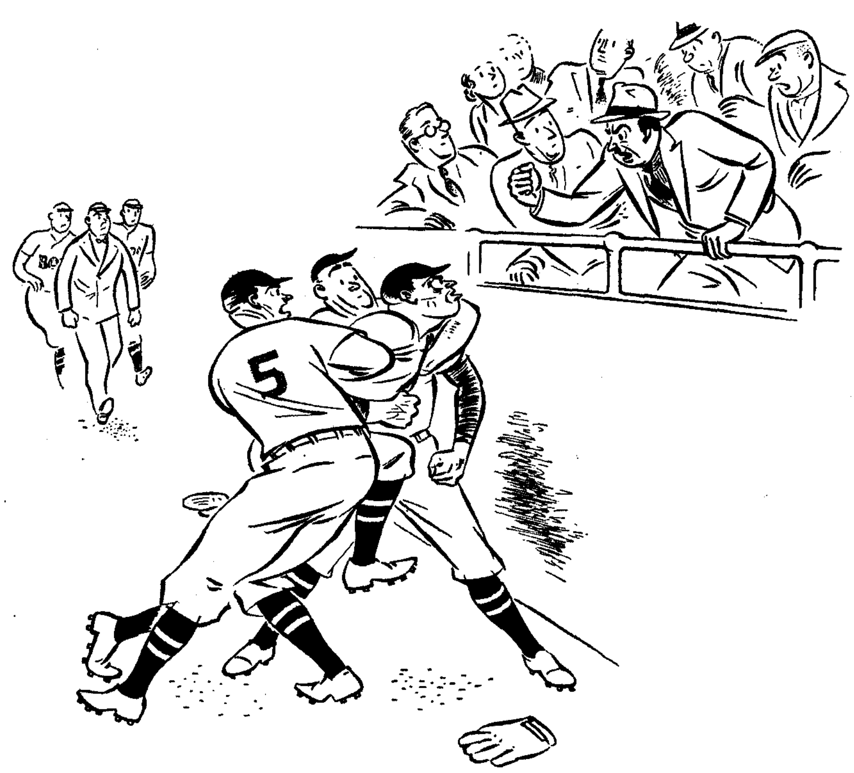
The captain shuddered. His stomach grew sick, wrenched him violently. He could not take his eyes from the tipping deck. Still the horses came, now in silence, now in a new outburst of terror and sadness. There were scores of them. A white mare came stepping to the bloodied edge of steel. By her side a black foal trembled and cowered. When the mare stopped and flung her beautiful head toward the sky, the foal nuzzled her and whimpered.

THE captain became sick again. He half fell to his knees when the boat rolled beneath him.

A flame shot out from the deck litter and licked at the mare's hindquarters. She cried out at this; then bent her head, pressed it against the foal's little body until it staggered, fell and pitched over the edge of steel. The mare gathered her handsome legs under her and sprang outward.

"Heim! Heim!"

The seaman moved closer. He said nothing, knowing there was nothing to be said. He kept his own eyes fixed on



"No, Brogan!... You're not supposed to fraternize with the spectators!"

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the water lapping at the curved hull beneath him.

The last of the horses then appeared. He was a great chestnut stallion of seventeen hands and more, an Irish weight carrier, fit to lift many stone over tough country. A blue ribbon in his braided tail flashed prettily when he advanced, in dignity and silence, and looked down at the struggling heads, sinking swiftly to merciful death. He lifted his forefoot and blew one blast out into the salty air. Calmness lay on his beautiful head. A star shone there. He stood in no hurry, in no panic. He surveyed the sea barriers and arched his strong, clipped neck. He looked to the east, where the boats had vanished. Long he stared there, as if his wise and mighty heart knew that Ireland and Ireland's hedges lay that way, far that way. He let his head droop. Once again he lifted it and turned to the west. He saw the living thing, a man staring upward at him.

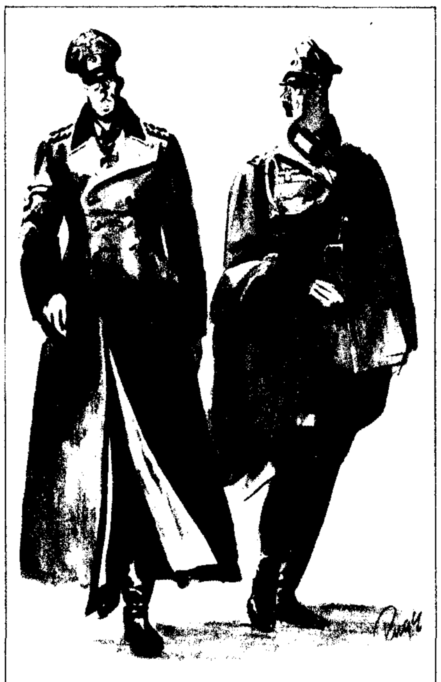
The captain took one desperate step forward. The horse's beautiful eyes looked directly into his own. They kept the long, secret look, between horse and man, hunter and hunter. Each to each they thus related their secret of the steeplechase and of the ringing fields. Aloft against the golden sky, the horse sent down his beaming look of intelligence and affection. The captain groaned in a new spasm of horror.

HE THEN did a strange thing. He lifted his wet fingers to his mouth and blew two shrill notes, one short and low, one long and high, both piercing sweet, a huntsman's call. Three times he blew it, weakly at first, then clear and strong as ever he blew it among the hedges of the County Clare.

The chestnut stallion whinnied. He looked out over the sea and sought the eyes of the man. When he had found them, staring above the spray, he gathered his muscles, gathered his haunches, and jumped clear and high, away from the foulness around him. Through the gleaming air he fell, feet extended perfectly, tail correctly held, head ready for the strange contact below. He fell. He passed in a rainbow flash of water and sank, then emerged and shook his gallant, streaming head. And all his glory shone there. His wet star shone. He struck out with his forefeet and blew the salt water from his rosy nostrils. He turned toward the submarine and swam in rippling grace.

The captain laughed in youthful joy, but the strange, hysterical laughter dwindled at once into a deeper groan. He lurched forward in a mad way and shouted words in English to the swimming horse: "Steady now, old lad!" The mask of his bloodless face changed again, changed into the mask of madness. All the nights and days of loneliness and grief and murder at the sea bottom now struck at him anew. And the beautiful creature coming to him in obedient confidence, that lost one broke the captain's heart, broke it as he stood lurching there.

"Heim! Heim!" Without looking at the seaman, he said, "My pistol! Quick!" When the seaman turned away, the captain cried out another phrase, words of gibberish that stopped Heim at the ladder: "Heim! Heim! Bring that thing over my desk. Quickly, Heim! *Quickly!*"



"You're talking like a fool, Mueller. An officer of your ability won't be purged for quite some time yet"

JOHN RUGE

Heim vanished and, before the swimming horse had come a rod nearer, he returned, bearing a pistol and the riding crop from Ireland.

The captain seized the pistol in his right hand, the crop in his left. He whispered from the corner of his tortured mouth: "Crash dive, Heim. Tell them. We have no time. Destroyers! Destroyers! Stand by for crash dive!"

Heim roared to the helmsman: "All hands to diving stations!" The bridge watch ran below. The cry sped before them into the hull. It trembled.

THE horse came on. Striking the running sea boldly, he thrust out his well-muscled shoulders against the water and came nearer, gazing always at the staring, waiting captain. The forefeet came splashing close to the boat; then, as if, at last, the sight of that curved, slippery hull had shown him that all was lost, the horse turned away, swam alongside the moving vessel in silence.

The captain lifted his pistol. His arm trembled. He strove to steady it, strove to aim the barrel down against that wet and sodden star. He failed. He heard a voice calling to him. He turned and saw Heim standing there, his hands held out in mute appeal. The captain cried in a voice that cracked and whined fiercely: "To your duty! To your station, Heim! To the bottom, Heim. One hour and then—the homeward course. Run!" The seaman turned away.

The boat moved faster, began to tilt and slant.

The captain let his pistol fall. He sagged in his place, clung weakly to the gun mount and there sought the eyes of the swimming horse. The horse swam on, striving to match his pace with the quickening movement of the hull. But his great head sank lower and lower. He made one gallant thrust upward when the submerging vessel flung its wash against him. He died then. His heart broke and he drowned. Calmly he accepted his end and its peace. His magnificent body rolled and heaved in the wake of the vanishing submarine. The blackened chestnut barrel turned over and over in the sea. At the second turn, a wave held him upright and flung him forward and upward, as in a leap over a green, wide hedge, merry with singing birds.

THE END

Russia Uncensored

Continued from page 22

of them immediately. Often, when I dined in restaurants with members of the British Military Mission, a Soviet officer or other person would walk up to the table, wanting to shake hands with his ally. Immediately, a waiter or the British officer's GPU bodyguard would step up and lead the enthusiast away like an offending drunk.

Foreigners are treated as creatures apart. They always get the best available accommodations and all the food they want. A few days after we arrived in Kuibyshev, a store was set up especially for the diplomats and correspondents, where we could buy meat, sausage, cheese, eggs, white bread, candy, sugar and champagne. It was rather shaming to come out of the store staggering under enormous packages and having to pass Russians who could seldom obtain such groceries and, when they could, only after long hours of standing in a queue.

The first thing our tourist agent did on arriving in Kuibyshev was to throw all Soviets except officials out of the Grand Hotel where the correspondents and some diplomats were staying. On the flight to Teheran in the plane with Ambassador Litvinoff, Ambassador Steinhardt, Sir Walter Monckton and the Iranian ambassador, we stopped overnight at Astrakhan. For two hours we were kept standing on a muddy airfield, supposedly waiting for cars to be sent from town. Actually, we were waiting for the hotel to be cleared and cleaned up. We had not been expected there that night.

Mr. Litvinoff Didn't Laugh

By the time we reached the hotel, all of the third floor had been emptied and tidied for us. There were militiamen at the front door and on every landing of the staircase, and several GPU boys on the third-floor corridor. In their haste, the servants had apparently dumped all kinds of things that they found in the rooms into the ladies' room, which was packed with odds and ends, including three smoked fish. I came out, proudly carrying one by the tail. Mr. Litvinoff was not amused.

The air raids proved to be a great help to me in meeting a few Russians. A night spent in the subway or some cellar would necessarily entail contact with the populace and a casual conversation sometimes led to further meetings. I also made friends with four men who had flown in the same plane with me to Moscow from the Chinese border. Coming from a small place like Alma-Ata, which foreigners seldom visit, they hadn't had it drummed into them how unwise it was to see outsiders. However, although we often had tea together in their hotel room in Moscow, they were never so foolhardy as to appear in public places with me.

A young army pilot whom I met through one of my cellar pickups used to invite me to tea at his sister-in-law's apartment. By that, I mean, of course, one bedroom, for only the very highly placed ever have what we would call an apartment. I would take the subway to a certain station where Feodor would be waiting for me. No sign of recognition ever passed between us. He would set off down the street with me after him and I would wait for a few moments before going into the apartment house. Once, I was followed. I never could de-

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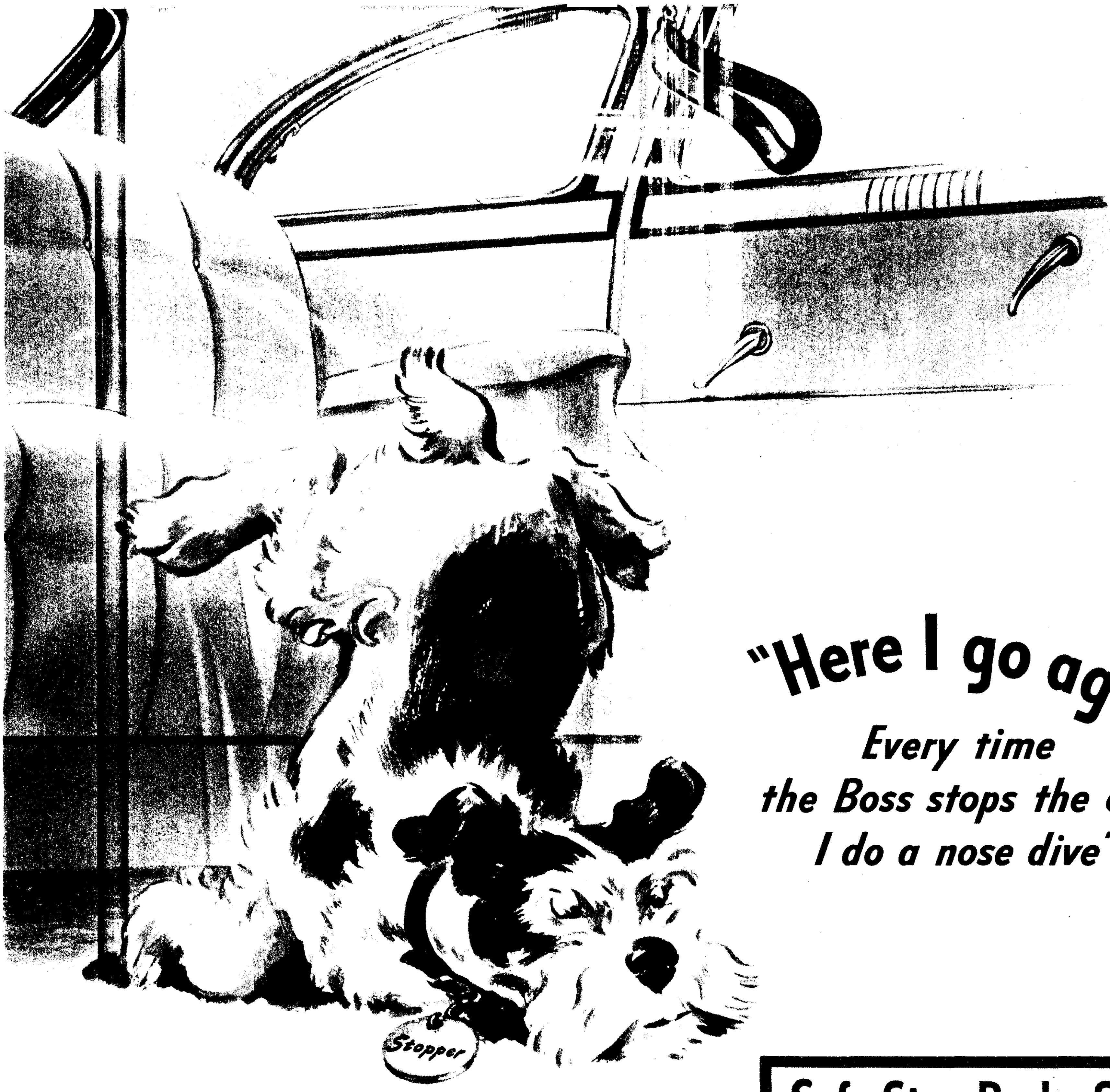

"Here I go again!
*Every time
the Boss stops the car
I do a nose dive"*

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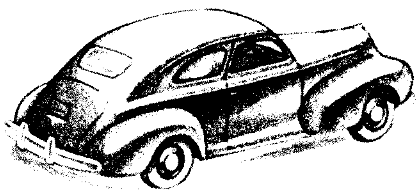

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termine whether it was a GPU man or just an ordinary masher. When I mentioned it to Feodor he turned pale. "I have been expecting my sister-in-law to denounce me for seeing you," he said. "But I had hoped that your visits had passed unobserved in other quarters." Then he shrugged and went on, "If this had been before the war I would have been in serious trouble. At the moment, they need me too much because I am an excellent flier."

A correspondent soon gives up trying to tell Russians about America, but matters don't stop there. We had difficulty in telling Americans about Russia. The censorship was so illogical that there was never any way of knowing ahead of time what would be cut out and what would be left in. Something passed in one person's cable would be deleted from another person's. I was not allowed to say that I was living in rooms once occupied by Lenin or that I had had a dress made at the same shop patronized by Madame Voroshilov. Yet, a mention of queues in front of bread stores was passed, although until then, the word "queue" had been taboo.

The surest way of bringing out the blue pencil was to include a paragraph intended as good propaganda. No explanation was ever given and I could only figure out that Russians and Americans didn't see eye to eye on what was bad or good propaganda in the United States.

Secrecy That Paid Off

One of the members of the Harriman-Beaverbrook mission took up with one of the officials the subject of relaxing the censorship. The answer was, "No changes will be made. You democracies tell everything you know, and look where it's got you." There is no doubt that secretiveness has acted in the Russians' favor, since it made it impossible for the Germans to have any definite idea of the extent of Soviet preparedness. It is still making it impossible for anyone else to know exactly what they have, and any so-called experts who announce the number of Soviet planes, tanks, guns and reserves, are merely letting their imaginations run away with them. There is no way in which they could possibly find out the exact figures.

Certainly no member of a military mission or military attaché could learn what the U.S.S.R. has on hand or even what it can produce. They are in contact with the High Command through GPU liaison officers, who tell them only what it is considered fitting they should know. It took General Mason MacFarlane, head of the British Military Mission, weeks of persuasion before he was allowed to spend a few hours at the front. The American military attaché's request to visit the front was refused. After the United States entered the war he was told that he might go sometime. Until now, that time has not yet come. The best example of how little is told to foreign military experts is the story of what happened to General MacFarlane on October 15th. At noon on that day, he took off for Tiflis by plane to meet General Wavell. Fifteen minutes after his departure, Sir Stafford Cripps was informed that he and his staff must be ready to leave Moscow that night. No inkling of a possible evacuation had been given to MacFarlane, so that when bad weather prevented his plane getting through to Tiflis and he landed in Kuibyshev, he asked when he was leaving for Moscow. "You are not," was the reply. "You are to wait here for the British embassy and your mission, which are arriving within a few days."

One of the things which the Soviets managed to keep secret was how efficient they could be in an emergency. Under ordinary circumstances, Soviets, like any other Russians, complicate the simplest transaction with bureaucracy, red tape and procrastination. Merely having a dress made, for example, entailed signing four different papers. Yet, the moment war was declared, everything began to move quickly and smoothly.

I had an opportunity to observe this miracle on the first day. The Russian people had never had an inkling that a German invasion was imminent. The stunned expressions on their faces a few minutes after Molotov had made the announcement that war had broken out would have been sufficient evidence if I had not already had other. By that evening, however, there was a total blackout in Moscow (the only exception was one lighted window in the Kremlin), and this in a country where curtain material is not only scarce but exorbitantly expensive. Those who either could not find or afford black cloth to cover the windows just sat in the dark.

Tenants in every building were assigned to perform certain ARP duties. Some were ordered to stand on the roof to watch for incendiaries, some were posted in the street, others were detailed to wake up everyone in the house when the siren sounded, those with medical knowledge were put in first-aid units. It was several weeks before the roof watchers were equipped with gloves, etc., for fighting incendiaries; they used their bare hands. The answer no doubt is that Soviet citizens have been trained to obey orders without question or argument.

The Soviets showed how capable they were of acting when action was needed by moving a great part of their industry from the Moscow, Leningrad and Dombas regions to the east. They claim to have saved all of their industry. That can be accepted as a slight exaggeration. Former Ambassador Oumansky, taunting some of us one day with American slowness in getting equipment to England and Russia, said, "You Americans always make fun of us because you think we are not mechanical-minded or efficient. Yet we have managed to save one hundred per cent of our industry."

I pointed out to him that I doubted his figures, for on the trip from Moscow to Kuibyshev, I had seen flatcars piled high with American machine tools which had not even been covered with tarpaulins. An engineer in our party showed the cars to me, remarking that it would be a miracle if fifty per cent of those tools were usable again. I also drew Oumansky's attention to the fact that it was easier to move factories in Russia than it would be in the United States.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

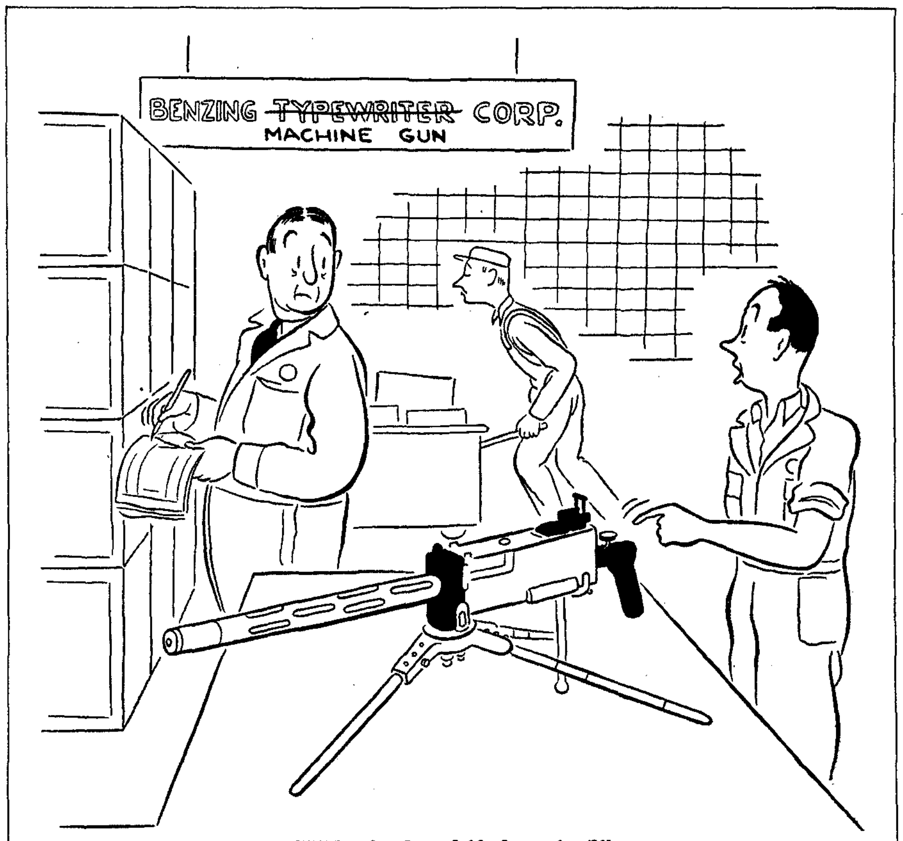
I replied that, in the first place, strikes were not allowed in the Soviet Union, and in the second, that it would be impossible to transport American workmen to small villages with no living quarters for them, no heating and insufficient food. We all agreed, however, that where the Russians did prove their superiority over us was that, in the United States, we would undoubtedly have prevented any damage to the tools by wrapping up every little bolt and nut in cotton wool. But we would have lost so much time doing it that the Germans would have arrived before anything could be shipped. Under the circumstances, it was better to save fifty per cent than nothing.

Hardships, as Usual

One important factor in Soviet resistance is that the people are used to hardships. War makes little change in their lives. It is no great wrench to change from ordinary life to a wartime footing. They have to stand in line in front of food shops; they have been doing that for years and have probably developed a special set of queue muscles. In Moscow, they used to line up two or three hours before the subways stopped running, in order to get under cover to wait for a possible raid; which meant just that much more standing.

The cities have long been overcrowded, with anything from five to fourteen people sharing a room. Packing in a few refugees doesn't make much difference. Unused to soft beds or fresh air, a night spent in the subway seems like home.

Since the Soviets have long concentrated on heavy industry and not bothered about consumers' goods, it is difficult to buy clothes. What there is to be had in the Mostorg stores is very ex-



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And now—for the first time—the source of these miracles in your life is closed. The places where they came from are now making planes, shells, ships, implements of war.

There can be no more of them now—until peace is won. And peace will *not* be won until every American has made his share of sacrifice. This is that kind of a war!

What can you do? You can guard that kitchen—that car—everything mechanical or electrical you own—as if your life and the lives of those you love depended on it.

For lives *can* depend on the care you give your possessions! Even a small replacement part, made necessary by your neglect, can use metal desperately needed to win this war. Translate your neglect into guns without triggers, planes that arrive too late, ships held up on the ways.

You are being challenged to guard and preserve the things you have. Everything made of metal. Everything made of rubber. To help build the armaments and planes and ships—without which there can be no victory.

And for every piece of metal you save—mark up a contribution you have made to a bomber that may sink an enemy ship.

I PLEDGE

- *To adjust food, clothing and fuel purchases to the level of necessity. To hoard nothing. And to put a stop to all waste.*
- *To scrupulously guard and preserve everything in my home made of metals and rubber.*
- *To drive my car only for absolutely essential transportation.*
- *To use less paper of all kinds and to save* —not burn—*all waste paper.*
- *To repeat no word of rumor or gossip. To accept sacrifice and privation without complaint. To devote myself to the one task of winning this war.*

This message is published solely in the interest of speeding American victory. We have no ax to grind . . . our machines have been converted to the making of essential materials for war and war production. We look forward to the day when we may serve civilian needs again. How soon that will be—if ever—depends upon how well we all do our job now. There must be no let-up short of victory.

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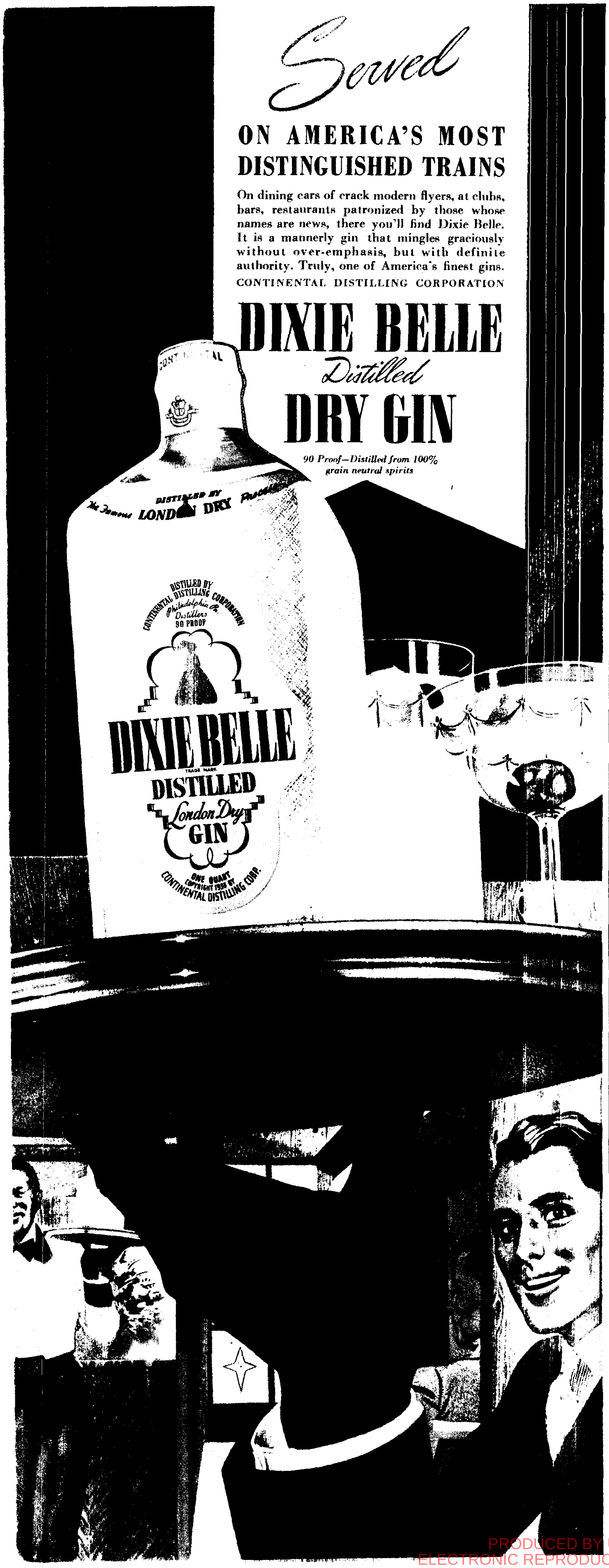
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pensive. A man's suit, for instance, costs 1,500 rubles; an overcoat 2,000, a pair of shoes 700. I paid 250 rubles a meter for some woolen material of inferior quality and by the time I had paid for the silk, the interlining and the making of a warm dressing gown, it cost the equivalent of a hundred dollars. When I went to Teheran, I carried four pages of shopping lists given to me by diplomats and correspondents. They included such things as coffee, tea, candles, curtain material, flashlights, woolen underwear, shoe polish, razor blades, thermos bottles, pots, pans, kettles, typewriter ribbons and a tin drinking cup. None of those items could be had in Kuibyshev.

In May, there was plenty of food to be had in the big cities. There is still plenty of food there. Faulty distribution caused a shortage of food in the country. The shortage still exists. Ration cards were issued at the end of June, with manual laborers being allowed more than office workers, who in turn were allowed more than dependents. However, anyone was free to buy more food if he could pay double the ordinary price. Not many could afford this, what with the average wage being three hundred rubles a month. Ordinary prices are staggering enough without doubling them. Butter, for instance, costs twenty-eight rubles a kilo ($5.60 at the official rate of exchange; $2.30 at the diplomatic rate); meat costs from five to fourteen rubles a kilo; bread 1.50 to 2.70 rubles; sausage 13 to 22. Hence, most of the population is accustomed to living on black bread and soup, which appears to be an extremely nourishing diet.

Don't Worry About Morale

There seems to be an idea over here that war was greeted in the Soviet Union with wild enthusiasm and cheering. That certainly was not the impression I gathered. In May the people looked apathetic and grim. After June 22d their expressions were the same. They went doggedly about their business, determined to fight but wasting no time on cheering. Whenever groups of soldiers passed through the streets, bystanders seldom turned to look at them and certainly indulged in no wild shouting. That might be taken as a sign of bad morale but it wasn't. Russians just seem to be that way.

The combination of indifference to and ignorance of the outside world and an excellent spirit makes our anxiety to seem friendly and helpful in order to keep up Soviet morale rather unnecessary. Soviet officials haven't bothered much to curry democratic favor by pretending to change any of their political views. They aren't simulating any great enthusiasm for their allies. Russians are realists and wouldn't in the least resent our being realists. All they ask of us is to send tanks, planes, guns and ammunition. They don't insist upon sympathy or warmth. Admiration they take for granted. No amount of praise or cheering from the side lines, no moral bolstering will keep them fighting one more day than they want to fight. No lack of praise, cheering or moral bolstering will make them stop one day sooner if they don't see fit to do so. The only support which we can give to keep them in the war is equipment.

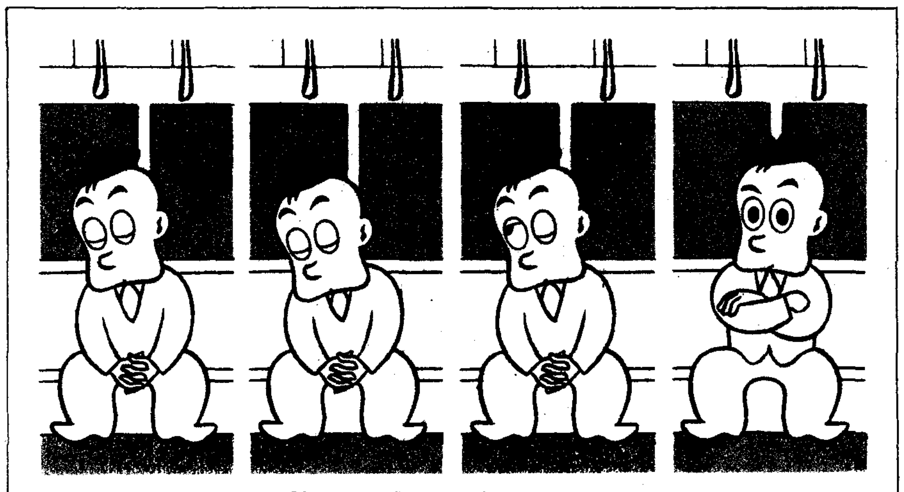
The Christian democracies have been carried away with the idea that the war has brought about a change in the Soviet attitude toward religion. I know where that idea started. It was due to a correspondent cabling a story—which no one else considered worth sending—about the Red metropolitan praying for victory during a religious service. The story was played up, and the Archbishop of Canterbury was so enthusiastic over what he took to be a complete reversal of former policy that he sent a cable addressed to Stalin, care of the British Embassy.

The embassy staff, having a more complete knowledge of the situation than the distinguished prelate, didn't bother to pass on the cable, on the theory that if the Archbishop of Canterbury wished to indulge such a mistaken notion, it was preferable he should do it on his own time. Everyone who read the story apparently overlooked two things: 1. That there have always been churches open in the U.S.S.R. There were something like twenty-five in Moscow alone, always crowded but attended almost entirely by old people. 2. What would have happened to the Red metropolitan if he hadn't shown himself to be co-operative? Aside from this, all Russians, whether they believe in God or Lenin, definitely don't want a foreign invader on their soil.

There is another widespread belief which is contradicted by everything I saw in the Soviet Union. That is that the Russians are fighting for Communism. The impression obtained by everyone who was in the country was that they were fighting for Russia. Even the newspaper propaganda never told the people that the war was being fought to save Communism. The most eloquent party members whom I met reiterated again and again that, at this moment, the important thing was not Communism. What was important was to kick "the filthy, cannibalistic Fascists" off Russian territory. Nonparty members felt the same way.

However, one woman did go even further when she summed up the attitude of the people who were not in complete sympathy with the regime. "Whether or not one likes Communism," she said, "the fact remains that for twenty years, we have fought, bled, hungered and died for it. Having paid such a price we are now damned if we'll let anyone take it away from us."

THE END



New (and pretty) Passenger

CROCKETT JOHNSON

The Baby of Bosco the Bum

Continued from page 17

Mary Margaret sat and waited. Yesterday morning—her first day on her first job—she'd hardly had her pretty little feet under her new desk before the women of Crystal Falls had begun phoning: "Miss Dunks? The new Child Welfare Director? We just wanted to make sure you know it's a shame, and that Denny Shannon and Bosco the Bum have no business adopting that baby, though they did haul it out of the Lockwood Hotel fire! Miss Dunks, something must be done!"

Cautiously and very professionally, Mary Margaret had said to her first four female callers, "I'll investigate, of course." But when she'd learned that Denny was a bachelor and that Bosco the Bum was an Airedale, she'd begun saying with emphasis, "Something *will* be done!"

And here she was doing it.

The door to the outer office slammed and Doc called, "Come in and meet Mary Margaret, Denny."

Denny Shannon stopped dead still in the doorway and grinned at Mary Margaret in straightforward delight.

Between his legs a big Airedale shoved like a black-and-tan bear, grinning in greeting. He butted Doc with his big head and then headed for Mary Margaret, his stub tail jerking.

Denny said, "Hey!" in warning.

"It's all right," Mary Margaret said. "I just love dogs."

"He thinks everybody loves him," the young man said. "So he loves everybody. Stop that, Bosco, and put that tongue back in your mouth."

Bosco pranced over to say hello again to Doc, and Mary Margaret stared at Denny. He didn't look like a prominent young attorney. He had tight black hair and the shoulders of a bouncer and a devil's horn of a left eyebrow. He was dressed in a lumberjack jumper and rubber swampers, and he had a pack on his back.

He swung off the pack; and there, wrapped Indian fashion on a board, was the baby, over-sized blue eyes calm and contented, a pink tongue stuck in his mouth like a cork.

Mary Margaret hadn't been in the racket long enough to be hard-boiled about a baby—unless it was in a case history. "Well, bless 'um little heart," she said and jumped over to where Denny had leaned him against the wall. "Bless 'um little heart."

SHANNON said sharply, "In the name of heaven, no baby talk!"

Mary Margaret jumped straight up. "I beg your pardon!" she said, and emphasized each word with her eyebrows.

"Don't smear that goo on Bosco's baby," Denny said.

Placatingly, Doc said, "Bosco doesn't seem to mind it."

His tongue hung out of the corner of his mouth, Bosco looked from Mary Margaret to the baby and back, fatuous as any human father.

"I mind it," Denny said. "And I'm running the outfit."

Very coolly, Mary Margaret said, "I'm not so sure of that. I doubt that my office will okay the adoption."

"Ah?" Denny said. "Why not?"

"Because," Mary Margaret said, "you're unmarried. Because you know nothing about raising children."

"I been raising dogs all my life," Denny said. "What's so tough about a kid?"

Doc said hurriedly, "Bosco certainly would miss that baby, Mary Margaret."

"He ought to," Denny said. "He's the one insisted we take it."

Doc said, "Bosco rescued it from the fire."

"Yes," Mary Margaret said. "I saw that, and I think it was very noble of him."

"No," Denny said honestly. "He only followed me up that ladder because he thought there was something cooking. He follows me everywhere."

Mary Margaret looked over at Bosco who had his head twisted sideways, close to the baby. He didn't look noble, but Mary Margaret knew he was.

For really, she had seen the start of the whole thing the first time she had been in Crystal Falls about her job, the night the Lockwood Hotel burned.

EVERYONE had got out of the hotel so nice and easy that no one had remembered the invalid woman on the second floor until almost too late.

Mary Margaret had stood in front of Rezin's drugstore and watched the volunteer firemen run a ladder up to the second-story window.

She'd watched Denny Shannon—though, of course, she didn't know him then—climb through the smoke that curled out from between the building's sidings. And right behind Denny, another figure had laboriously hooked its way upward, hanging on, desperately hunch-shouldered, every time the long ladder jiggled. It wasn't until his tan breeching went over the windowsill into thick smoke that Mary Margaret had realized it was a dog.

Fire was poking out on the wall in little living fingers when Denny'd come down with the woman on his shoulders and turned her over to the waiting Doc Madden. Then Denny'd looked up. For the first time, evidently, he'd seen Bosco with his head out the window, barking peremptorily like a bossy old man; and a white bundle on the sill between his paws.

The ladder had bucked like a springboard the way Denny'd gone back up. Flames, then, flexing like a man's arm, were coming from between the sidings, but Denny'd stayed at the window for an extraordinarily long time, and when he'd come down he'd had the bundle in his teeth; and the dog under his arm tried to lick his face all the way to the ground.

As it happened, the woman—an Edmonds girl; the family's all gone from around here now—died two weeks later, but, of course, Mary Margaret didn't know that until she got back to be Child Welfare Director.

But she remembered Bosco at the window. Softly she looked at him there in the doctor's office. "I think you're the nicest dog in the world," she told him.

Bosco let his tongue hang to his knees and grinned at her, gapingly, foolishly, happily.

Denny said, "What about that baby?"

"It's very unorthodox—a bachelor adopting a baby," Mary Margaret said.

"Sure," Doc said. "And Mary Margaret has to investigate, don't you, Mary Margaret?"

"Certainly."

"Good," Doc said, and leaned back in his chair. When Doc Madden smiled his teeth were softly white and unstained as a child's. "You like to dance, Mary Margaret?"

"I love it," Mary Margaret said.

"The firemen are giving their annual dance tonight at the city hall," Doc said. "Why don't you ask Mary Margaret to go, Denny?"

"If she won't talk baby talk," Denny said.

"I couldn't go," Mary Margaret said.

"Sure you could," Doc said. "You're

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new here and you're not acquainted. You'll be combining pleasure with duty —and dancing with him you'll get to know him much better than by having him fill out a questionnaire."

"Well . . ." Mary Margaret said.

"Fine!" Doc said. "Suppose he calls for you at eight-thirty?"

Mary Margaret looked dubiously at the shoulders in the lumberjack's jumper. "Well . . ." she said. "All right."

"Bosco," Denny said suddenly, "what are you up to?"

Bosco the Bum stopped shoving his face against the baby, and cocked his head. Mary Margaret noted that for the first time he had his mouth almost completely shut.

Denny said, "Bring it back!"

Bosco sat down to attend to a sudden bite behind his ear. He scratched vigorously, all attention on his work, his mouth still shut.

Mary Margaret said with alarm, "He'll give that baby fleas!"

"No hair on the baby," Denny said, "and no fleas on Bosco. He just stole something for the baby and doesn't want to drop it. He's always doing that. Doc, you got anything back there that smells like candy?"

"Got some sugar tablets for people who just gotta have medicine but don't have anything wrong with 'em."

"That's what I thought," Denny said. "Bosco, *drop it!*"

Reluctantly, Bosco the Bum opened his mouth and three pills bounced out on the floor. He looked down at them with a puzzled, how-did-they-get-there look.

Mary Margaret said in a shocked voice, "He might have poisoned the baby!"

Denny said calmly, "Baby couldn't get his hands loose to take them."

Mary Margaret's lips tightened and she grabbed her purse and took a reef in her coat. She marched to the door, and there she turned. She said to Doc Madden, "I'll dance with him, but I won't enjoy it, I'll bet."

"Eight-thirty tonight," Doc called after her as she passed through the door.

Denny grinned.

"You be nice to her," Doc said. "You show her you're a responsible young man. Do it tonight, too." . . .

At precisely eight-thirty, Mary Margaret opened the door to Denny's knock. "Oh," she said, and swallowed twice.

She'd been afraid that he'd look like a wild half-breed in a lumberjack shirt with the baby on his back, but there he was, smooth as a high-class bouncer, in black and white—and all alone.

."I'll be right with you," she said, and her voice was not at all professional, for she suddenly had a feeling that this was to be a very gay evening.

MARY MARGARET took the arm Denny offered; they went down the steps and around the icy corner by the gate post. And there she stopped. "Oh," she said again.

His whiskers full of frost, Bosco the Bum sat smugly beside the hand sleigh high-piled with baby and blankets. When he saw Mary Margaret, he got up and undulated with pleasure from the shoulders back.

Mary Margaret, taking four quick steps to Denny's one, said, "When does that child sleep?"

"Whenever he wants to," Denny said. "He doesn't have much else to do."

"I hear you have a lovely home," she said. "Don't you ever leave him *there?*"

"Only when I'm in court," Denny said. "Bosco balks any other time. You must come out and visit us some time."

"I intend to," Mary Margaret said, and then she shut up and hung onto his arm, for Denny was a fast walker and Bosco kept busting between them to let them know that he and the baby were there, too.

Up the stairs of the city hall they went, Mary Margaret on Denny's right arm, a bundle of blankets under his left, and Bosco the Bum behind.

There was a crowd at the door, a crowd on the floor, and the orchestra on the auditorium stage.

They laid their coats on the checkroom counter, and Bosco reared up to watch Denny peel the wrappers down to the baby on the pack board, fat and happy with that cork of a tongue stuck in its mouth.

"Put him in a nice warm corner," Denny said to the fireman behind the counter. "Bosco, you stay with the baby."

Dubiously, the fireman propped the baby's pack board in a corner. Bosco scrambled over the counter and lay down complacently.

Denny grinned. "Fine!" he said, and held out his arms. "Let's dance."

It was Johnny Met's orchestra, a good outfit—"Swing and Sweat with Johnny Met!"—and Denny Shannon was a good man on his feet. Mary Margaret moved like a shadow on the leaves. They could dance together like sunlight on water.

It's a rare experience to find someone with whom one can join and move like that to music. It's sweet as the taste of a perfect marriage. It sets the heart to dancing, too.

But Denny had on his good-behavior clothes, and Doc had talked to him, so dutifully he said, "I'll bring people around," and then waited hopefully.

"Not tonight," Mary Margaret said. "Let's just dance."

"Good!" he said, and held her a little tighter.

And so they danced—joyously—until the pig got caught under the fence and kicked the calf in the cloakroom. At least that's what it sounded like. And then Bosco began barking, thunderously angry, and the checkroom attendant dove out onto the dance floor hollering.

"What now?" Denny said, and they rushed, hand in hand, through the couples, still joined but no longer dancing, frozen into jerky motion, their attention on the cloakroom.

Bosco had his head over the counter, barking for Denny. Behind him the baby's head was just one red-lined mouth from which came horrendous waves of sound.

"What did you do to him?" Denny demanded.

"Nuthin'," the fireman said. "He just began hollerin' and Bosco went for me."

Denny looked at Mary Margaret. "What do you suppose . . . ?" he said.

"A pin," she said. "I'll bet it's a pin."

She watched with the patronizing look of the superior woman while he dug down into the baby's habiliments and found the pin and closed it.

"C'mon," she said. "Let's go. This only goes to prove that you're not fit to be a father."

Even so, the feeling of the dance clung to her. She held to his arm, dancing with her little steps while they walked through moonlight that was crisp with frost, with Bosco still grumpy and fussy and jerking at the sleigh rope.

AT THE door of the house where she stayed, Mary Margaret turned, her breath coming warm in the bright and sparkling night. "I had a wonderful time," she said.

Denny didn't say anything. Looking up at him, Mary Margaret knew something was coming. She knew because of the look in his eye and the way his breath was coming and the tightness across his chest. Her own breathing was not steady and the dancing must have limbered her knees. She just stood there, waiting.

From the walk, thunderous and peremptory, came a bark like a bomb from Bosco the Bum.

"Ah!" Denny said, and shook his head. Then he took in a lot of air at one breath and got a hold on himself. "Bosco wants to get the baby to bed."

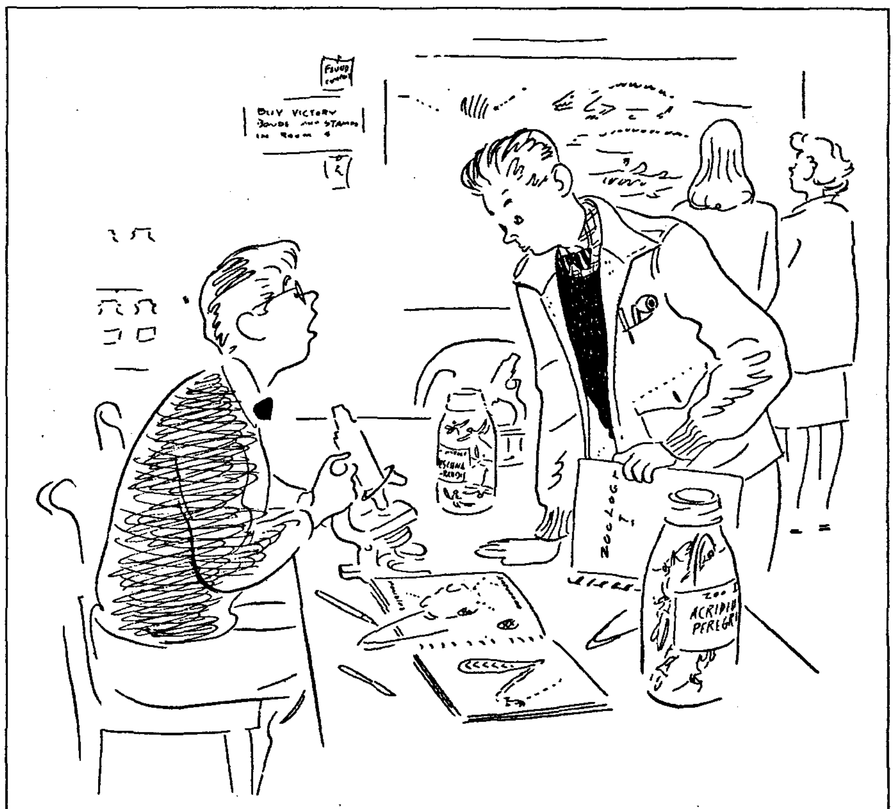
But he just stood there, made no motion to go. "It's still early," he said. "Come down to our place while we put the baby to bed."

"Why," Mary Margaret said, "what would people say?"

"Mrs. O'Shaunnessy will be there," Denny said. "And you'll be coming down sometime to investigate, won't you? Why not tonight when you're sure I haven't prepared for you?"

Bosco banged another please-hurry bark against the house.

"Of course," Mary Margaret said, "it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FOR UPSET STOMACH

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would be purely professional, wouldn't it?"

Denny said nothing; only offered his arm.

Behind the shagging, ambling Bosco, the sleigh danced a slow, swinging dance while the baby hollered with sheer moon delight like a cat wrapped in a blanket. Following, Mary Margaret held to Denny's arm, and her feet hardly touched the ground, the moon was so bright and the air so crisp and that arm so strong.

DENNY'S house was at the edge of town, squatting in the snow and the moonlight, a happy, solid house of logs, waiting for them.

Bosco drew up with the flourish of a cart horse, and Denny kicked the door and slapped the light switch. "The joint," he said, and followed Mary Margaret in with the baby under his arm.

Saying her rosary before the fireplace sat a little bit of an old lady, all hunched up, with her coat and hat on.

"Why, Mrs. O'Shaunnessy," Denny said, "I thought I took you home!"

"I come back," Mrs. O'Shaunnessy said. "I wanted a look at the gur-rul."

She looked at Mary Margaret. "You're a pretty little thing," she said. "You make a nice couple, the two of ye."

"Thank you," Mary Margaret said.

The old lady got up and came close to Mary Margaret. Low-voiced, she said, "Ye're the first he's invited here. And God knows I've waited long enough. This baby business—cart before the horse, I call it." She gave Mary Margaret a little wink and a poke in the ribs. "I'll be goin' now. I don't want to cramp yer style, dearie."

"You'll stay," Denny said, "else you'll be talking all over town tomorrow."

The old lady slipped her rosary in her pocket, and abruptly that sweet old face twisted downward in the most insidious, most delicate of leers. "Your conscience will be clear," she said, "... I'm afraid."

And blithely, she skipped out the door.

"You lied to me," Mary Margaret said, though it didn't seem to disturb her greatly. "You were surprised to see her."

"I hated to see you go in," he said. "Forgive me."

"Yes," Mary Margaret said, and abruptly took her eyes from him. "What a lovely place," she said.

IT WAS a man's house. The furniture was low and very heavy; rugs and wall hangings were Indian. Over the fireplace there was hung a long cross-cut saw with a worn, silver-bronze shine to it; crossed below were two long, thick-headed axes.

In its own way, Mary Margaret thought, it was a strange and attractive room, though, of course, if she lived there she'd make a change or two.

"I like it," she said.

"Good!" he said.

He hung up the pack board and held the baby with one hand while he skinned wrappers from it. "I'll have to feed him," he said, "or he and Bosco'll be howling *all* night."

The baby, rolling his eyes like a groundhog in springtime, said, "Hi, hi, hi," over and over, waving his arms; and Bosco let his tongue hang out in wonder and admiration at the voice of him.

The kitchen was very neat, with a masculine neatness where everything hangs handy to a man's hand.

On the floor, Denny laid a blanket—upon which in turn he laid the baby—and then he dove into the icebox.

"Get your newspaper, Bosco," he said, and reluctantly Bosco headed into the basement and came up dragging a newspaper.

Denny spread that, and upon it he laid a large, if not very meaty, bone. "Keeps him occupied sometimes," he explained. "Otherwise he keeps telling me I'm not feeding the baby enough."

When he picked up the baby, and later while he was bathing it, Mary Margaret noted with approval that his hands, big as they were, were very sure and very tender.

Bosco sulked around, grumbling like a coddling grandfather, while Denny and Mary Margaret got the baby ready for bed and carried him over to the crib next the fireplace.

Mary Margaret looked up at Denny. "You're different from what I thought you were," she said.

"Thanks," he said. "Did anyone ever tell you about the way your lips move when you talk?"

She looked at him, and again she knew it was coming. His chest was tight, as it had been earlier in the evening, but the look in his eye was not so wild. It was more pure and gentlemanly, Mary Margaret felt. So she kind of let her head fall back and half closed her eyes.

It came, all right.

A man who's accustomed to tossing his own four-foot cordwood about, and to hollering at a bullheaded Airedale across a cedar swamp, or a dumb jury across a courtroom, is likely to be a powerful man at kissing.

Mary Margaret leaned up against the wall and grabbed a handful of hair to stop the whirl of her head. She opened her eyes and looked at the baby—on his hands and knees, with one eye bugged at her through the pickets of the crib.

Bosco let his tongue lie right on the floor in astonishment. It embarrassed her.

She put her hand against Denny's chest and shoved. "No!" she said. "I'll forgive you this time, but this is a purely professional visit, and under the circumstances . . . I'm very much interested in that theory of yours. . . ."

"All right, for this time," Denny said, and went over to the crib to turn the baby back bottom down. "You go back to your bone, Bosco. This is going to be a purely academic discussion, I'm afraid."

It did remain academic, too, but it's surprising how much enjoyment there is in watching the talk of a woman with a kissable mouth.

It must have been hours later that a small noise from the crib and Bosco's hysterical barking jumped them from the sofa as fast as would the abrupt appearance of Mary Margaret's sociology professor or her father and an automatic shotgun.

The baby was arched in the crib and his face was bluish.

"He's sick!" Mary Margaret said.

"He's got fits!" Denny said, and jumped for the phone and got Doc Madden out of bed. "You don't suppose it's epilepsy, Doc?"

"No," Doc said sleepily. "Watch he doesn't choke on his tongue and make sure he doesn't hurt himself. I'll be right out."

"Is it?" Mary Margaret said.

"Doc says no. Must be worms, then. I'm doggone sure he didn't get 'em from Bosco."

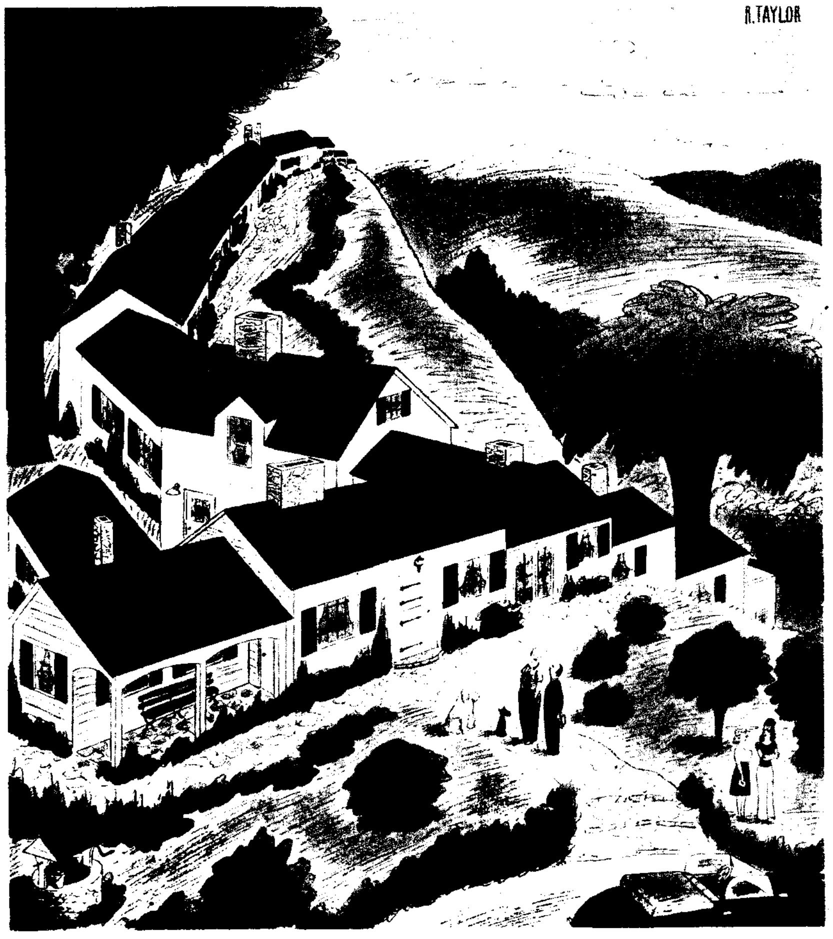
"He's foaming at the mouth now!" Mary Margaret said.

"Gosh!" Denny said. "It *can't* be hydrophobia! Stay away from him, Bosco, even if he hasn't many teeth."

A SICK baby is an awful thing because the causes are more or less limited and because it does no good to ask solicitously where it hurts. Things were chaotic in Denny's house. Mary Margaret's knowledge of children was limited almost entirely to courses in sociology; Denny was reluctant to try dog remedies on a baby; and Bosco was mad because no one was doing anything.

The three of them met the doctor at the door. "Convulsions," Doc said. "It'll be all right." And he headed for the bathroom with the baby. "Stay out of here, the three of you."

They waited there, then, the three of them, while water splashed in the bathroom.



"But you know how it is in the country—you just keep adding on and on"

RICHARD TAYLOR

"Stop glaring at me," Denny said to Bosco. "I didn't do it—not on purpose, anyway."

"Of course you didn't," Mary Margaret said, and came right to him, lifting her face.

This kiss was deeper, softer, not quite so exciting, but very satisfactory. It tended to take their minds off the sick baby. They repeated at intervals while they waited.

The doctor came out finally with his sleeves rolled up and the baby over his arm. On the baby's face, now slightly greenish, was the relieved and sheepish look of a violently emptied drunk.

"Something he ate," Doc said, and then directly to Mary Margaret, "This happens in the most female-dominated families, young lady."

"I know," Mary Margaret said, and hastily pushed at her hair. "But what can I do when he's a bachelor?"

Doc looked at her significantly, all hunched over. "Isn't that pretty obvious," he said, "after what's been going on out here?"

Mary Margaret said indignantly to his back, "I was just comforting Denny."

"That isn't what Mrs. O'Shaunnessy will be telling all over town tomorrow," Doc said.

"Neither one of us had any idea . . ." Mary Margaret started.

"You think," Denny interrupted, "that I could kiss you like that if I didn't mean it? Right here and now I'm asking you to . . ."

"We haven't known each other long enough," Mary Margaret said.

The doctor said explosively, "Holy smoke!" and bent over the crib. "This is a nice thing to stick in bed with a kid, Denny! No wonder he was sick."

Bosco backed suddenly away from the baby and the doctor and the bone Doc dangled between thumb and forefinger.

"You bullhead!" Denny said to Bosco. "You thick-headed oaf!"

Bosco crushed himself to the floor, flat as a rug.

"Oo poor ol' thing," Mary Margaret said, and knelt beside him. Oo didn't mean any harm, did oo? Oo jus' thought he was hungry."

BOSCO sat up and put his head on her shoulder and let his tongue hang down her back.

"Mary Margaret," Denny said. "Remember what we agreed about that kind of talk?"

Without turning, Mary Margaret said, "That was before we were engaged. . . . Us are practically related now, aren't us, Bosco?"

Bosco let out another six inches of tongue and drooled.

Denny, wordless, looked at Doc Madden.

Doc Madden grinned at Bosco and began to roll down his sleeves, the job done. He said, "Maybe she'd rather marry Bosco."

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

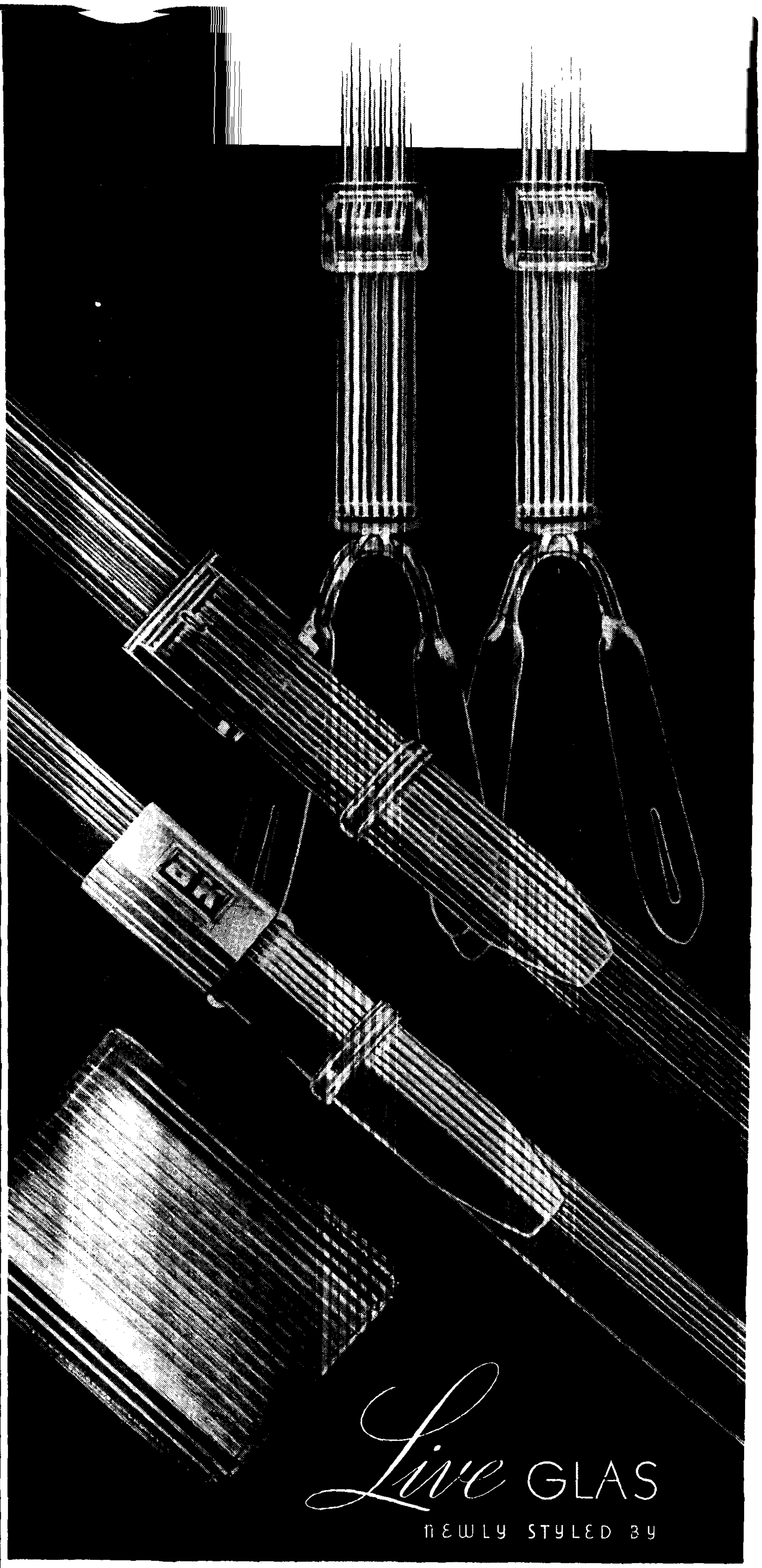
at an admiral?" The kid said simply, "No, sir." The admiral pondered deeply but briefly. "The only thing I can think of doing to you for your breach of regulations," said Halsey, still stern, "is to make you a chief petty officer." And he did.

WE HOPE with considerable fervency that that story's true. It comes with excellent authority and, anyway, it's a good story. But of the following we have no doubts whatever. It comes from one of our Pacific Coast agents, Mr. Ted Magee, one of the most alert of the air-raid wardens in Beverly Hills. Mr. Magee was receiving class instructions from a Los Angeles detective on what to do if, in his rounds, the warden should come upon a suspicious-looking prowler lurking in an alley. "You just seize said prowler," said the detective, "knock him down, and sit on him until the law arrives, meanwhile hollering for the same." Mr. Magee thereupon asked for instructions, should there be two or more prowlers in the alley. "In that case, buddy," replied the dick, voicing wisdom that matched the great Caesar's, "maybe you'd better find yourself another alley."

NOWHERE, however, did we find enthusiasm for the American soldier comparable to Señor Jesus LaDobra's. We met Señor LaDobra in David, Republic of Panama. "Such cleverness," cried he, "such smartness we have never beheld as that of the American soldier. In one hour after he is among us he is speaking Spanish with fluency. More, he is in complete command of the Spanish manner and custom. Our young women are overwhelmed and we men of Latin America are so impressed that we are not angry that the North American soldier should instantly become the hero of our women." We were somewhat skeptical and did a bit of investigating. What we discovered took some of the keenness off the pride Señor LaDobra's words filled us with. David and other sections of northern Panama were being garrisoned by American lads from the Rio Grande sector of Texas and from southern New Mexico and Oklahoma. Most of them were American Mexicans and the rest spoke plenty of Spanish anyway. We didn't report back to Señor LaDobra.

AND we have just heard of a young actor who has recently been inducted into the United States Army. He may be a top sergeant by now. Give him a few more months and we may have a new general. Smart. He was working in a stock company, under canvas, in Boise, Idaho, when he got notice to report. His salary was fifteen dollars a week. The lady who owned the company said that she didn't have the fifteen, that she'd send it to him later. This lad suspected otherwise, thought fast, got tough. He called in the sheriff, attached the curtain. Under the law you are not allowed to touch anything which has been attached for debt until the court makes some sort of decision. Thus the curtain could not go up and hence there could be no show. And so the actress-manager-owner produced the fifteen bucks and our hero went off to the wars, riding instead of hiking. We shall try to keep our eye on this young man.

AND Jim Marshall, back from observing the war on the Pacific Coast reports that he beheld nothing of social significance, except an ancient and almost tireless jaloppy filled with a large family of Okies. It was leaving California and rattling eastward. A large American flag flapped above its leaking raditor as a display of proud patriotism. But fastened to its rear, where in more rubbery days a spare tire might have been, was a large sign. Its bold lettering read: "The hell with you, California—you and your great big red geraniums." . . . W. D.



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* Made of "Vinylite" brand resins. T. M., C. & C. C. C.

None but the Brave

Continued from page 21

insulted, and then we have an understanding.

So Mr. Wissel thought I was winking at him and winking at him, because I kept turning my blue eye away and looking at him sideways, but he couldn't make up his mind for sure for the longest time, and he kept looking at me sideways too. Mr. Wissel was always lovely to work for, except keeping a person late in the office and he did altogether too much of that for any twenty a week, but he was always strictly business and no nonsense. He is a big fat old man, almost forty, and I was with him three weeks as secretary and stenographer and he never got a bit fresh or got any young ideas.

So I was passing him by and looking at him sideways and he was looking at me sideways, and was I dumfounded when he caught me like a great big grampus and gave me a big smack.

"Mis-ter Wis-sel," I simply gasped, pushing on him.

You'd have to know Mr. Wissel. He is a big fat glary-eyed man with no experience, and no wonder he never got married till so late.

Now he got all red and bothered and said, "Sorry, Miss Zaenker," and looked dumb, and I was so dumfounded, words failed me and I didn't know what to say to him, so I walked to my desk.

I SAID to him, "Think of Mrs. Wissel, Mr. Wissel. This will ruin her life and break her heart. Think of your lovely home, Mr. Wissel, and Mrs. Wissel and those two darling kiddies. You want to break up your lovely home, Mr. Wissel, and leave everything for me?"

"Why, no, Miss Zaenker."

"Why, no, Mr. Wissel?" I said. "Then you think I am some silly girl that you can keep late in the office for twenty a week, to hug and kiss and take liberties, and then go home to your lovely home and forget?" I looked at him sideways very sincerely and said, "Mr. Wissel, I cannot ever stay after five any more except I get overtime and a dollar for supper. I am only a poor working girl, Mr. Wissel, and only got my honor and good name, but I will keep that unsullied."

"Hell's bells, Miss Zaenker," he said, swearing, "why do you still keep winking at me? . . . Oh, you got a black eye, is it? Well, ha, ha—I mean I'm sorry, I made a mistake and it wouldn't happen again. Don't get so blame stuffy about it, Miss Zaenker."

"Blame stuffy, Mr. Wissel?" I gasped.

And I just sat right there and thought about all the unprotected girls that are told to bring their book at five o'clock by fat old rips that would have to pull in their stomach to fall down an airshaft, and then get insulted, and I speak as one who knows. But I certainly never thought Mr. Wissel was that kind. So, thinking of everything, I began to cry and said, "And all for twenty a week and don't tell Mrs. Wissel? Oh, no, Mr. Wissel, you have made a dreadful mistake and I am only a poor girl and got only my morals and reputation, but—"

"Aw, just dry up about it," he roared like a big lion. "Anyway, where does Mrs. Wissel come in? She doesn't care a cent."

"Oh, Mr. Wissel, how can you speak so unloving of that lovely Mrs. Wissel?" I said. "Maybe you forget I saw Mrs. Wissel looking at you with my own two eyes when you weren't looking, the day I was in your lovely home taking dictation and you were down with the mumps and I know she loves you dearly and you are all the world to her."

MR. HENDERSON
Dave Gerard

"You want to see Mr. Henderson? You fascinate me—tell me more!"

DAVE GERARD

I mean I wasn't smoozling Mr. Wissel about Mrs. Wissel because I saw her looking at him like that. I thought they were such an ideal couple. She was more his age, and settled, just the one for Mr. Wissel and I was sure they were so happy. Such a lovely home. A Central Park West duplex with upstairs and down and two in help; oh, Mr. Wissel had it. I am such a home girl and I love a lovely home and if I could have a home like that I would marry the boogeyman, I mean I would, and he could go out every night. But I wouldn't look at him when he wasn't looking at me like Mrs. Wissel looked at Mr. Wissel. I saw her.

So I said, "Oh, Mr. Wissel. You could put an ad in all the Sunday papers and you would never get another wife like Mrs. Wissel and she loves you and do you want to ruin her life and break her heart? Such a true love, Mr. Wissel, comes only once in everybody's life."

"Kindly, Miss Zaenker," roared Mr. Wissel, "mind your own blame' business about me and Mrs. Wissel. What's it to you? And suppose I am only human like lots of other men and I would kiss a pretty girl that kept winking at me, or anyway I thought so, what's it to Mrs. Wissel? I think you are making it up and Mrs. Wissel is not that way about me at all, aren't you, really? But never mind, what you say about keeping you late is very true and after this you will have overtime and supper money."

WELL, goodness, I thought, what is overtime and a dollar for supper? It is no more than fair and what do I get for being insulted?

Though I was pretty sure Mr. Wissel would insult me again, if he would insult me with a big blue eye, but first I better find out about Mrs. Wissel, if she really cared. Not that I would ever tell her, I am not silly, because suppose I told Mrs. Wissel she would only get some lovely present and I would only get let go; but Mr. Wissel would have to be more reasonable. Because if Mrs. Wissel didn't care a cent and Mr. Wissel could insult me for all of her, I would give him such a jab with my Fight for Freedom pin I have on my shoulder the next time he got fresh, he would holler murder.

WELL, except the way Mrs. Wissel looked at Mr. Wissel she didn't look as if she cared, I mean the way she looked personally. She didn't try to have appeal. She always looked bunchy, as if she just got up from her hands and knees, no figure, no style; and her clothes—well! You could see as good on people getting out of a lifeboat, they didn't look as if they were hers. She had so many nice points but she looked like a good woman. Well, I would smash anybody said I wasn't a good woman myself, but a person doesn't have to look like one. I mean she made nothing of her nice hair and nice eyes and nice skin and everything.

She happened to come into the office next day and I thought I would find out about how it was with them so I would know what to do about Mr. Wissel next time he got fresh.

So I said, "Oh, Mrs. Wissel, pardon me, won't you, but I always wanted to ask you where you get your clothes. No wonder Mr. Wissel is so much in love, if I might say so, you are always so smart. That dress looks awfully well on you, pardon me, Mrs. Wissel."

"For evermore," said Mrs. Wissel, bright and staring. "This dress I got in Bolger's Bargain Basement for two seventy-nine—but what did you say about Mr. Wissel? With who is he in love?"

"Oh, Mrs. Wissel," I said, laughing "Ha, ha, are you asking me? Well, Mr. Wissel is strictly business and the soul of honor and he hasn't a thought for anybody but you, and I know you are asking for fun."

"Well, I never," said Mrs. Wissel. "Miss Zaenker, how you talk. I am sure you are making it up and Mr. Wissel never thinks of me that way. We are just two very good friends."

"Oh, Mrs. Wissel," I said, looking at her very sincerely, "Mr. Wissel is all wrapped up in you and your two lovely kiddies."

Well, that was the malarkey, but if they were so smart and modern and sick and tired of each other and just good friends and Mr. Wissel could hug and kiss anybody for all Mrs. Wissel cared, it was no place for an innocent girl. So we dropped the subject and talked clothes and Mrs. Wissel liked my clothes, as why wouldn't she, and she was so sorry for my eye, and that brought up my beautician who is a personal friend of mine and I am glad to send her business, and I asked Mrs. Wissel to try her once.

WELL, it might be three or four days later, and Mrs. Wissel was in the office again, and really.

I mean she'd done wonders. She had that real natural figure that means a very good foundation, slimmed and shaped and with control such as you can't get in Bolger's Bargain Basement for any two seventy-nine, and her hair was revived and she had an enchanting smile.

Mr. Wissel looked out of his door and he pulled in his stomach and gave Mrs. Wissel a big smile and said, "Why, Minnie, you look like the first rose of summer," and Mrs. Wissel passed him by and gave him an enchanting smile, and it never entered my mind that it was anything I said to them. Was I the ninny.

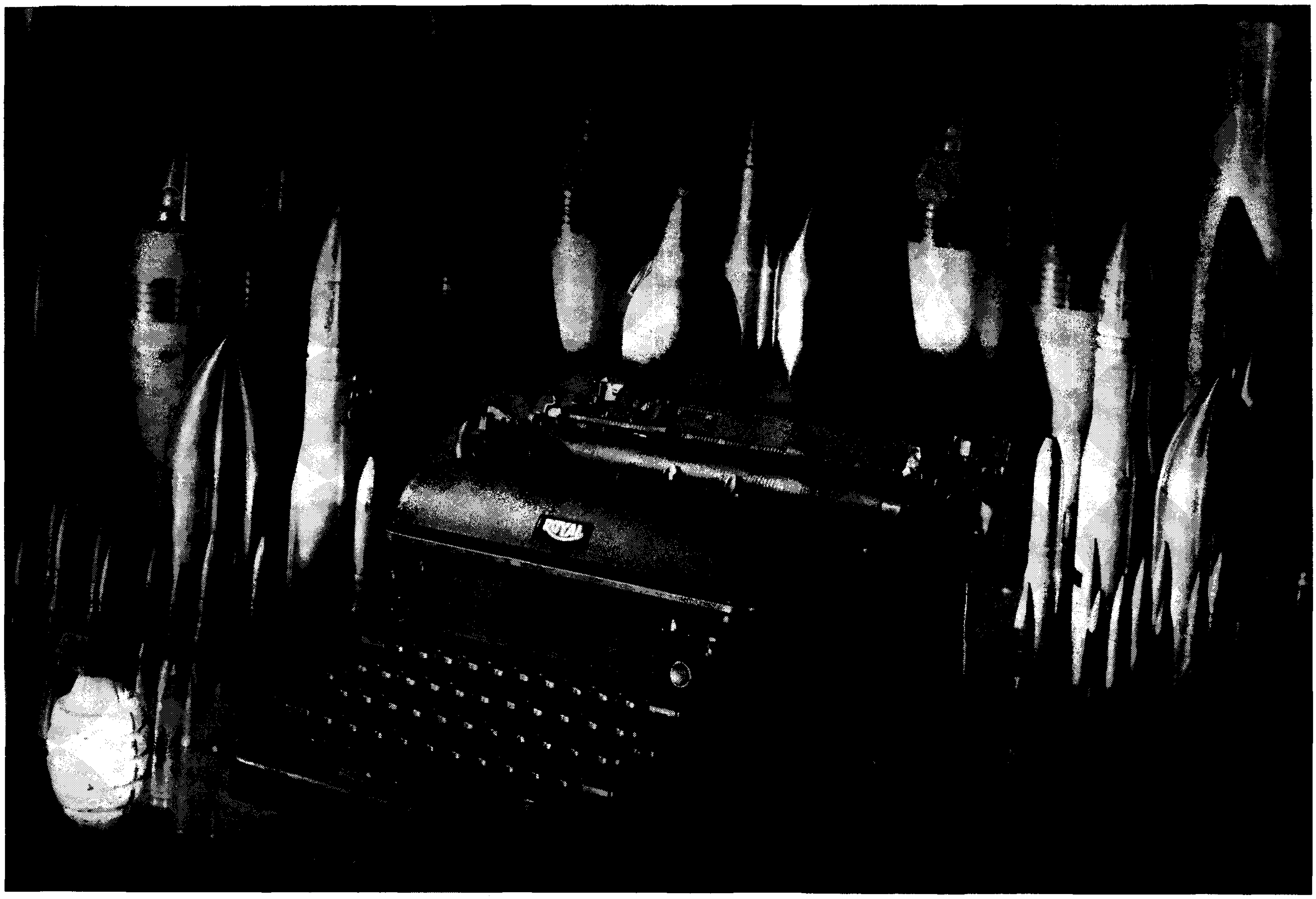
After she went, Mr. Wissel told me to bring my book and after giving me letters he asked me what's this Mrs. Wissel told him about my eye.

"I got it off a gentleman admires me and that I had arrested, Mr. Wissel," I said. I thought I would tell him it was Claude, as getting an eye off another woman is so ordinary. I said, "His name is Claude—something—and he is only a corner-boy standing there all day taking care of his nails, and every evening I go by he insults and molests me. He is twenty-four years old, white and single," I said, saying what Claude said in the court, "and he never worked a day but he is a very nice dresser because he finds where his ma hides the rent money. So the judge gave him ten days and probation but he'll be back on the corner of 125th and Lexington this Wednesday, and oh, Mr. Wissel, I am scared, because he'll kill me, though his ma was more the one than me. She got him arrested twice."

"Why, what an unspeakable ruffian, Miss Zaenker!" said Mr. Wissel. "You ought to have an escort if you pass that corner."

"Oh, Mr. Wissel," I said, "I've had many's the escort, but what's the good? He is a terrible fighter and they are afraid to even put out their tongue at him and they tip their hat and go. Oh, what will ever become of me, Mr. Wissel?"

And I gave him a look to touch a heart of stone, but Mr. Wissel is one of those kind of men that only get mad and



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curse and swear and do not get their chivalry up when a girl cries, and he said, "Please, Miss Zaenker, stop that blame blubbering. You say this unspeakable ruffian comes off the Island next Wednesday. And he hangs out at 125th and Lexington? I will give this my personal attention."

"Oh, would you, Mr. Wissel?" I said. "With such a real man as you, Mr. Wissel, so big and strong, a girl would feel safe anywheres, in a theater or having dinner somewheres together, for instance."

"An idea, Miss Zaenker," he said, giving me a bashful smile. "That reminds me. Do you go much to the theater? I don't, so I will leave it to you. Get two good seats tonight, for the best show in town, kindly."

"How nice, Mr. Wissel," I said, thinking I was getting insulted. "And dinner first, Mr. Wissel? I could reserve a table at the Ha Ha Club, that is a very hot spot and you will love it."

"Do that, Miss Zaenker. A table for just us two."

"And how about," I said, "a nice corsage, Mr. Wissel? I adore flowers. I adore orchids and gardenias."

"Flowers surely, Miss Zaenker," he said, smiling like a great big boy. "It is some time since I took a girl out. Get a nice big bouquet and have it delivered here to the office and I will deliver them myself tonight in person. Now I will call Mrs. Wissel, to meet me at the restaurant before I forget."

"Call Mrs. Wissel, Mr. Wissel, to meet you at the restaurant?" I said, thinking what is this now. "Oh, no, Mr. Wissel."

"You mean I ought to call for her in a cab, Miss Zaenker?" he said. "Yes, of course, and thanks for reminding me."

So it was Mrs. Wissel he was taking out and not me, and still I didn't get it. Was I *the dimwit!* I *thought* it is some anniversary, their golden wedding or something, and I will be the one next time and get insulted.

BUT the next time was that Wednesday, when Claude was getting off the Island.

Mr. Wissel was feeling very good that day and making jokes and laughing at them and he called up Mrs. Wissel and spoke so goofy I thought to myself you'd never know they were married. I couldn't understand what got into him and he went home early and never mentioned Claude.

So was I scared, thinking Claude will kill me, and I simply clutched my escort's arm and hung on as we went up the 125th Street subway steps, and he patted my hand. He was a gentleman, whoever he was. You meet the nicest men on the subway. I mean gentlemanly men that if you want to brush them off they brush off, and not monsters like Claude that see a girl once and make up their mind and she can make up her mind too, she might as well.

And there was Claude on the corner taking care of his nails, and did I hate him, I thought. Because a girl is a perfect ninny to do anything but hate a corner-boy. He saw us coming and he looked wicked at my escort, and I went up to him and said, "I hope you had a good lesson now, you unspeakable ruffian, the next time you think you can insult and molest a lady you are not introduced to."

"I would love," he said to my escort, "to give you a push in the mush."

"I would love," I said, nudging my escort to get his chivalry up," to see you, you loafer. You think you are a terrible fighter, but you just dast give this kind gentleman a push in the mush and he will slap you happy. . . . Won't you, sir?"

"But I say," said my escort. And he said to Claude, "You cad."

"Who's a what's that?" said Claude, going for him, and my escort ran down into the subway and Claude ran after him and I screamed like anything, and who should come out of the cigar store but Mr. Wissel.

Mr. Wissel said to me, "Is that the ruffian, Miss Zaenker? I saw him here but he looked like any other young corner loafer, and not even such a bad one, so I thought I would watch."

Claude came back up after running my escort through the turnstile and it was good for him Claude did not have a nickel too. So Claude saw me speaking to Mr. Wissel and he came up to me and said, "Another one already? You can get them. . . . Go on and roll away, tub of lard, before I bust you on the beezer."

"None of your guff, young man," said Mr. Wissel. "I am here to give you fair warning. I hear you make a habit of annoying this young lady and if I hear any more of it you will find I am somebody in this town and you will not go on the Island for ten days but you will go up the River for a good long rest. Move on now."

"Yes, you cad," I said. "Move on, you cur, and never speak to me again as long as you live."

Claude went for me, and I got behind Mr. Wissel, and Mr. Wissel went for Claude and gave him such a blow with his stomach he knocked Claude flat on his back. He tripped up on him and fell on him and Claude would have been squashed by fat Mr. Wissel if he hadn't managed to squirm from under him. A second later, free, Claude bounced into the air and made a bee-line for home.

"I could handle him with one hand, Miss Zaenker," said Mr. Wissel. "Pshaw, I used to be a boxer fast as lightning in my days and even now I do *not know my own strength.* Hey, what are you blubbering about now?"

Mr. Wissel said that because I was crying and crying, I felt so bad.

"You are a timid little thing and that ruffian has upset you. So come in here and I will get you a drink of spirits," said Mr. Wissel, "of ammonia." So we went in the drugstore. "Well, you have seen the last of him now, Miss Zaenker, and you will never see him again."

"Oh, Mr. Wissel," I said, crying out loud. "You really think so? Oh, oh!"

It was so embarrassing, because Mr. Wissel didn't know what I was crying about, and I didn't either, except that it was something about Claude, so Mr. Wissel changed the subject and said, "Mrs. Wissel and I took a moonlight sail last night, Miss Zaenker, and we talked a lot of things over, and we talked you over too and we feel we owe you a lot. I guess we did not know our own minds, and what you said helped, and when Mrs. Wissel picks the day she will make me a happy man, you will be one of the first we will ask."

He sounded so strange that I forgot how bad I felt, and I said, "Pardon me, Mr. Wissel, for laughing, but it almost sounds as if you are talking about getting married, you and Mrs. Wissel, ha, ha!"

"What else am I talking about, Miss Zaenker?" he said with a big smile. "We are both young yet and why wouldn't we think of settling down, but are you surprised? Ha, ha, that is what Mrs. Wissel said people would be that did not know Mrs. Wissel is my cousin Louie Wissel's widow, when they see that Mr. Wissel is marrying Mrs. Wissel; they will say, 'And high time.' She said maybe even Miss Zaenker will be surprised too, although you saw Mrs. Wissel and her two youngsters at my house the day she was taking care of me and I was down with the mumps, and you know how fond we are of one another. . . . Well, and how are you feeling now, Miss Zaenker? Will I walk to your door with you or can you go home by yourself? I guess you live just around the corner."

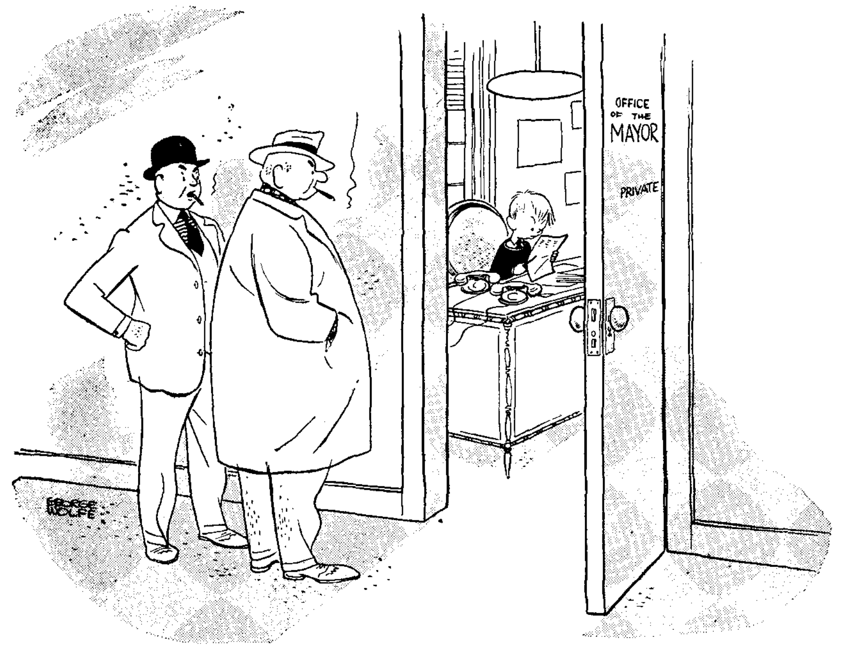
"Oh, no, Mr. Wissel," I said, "I live up on the Grand Concourse."

"YOU live away over in the Bronx, Miss Zaenker?" said Mr. Wissel, getting surprised himself. "Then what are you doing over here in Harlem miles and miles out of your way? If you are so much afraid of that unspeakable ruffian, why are you always coming over here every night, miles out of your way, and going up and passing by where you know he is hanging out? *Why,* I ask you."

"Well, Mr. Wissel," I said, "what is he always standing on that corner for when he knows I will pass by? What's fair for one is fair for the other. . . . Look, there he is back there now."

I looked through the drugstore window and there was Claude peeking out of his hallway and then he went right back and stood on the corner and took care of his nails, and looked at the drugstore.

"Good grief," said Mr. Wissel. "My mistake, Miss Zaenker, and I guess I



"He went in during Boys' Week, exposed and ousted the mayor and kept the job" GEORGE WOLFE know now who is insulting and molesting who around here and it is not poor Claude. When I think that I gave that poor lad such a beating. Suppose I put you on the subway, so you can go home."

So we came out of the drugstore and Mr. Wissel saw Claude and he put his hand in his back pants pocket and walked right up to him.

Claude looked up from his nails and saw Mr. Wissel putting his hand in his back pants pocket and Claude began to run in his hallway but Mr. Wissel said, "No, wait, young man." And he took out his wallet and gave Claude twenty dollars.

"I have got a good lesson," said Mr. Wissel, "and I give up. I have got enough, and you win. I do not know what is going on here, if it is true love or what, but it is too much for me."

And he tipped his hat and said, "Good evening, Miss Zaenker," and he got into a taxicab to ride home to Central Park West. So I was left all alone with Claude and nobody to protect me and was I scared.

I said, "Oh, Claude, I guess you got me now. Even Mr. Wissel is ascared of you and I can't get anybody can fight you."

CLAUDE kissed Mr. Wissel's twenty and put it down in his shoe and said, "Don't tell ma I got money. Bring them all on, big and little, and I will punch the stuffing out of them. I was that way about you from the minute I saw you first; you were the only girl for me."

"Oh, Claude," I said, "I guess I am the same way about you from the first time I saw you, only I thought I hated you. Because what are you? A girl has got to look out for herself in this world, or who will?"

"I got a good job today," he said. "I am a sand hog. Know what that is? We dig tunnels under rivers, and the air pressure gives us heaves and bends and makes our blood boil and bubble. It is good money but you die young, if you live that long."

"Oh, Claude," I said, thrilled to pieces, "you did—for me?"

"Sure for you," he said. "And the probation officer."

But then I thought and I said, "But, Claude, didn't I see in the paper where the sand hogs went out on strike yesterday?"

"Sure we're on strike," he said. "What, do you want me to get my blood boiling and die young? Well, it don't make any difference now after all because I got my notice today. Just when I had a good steady job that would last me till I was off probation."

"So that's it," I said, seeing that I would have to give him up. "No, Claude, I would never have a corner-boy and that's all you are. So goodby." I began to cry, but I walked right away, and I mean I meant it. "I will go home now and I will never, never walk by your corner again. Goodby, Claude."

"What do you mean my corner—you mean your corner," he called. "I only stand on this corner because this is the corner you always pass by. And I won't be here any more anyway; I tell you I got my notice today, Class 1-A, because ma told them she was supporting me, and not me her, so I am going in the Army tomorrow morning."

"Oh, Claude," I said, stopping, "you are going for a soldier?"

Because I love a soldier. I could just see Claude in his uniform. "Well, I would not have an unspeakable ruffian," I said, coming back, "if he was the finest man in the world, but the Army will soon take that out of you, Claude. Oh, am I glad! Let's go up and tell your ma."

"Come on," he said, holding hands. "Say, what's your name?"

And we went up and told his ma.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

flying speed and spun in. Make him land if he has anything to say.

MAJ. R. W. (SHORTY) SCHROEDER, six-foot-three vice-president of United Air Lines, who was seriously stricken several months ago, is making steady, though slow progress toward recovery at the Edward Hines Hospital in Hines, Illinois. Shorty, the Elder Statesman of American aviation, has made so many contributions to its advancement as a pilot, engineer and exponent of common sense, that his friends are legion. They have been so concerned about his welfare that W. A. Patterson, president of United, resorted to the issuance of a form letter addressed "To All Friends of Major R. W. Schroeder" in making the latest progress report, ending with this: "If you want to do something to cheer him up during his long uphill fight, send him a card or letter occasionally."

AN OUTGROWTH of tests to prevent or control fires in engine compartments of airliners in flight, reported several months ago, is the decision to install shut-off valves for lubricating oil and hydraulic-system oil entering that area. Steps to combat the flow of gasoline already exist. The shut-off valves will be operated from the pilot's cockpit or the flight engineer's station. They must also work in reverse: restore the flow of oils if normal operating conditions are desired.

Fires in airliners in flight have been rare and confined to engine nacelles. Therefore, if a pilot suspects a fire, and doesn't want to deluge his engine with his built-in fire extinguisher fluid, he can shut off the inflammable oils entering the engine compartment. If he has acted too hastily or guessed wrong, he can turn the stuff back on again and keep flying. By July 1st, all airliners will be so equipped and so will ships of comparable types in the military and naval services.

A COUPLE of weeks back you read in this department about Boeing's Untypical aircraft worker, Oxnard A. Fumblethumb, Esq. He now has competition from Ferdinand Fuddlebrain, chosen by the hardworking, fast-thinking employees of North American Aviation's Texas plant as their Stupor Man. Ferdinand is described as "the dreamy-eyed individual who unintentionally does more to hold up production than anyone else. He is a super-bottleneck with an A-1-A priority. He is that broken spoke in the wheel of progress, a sour note in the march of civilization —he's, he's—well, he's just a drip."

In each issue of the employee publications of Boeing and North American, the adventures of Oxnard A. Fumblethumb, Esq., and Ferdinand Fuddlebrain, who have relatives in every war production plant, appear in cartoon form. Self-respecting, conscientious war workers do not want to be known as Fumblethumb or Fuddlebrain. To be called that is to imply that they also look like these dopey borderline saboteurs. And they look awful. F. R. N.

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OUR FIGHTING MEN

HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

MIDNIGHT MECHANICS. Two sergeants of the 53d Squadron at Randolph Field are shown above examining an engine at night. The 53d pioneered night maintenance, also holds the record of two hours for an engine change in the field

THERE have been one-man gangs and one-man riots and now the U. S. Army has a one-man squad, which has, at this writing, worn out one full squad of noncoms and is beginning on a second. Here are the details. Pvt. Joe Yardboyd—which is obviously not his real name—graduated as a merchandising expert from Northwestern University and has had some experience with a mail-order concern. When he reached the reception center at an anonymous post, Quartermaster Corps brass hats broke regulations by grabbing Joe without waiting for him to go through his basic training. They needed his special talents and they were afraid they'd never see him again if he were transferred to a replacement center.

To keep things on the up and up, his superiors decided to let Joe absorb the basic course during his "spare" moments. Accordingly, noncoms took him out, from time to time, and taught him right and left face and how to juggle a rifle. That was okay. But when it came to school the squad, officers thought it wouldn't be quite right to make a whole gang of privates go through the business all over again just for Joe's benefit, so they hit upon the expedient of turning out a full squad of stripers to drill with him. Joe, unfortunately, wasn't so hot in the field, and the first squad of noncoms has wearily turned over to a second uneager gang the job of making a complete soldier out of him. Meantime, Joe does his quartermaster chores with neatness and dispatch.

FORT DOUGLAS, Salt Lake City, Utah. A couple of weeks before free postage for soldiers was made official, a gullible dogface was told that Congress had fixed it and that commanding officers already had the special envelopes on hand. The poor guy's letdown was terrific. Anyhow, the gag recalled to other soldiers a more classic rendition of the practical joker's art at another post. Told that a good place to get his laundry done was "at that house over there—and don't take any back talk from the lady's old man," a rookie tossed his laundry in the front door and snapped to the colonel who lived there, "I want this back by Saturday." The colonel caught on fast and merely asked the name of the soldier who had recommended the place. The last-named individual wound up doing that particular batch of laundry in the middle of the parade ground with all present.

IF YOU contributed some of the 2,500,000 books harvested by the Victory Book Campaign you might like to know that part of the Army's share in this western area is reaching hundreds of small, isolated stations of half a dozen soldiers who have no other recreation. Because this section is on a war footing, the method of distribution worked out by the 9th Corps Area librarian differs somewhat from other area setups. After the local VBC volunteer groups have weeded out misfits (like childrens' books), trash (we won't mention titles) and worn-out volumes, the books are hauled to processing points free by trucking companies. At each of the centers (Los Angeles, San Francisco, Salem, Seattle, Spokane, Boise, Salt Lake City, Reno) the books are sorted and arranged into libraries of various sizes on the basis of two-thirds fiction and one-third nonfiction. The small (35-to-40-book) traveling libraries packed in small wooden boxes are manna to little outposts; 30 to 40 of them can be put on a regular Army cargo truck and dumped out along the line. Once a month the boxes are rotated. Titles are listed on the box cover and anybody can act as librarian, which is the secret of the plan's effectiveness.

Students of the School of Librarianship at the University of California recently compiled 60 balanced lists of 35 titles, none duplicated, for future traveling libraries which may be purchased with later funds. Typical list includes 10 whodunits, four Westerns, three biogs or autobiographies, eight "How To . . ." books, six current *(Continued on page 60)*

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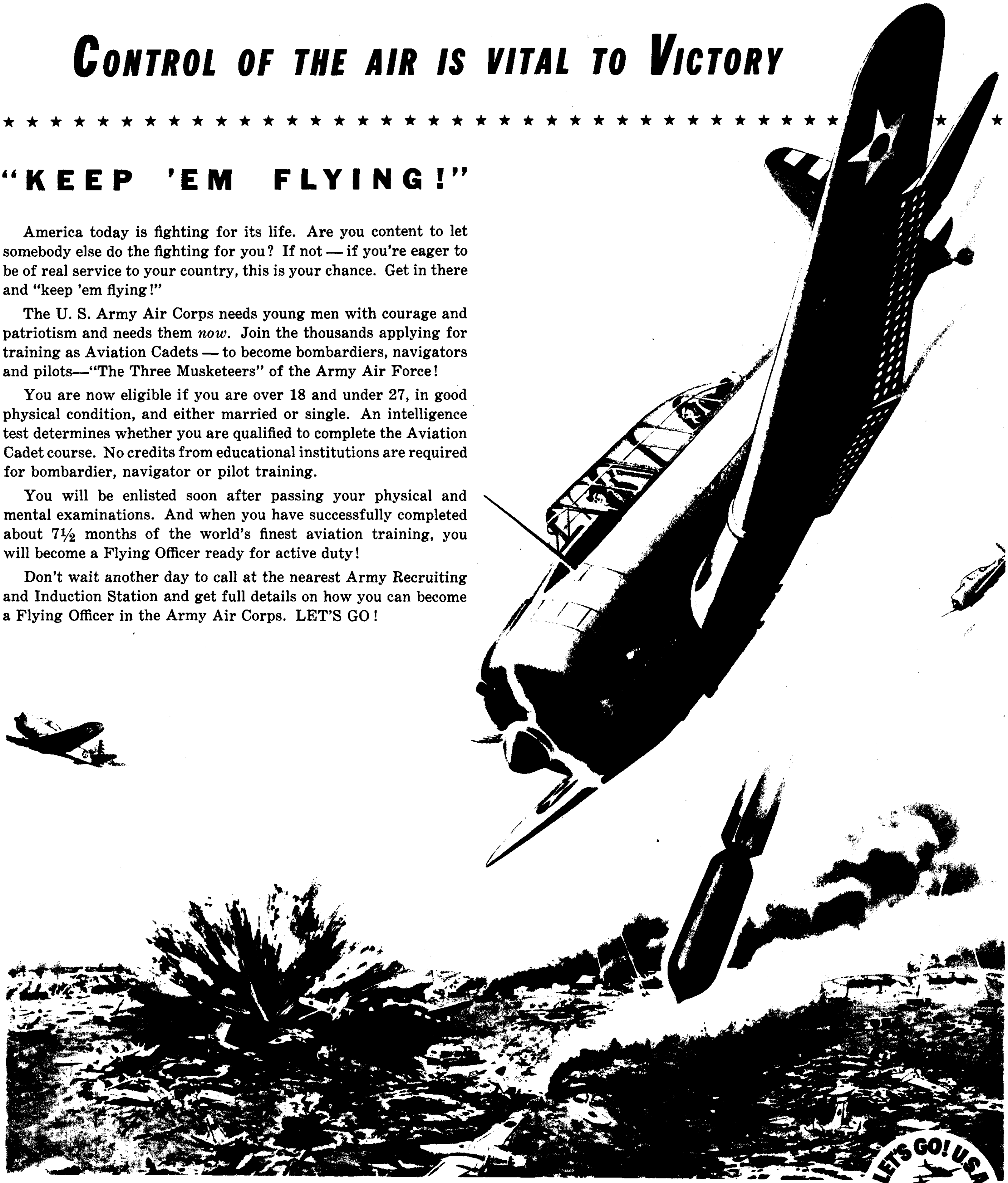

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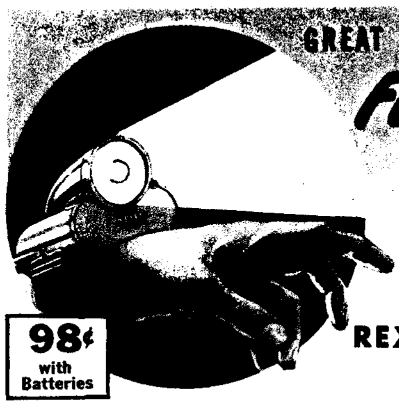
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The Personality Kid

Continued from page 20

Dona was thirteen and had reached the eighth grade, she decided that Renee wasn't the only talented Novella and went off to New York to join the show. She got around the Gerry Society by using the work card of a cousin, and Granlund hired her for his Paradise show. After a week in the chorus, he conversed with her.

"You're a solo dancer," said N.T.G. "And do you know why you're a solo dancer? Because when the chorus goes one way, you go the other way. After this, get out there in front by yourself."

Since she still looks like a child, the chances are that she was no more mature at thirteen. In circumstances of this kind, the older members of a cast always become sentimentally attached to a baby and there was no resentment when she used the Paradise as a sort of private theater. Also, she was precociously talented. She danced and sang and had already started playing every instrument she got her hands on. At late shows when the drunken patrons cared very little who furnished the entertainment, she led the orchestra and presented various trumpet interpolations that were raucous, blaring and utterly unmusical.

Becomes Orchestra Leader

She was getting $75 a week and was soon upped to $150 when the customers showed appreciation of her hoofing and her tinny voice. When the show went on the road, and Granlund was using more principals, she was raised to $400 a week and featured in lights.

"By the time I'm fourteen I'm buying my first fur coat," she says gloweringly, "and nobody's helping me buy it."

It was then that Orrel Johnson of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, came out of the West with a girls' orchestra and nobody to lead it. From being a player in the orchestra, Miss Johnson had gone on to managing it, and things were extremely favorable except for that one lack. A radio contract was waiting for the band; a big booking agency was ready to send it out on one-night stands. After trying seventy-five candidates without success, Miss Johnson heard about Dona, listened to an audition and begged her to take the job.

"You mean I'm to boss these biddies?" demanded Dona, who even then was old beyond her years.

Miss Johnson assured her this was the truth, and the deal was made. They had four successful years, and when Dona signed with Paramount, Miss Johnson came out to live with her. The band was the usual traveling outfit. For a while they went around in a bus but eventually they used a truck for the instruments and had four touring cars for the players. Dona drove one of the cars.

"Play till one o'clock in the morning and then drive four hundred miles to the next date," she says bitterly. "And people wonder where I picked up all these words."

Orrel Johnson and Dona owned the band jointly and they played theaters, hotels, honky-tonks, college dances, roadside stands and picnics. Dona still shakes her head angrily and mutters rumblingly when she thinks of the sheriff who attached *her* band because another band booked by the same management had been lax in the matter of a hotel bill.

This was bad but she treasures one last bad memory, being a little vague on the location because she can't recall whether it was High Point or Wilson, N. C. In any event she hopes the state of North Carolina will sue her so she can establish the fact. Either one of them, she says, is the worst town in the United States.

"We gave up our Christmas holiday and drove all the way down from New York for a thousand-dollar job, and then the guy gave us two hundred. He was a kid manager and said the only reason he'd done it was because he'd seen a picture of me and just couldn't resist. When love comes to eight hundred bucks a throw, it ain't worth it. Orrel had to hold me back."

What got her started on Hollywood was cogitation. The band was doing all right, but for stage appearances the management hired extra talent, and Dona would be assisted by Marie Wilson or Toby Wing or Faith Bacon.

"I'd be up there knocking my brains out," say Dona angrily, "and then these movie dames would come out and give a little smirk and sing a stinko song—and get three times the dough I'm getting! I thought I ought to get wise to myself."

She showed up at Paramount in Hollywood and pushed various flunkies out of the way until she reached Buddy de Sylva, an old friend and now boss of the studio. She announced her availability for stardom.

"Go on away now, squirt," said Mr. de Sylva in a kindly voice. "This racket isn't for you."

She went away, but only as far as Dorothy Lamour, another friend. Miss Lamour advised her to hold her ground, a bit of useless reassurance in view of Dona's determination to burn the joint down rather than confess failure. When the part of a native girl turned up in Aloma of the South Seas, Miss Lamour hinted to the front office that she would wrap her sarong dangerously around the neck of the executive who refused her little friend a job, and the matter was soon settled.

"Dorothy is my friend," says Dona threateningly, as if somebody would dare doubt it.

The New Dish Approves

The wait after that was not pleasant, but the part in Louisiana Purchase eventually turned up and now she is in something called Road to Morocco. In the weeks after Louisiana Purchase was released, she kept her boy friend broke taking her to see the picture. She never got tired of herself.

"I'm sitting there one night," she says, "keeping my eyes peeled for this new sensation, Dona Drake, and a guy behind sees me come on the screen and he says 'H'mm, not bad; that dish,' and then the camera switches over to Victor Moore, and this guy says 'What's the idea, that old fish face? Let's see some more of that new dish.' And I leans back and says to him 'Brother, don't ever let anybody talk you down from now on; you're a man of great judgment.' "

She is intensely serious about being an actress and worried greatly during her layoff. When she suggested to De Sylva that she might employ the time in taking acting lessons his voice became very loud.

"Stay away from that stuff!" he yelled. "*Do you want to ruin yourself?*"

What De Sylva meant was that she was an original, one of the few to be found in Hollywood. She is small, barely reaching five feet, and she is not particularly pretty. When dressed up, she is always uncomfortable. Her hats sit on her head with a frightened air, as if they know that the minute she's alone they'll get dumped. As soon as she enters a room she takes her shoes off and sits with her feet under her. She is generally preoccupied in appearance, invariably wears a scowl as if she were thinking hard, and has never told a gag in her life. She makes no attempt to be funny, and yet listeners literally roll on the floor at her talk. She seems entirely unaware of the impression she is making, taking all such response as a testimonial to the soundness of whatever she is saying.

Whenever she hears of a good part at any studio she sets out after it, although she is under contract to Paramount. Having been reared in the toughest of all theatrical life—the night club and the touring band—she does this naturally, knowing that the fittest always survive. When Tortilla Flat was being cast at M-G-M, she got in to see Victor Fleming, the director. He told her promptly that Hedy Lamarr had been set for the role she had in mind and there was no use discussing it, but before he knew what had happened, he had sat listening to her for two hours, entranced.

"Anybody changing that kid would be a criminal," said Fleming, shaking his head bewilderedly after she had left. "If they ever catch that personality on the screen, somebody'll get drowned in the flood of money."

She has no gag phrases, she makes no jokes, she merely rambles on endlessly in a half-combative monologue with a flavor all her own. Much of it is too frank for a family magazine, but none of it is vulgar. She represents the life she has led, taking it as casually and normally as a princess would regard the life of the court. She talks like an infant prodigy who discusses Relativity very learnedly with Einstein without knowing a word about it.

She worships Dorothy Lamour, idolizes Shirley Temple and divides her enthusiasm for dramatic actresses between Bette Davis and Betty Field. She keeps herself in a turmoil for fear somebody will call her Donna intead of Dona. She lives in a hut high on a hill above Stone Canyon Lake and goes in for animals. She has two white rabbits, two Siamese kittens and a cocker spaniel. She has never had time for outdoor sports but she keeps up with her boxing. She used to bat her younger brothers around, and no man in his right mind would give her a free shot at his jaw even at this late day. She hates night clubs and won't go near them.

"I used to work in those traps," she says grimly.

Warning to Gossips

As is usual in Hollywood, that cavern of rumors, she has been talked about. This is on the theory that a name is not officially recognized in that town until it has been bandied.

Somebody—an agent, to be exact—bandied the name of Miss Drake. She called upon him personally in the matter.

"I just reached over his desk and got him by the neck and lifted him up," she reported matter-of-factly.

In answer to the looks of astonishment and horror that greeted this recital, she added, "I didn't hit him. I just sort of lifted him up and twisted him."

Since Miss Drake weighs only a hundred pounds and has the general aspect of a waif, this occasioned still more wonderment.

"Oh, I got muscle," she cried. "Feel that!"

The arm she presented had the approximate tensile strength of a railroad spike. There was no longer any doubt whatever that Miss Drake could lift and twist.

"I don't like people using my name when there's no truth to it," she finished.

This may be considered as a warning to people.

THE END

Sourdough Army

Continued from page 13

livelihood by introducing cheap labor and strong-arm competition.

Even the amiable natives of Alaska—the Eskimos and the Aleuts, whose own ancestors generations ago were driven out of their Asiatic homelands by the encroachment of Jap barbarians—hate them with a peculiar racial fury.

To be sure, Alaskans realize that there is but a handful of them at best—only 70,000 actual residents in all the Territory's sprawling 600,000 square miles—and that the real defense of Alaska must lie in the hands of the trained troops from the States. The old sourdoughs have come to have a wholesome respect for these fighting men from the outside—the tough young marines sleeping in tents at Dutch Harbor through the bleak Aleutian winter; the courageous sailors and Coast Guard men standing watch in sixty-mile gales in Alaska's wicked seas; the soldiers from sunny Texas learning to mush at 70 below in the deep snows of Anchorage and Fairbanks and Nome.

Ready and Waiting

Alaskans admire men like themselves, men who can take it and not complain; and they have taken these newcomers to their hearts. Their own job, they know, is to back up the armed forces as best they can. They'll fight alongside them, stolidly, shoulder to shoulder. They'll fall back if they have to—and there's no tougher guerrilla fighter in the world than an old sourdough with a rifle. They're prepared to evacuate their towns swiftly and silently, without confusion; the way frontiersmen break camp in the night.

Take the town of Petersburg, for instance: a picturesque fishing village on Alaska's famed Inside Passage, squatting precariously at the very base of the snow-capped coastal range. On either side, forbidding glaciers fan downward from the mountain passes; behind it, the mile-high peak of Devil's Thumb rears against an icy blue sky. Usually Petersburg is very quiet in the winter; the salmon fishing and shrimp packing are all over; the fishermen take out their motors and overhaul their boats for spring.

This year it is different. This year every motor is in place, tuned up and ready. Extra bunks have been built in the tiny cabins of the boats, and their holds and lazarets are crammed with dried food and canned goods and extra blankets. Fishing gear has been cleared out to make room for spare drums of gas. Searchlights have been rigged on the pilothouses. Today every dory and tender and trawler in Petersburg's fishing fleet is standing by, ready to cast off at a moment's notice and get under way.

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safe. We know what to do. We're ready!"

You find the same fighting spirit all over Alaska, from the Panhandle to the Arctic, from the Yukon border to the Bering Sea. They're ready; they know what to do. Each inhabitant has assigned himself a special task of his own. An old-timer in Seward gets out his rifle and does a little target practice with a tin can. A power trawler in Chatham Strait sneaks in and out of the tiny bays and inlets, ready to report the presence of possible subs. A roadhouse proprietor on the Steese Highway north of Fairbanks keeps a weather eye out for planes. A prospector near Iditarod climbs out of his shaft a couple of times a day and scans the sky for parachutists. A fisheries patrol boat, seasoned by years of duty in the treacherous waters of the gulf, helps guard the vital approaches to Kodiak and Seward.

Alaskans are individuals; sometimes they have their own ideas of how to help. Down on the Kuskokwim, on December 7th, a lone beaver trapper heard the news of Pearl Harbor over his homemade battery set. Enemy submarines were rumored off the Alaska coast, enemy aircraft were virtually overhead; and a mile away, he knew, along the runway of the Army's new emergency landing field, stood a hundred drums of aviation gas, open and unprotected. It would never do to let this prize fall into Jap hands!

Fortunately he was equal to the situation. There had been occasions during a somewhat checkered past when he had engaged in a few extralegal transactions in "hot" fur; and he knew all the tricks of caching things where they couldn't be found. Within an hour he had gathered a group of Indians from the adjoining village, hauled every last drum back into the woods, covered them with snow, and planted the tops of the mounds with spruce branches. He remembered even to drag a few boughs behind him on the way home, to obliterate his snowshoe tracks. Then he hitched up his dog team, and headed for Fairbanks.

"Thought I'd better tell you where I hid your gas," he informed the startled Army official at Ladd Field, "in case you might want to find it again."

Even in the barren Arctic, north of the Circle, they are doing their bit, though sometimes the results are not quite up to expectations. Near Point Hope, for example, a remote Eskimo village decided recently to hold a practice blackout. It was the schoolteacher's idea; but the Eskimos fell in with it enthusiastically. They hung rags in the doors of their sod dwellings and igloos, daubed soot over the few precious panes of glass, extinguished all their fires, and then ran outdoors and took their places on a near-by hill to view the result. Their faces fell.

"Blackout no good," they complained. "Can't see nothing."

Individuals, civic groups, women's organizations are all taking a leading part in Alaska's home defense. The Territorial Department of Health, local chambers of commerce, the American Legion, the big commercial outfits throughout the Territory have rallied to the last man. Pan American Airways and its subsidiaries—the weather-wise commercial pilots of Alaska—have virtually formed the Army's second line of defense. P.A.A.'s old-time mail route operators know Alaskan flying from the ground up (and, more important, back down again) and long experience in the Arctic has taught them all the tricks of fighting blizzards and sleet and ice, of combating ground storms and williwaws, of scouting new passes through the treacherous mountain ranges when sudden fog blots out the regular routes.

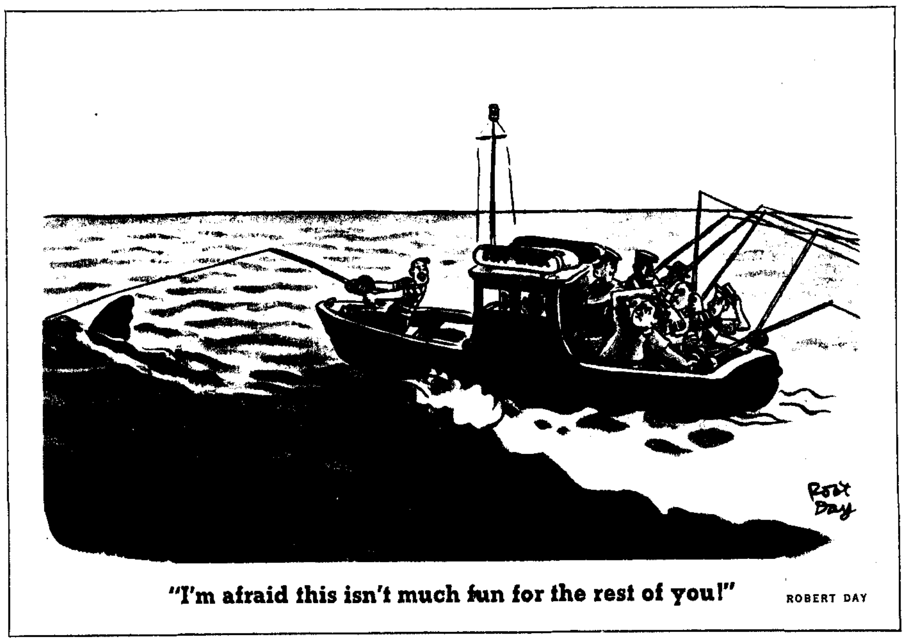
Every Man a Soldier

From the outset, they have been passing along the benefits of their long experience to recently imported Army pilots, new to cold-weather flying. They have performed invaluable service as well in transporting equipment to emergency landing fields under construction in the interior, ferrying military personnel and contractors and skilled laborers, doing volunteer patrol duty; and all their resources — ships, radio beams, landing fields, supplies—are at the disposal of the Army, to be used at will in its master plan of territorial strategy. When the test comes, the experience and the courage of these sourdough pilots may prove a vital factor in Alaska's defense—or offense.

Alaskans are ready. Their rifles are loaded, their trigger fingers are crooked, their shooting eyes are steady. They won't be taken by surprise. They are prepared to siwash in the hills, to live off the land if they have to. It won't be anything new for a lot of them, at that. Alaska is still a pioneer country; and, thanks to the farsighted policy of the Alaska Game Commission in protecting the herds of caribou and sheep and moose, there is game and fish enough for them to exist a long time. The wildlife resources of Alaska, which the commission has struggled so hard to protect, could be the margin between life and death for Alaska's guerrilla army.

That's the sourdough spirit, on the eve of anticipated action in the Arctic. They will defend Alaska. They will fight on the beaches, in the fields and in the streets; they will fight in the hills. They will never surrender!

THE END



"I'm afraid this isn't much fun for the rest of you!" ROBERT DAY

Moving Finger

Continued from page 19

Superintendent Nash was saying:

"All the same, this narrows things down. That's always the way we get 'em in the end. Steady, patient elimination. There aren't so very many people it could be now."

"You mean—?"

"It knocks out any women clerks who were at their work all the afternoon. It knocks out the schoolmistress. She was teaching. And the district nurse. I know where she was yesterday. Not that I ever thought it was any of *them*, but now we're *sure*. You see, Mr. Burton, we've got two definite times now on which to concentrate—yesterday afternoon, and the week before. On the day of Mrs. Symmington's death from, say, a quarter past three—the earliest possible time at which Agnes could have been back in the house after her quarrel—and four o'clock when the post must have come—but I can get that fixed more accurately with the postman. And yesterday from ten minutes to three—when Miss Megan Hunter left the house—until half past three or more, probably a quarter past three, as Agnes hadn't begun to change."

"WHAT do you think happened yesterday?"

Nash made a grimace.

"What do I think? I think a certain lady walked up to the front door and rang the bell, quite calm and smiling, the afternoon caller . . . Maybe she asked for Miss Holland, or for Miss Megan, or perhaps she had brought a parcel. Anyway Agnes turns around to get a salver for cards, or to take the parcel in, and our ladylike caller bats her on the back of her unsuspecting head."

"What with?"

Nash said, "The ladies around here usually carry large sizes in handbags. No saying what might be inside it."

"And then stabs her through the back of the neck and bundles her into the cupboard? Wouldn't that be a hefty job for a woman?"

Superintendent Nash looked at me with rather a queer expression. "The woman we're after isn't normal—not by a long way—and that type of mental instability goes with surprising strength. Agnes wasn't a big girl." He paused and then asked, "What made Miss Megan Hunter think of looking in that cupboard?"

"Sheer instinct," I said.

Then I asked, "Why drag her out of the way? What was the point?"

"The longer it was before the body was found, the more difficult it would be to fix the time of death accurately. If Miss Holland, for instance, fell over the body as soon as she came in, a doctor might be able to fix it within ten minutes or so—which might be awkward for our lady friend."

I said, frowning, "But if Agnes was suspicious of this person—"

Nash interrupted me: "She wasn't. Not to this pitch. She just thought it 'queer' shall we say? She was a slow-witted girl, I imagine, and she was only vaguely suspicious with a feeling that something was wrong. She certainly didn't suspect that she was up against a woman who would do murder."

"Did you suspect that?" I asked.

Nash shook his head. He said, with feeling: I ought to have known. That suicide business, you see, frightened Poison Pen. She got the wind up. Fear, Mr. Burton, is an incalculable thing."

Yes, fear. That was the thing we ought to have foreseen. Fear in a lunatic brain. . . .

"You see," said Superintendent Nash, and somehow his words made the whole thing seem absolutely horrible. "We're up against someone who's respected and thought highly of—someone, in fact, of good social position!"

Presently Nash said that he was going to interview Rose once more. I asked him, rather diffidently, if I might come too. Rather to my surprise he assented cordially.

"I'm very glad of your co-operation, Mr. Burton, if I may say so."

"That sounds suspicious," I said. "In books when a detective welcomes someone's assistance, that someone is usually the murderer."

Nash laughed shortly. He said, "You're hardly the type to write anonymous letters, Mr. Burton." He added: "Frankly, you can be useful to us."

"I'm glad, but I don't see how."

"You're a stranger down here, that's why. You've got no preconceived ideas about the people here. But at the same time, you've got the opportunity of getting to know things in what I may call a social way."

"The murderer is a person of good social position," I murmured.

"Exactly."

"I'm to be the spy within the gates?"

"Have you any objection?"

I thought it over. "No," I said, "frankly I haven't. If there's a dangerous lunatic about, driving inoffensive women to suicide and hitting miserable little maidservants on the head, then I'm not averse to doing a bit of dirty work to put that lunatic under restraint."

"That's sensible of you, sir. And let me tell you, the person we're after is dangerous. She's about as dangerous as a rattlesnake and a cobra and a black mamba rolled into one."

I gave a slight shiver. I said, "In fact, we've got to make haste?"

"That's right. Don't think we're inactive in the force. We're not. We're working on several different lines."

He said it grimly.

I had a vision of a fine, far-flung spider's web . . .

Nash wanted to hear Rose's story again, so he explained to me, because she had already told him two different versions, and the more versions he got from her the more likely it was that a few grains of truth might be incorporated.

WE FOUND Rose washing up breakfast, and she stopped at once and rolled her eyes and clutched her heart and explained again how she'd been coming over queer all the morning.

Nash was patient with her but firm. He'd been soothing the first time, so he told me, and peremptory the second, and he now employed a mixture of the two.

Rose enlarged pleasurably on the details of the past week, of how Agnes had gone about in deadly fear, and had shivered and said "Don't ask me" when Rose had urged her to say what was the matter. "It would be death if she told me, that's what she said," finished Rose, rolling her eyes happily.

"Had Agnes given no hint of what was troubling her?"

"No, except that she went in fear of her life."

Superintendent Nash sighed and abandoned the theme, contenting himself with extracting an exact account of Rose's own activities the preceding afternoon.

This, put baldly, was that Rose had caught the 2:30 bus and had spent the afternoon and evening with her family, returning by the 8:40 bus from Nether

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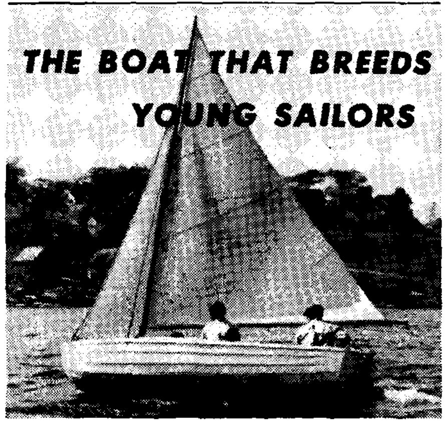

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"Old Town Boats"

Mickford. The recital was complicated by the extraordinary presentiments of evil that Rose had had all the afternoon and how her sister had commented on it and how she hadn't been able to touch a morsel of seed cake.

From the kitchen we went in search of Elsie Holland, who was superintending the children's lessons.

As always, Elsie Holland was competent and obliging. She rose and said, "Now, Colin, you and Brian will do these three sums and have the answers ready for me when I come back."

She then led us into the night nursery.

"Will this do? I thought it would be better not to talk before the children."

"Thank you, Miss Holland. Just tell me, once more, are you *quite* sure that Agnes never mentioned to you being worried over anything—since Mrs. Symmington's death, I mean?"

"No, she never said anything. She was a very quiet girl, you know, and didn't talk much."

"A change from the other one, then!"

"Yes, Rose talks much too much. I have to tell her not to be impertinent sometimes."

"Now, will you tell me exactly what happened yesterday afternoon? Everything you can remember."

"Well, we had lunch as usual. One o'clock, and we hurried just a little. I don't let the boys dawdle. Let me see. Mr. Symmington went back to the office, and I helped Agnes by laying the table for supper—the boys ran out in the garden till I was ready to take them."

"Where did you go?"

"Toward Combe Acre, by the field path—the boys wanted to fish. I forgot their bait and had to go back for it."

"What time was that?"

"Let me see, we started about twenty to three—or just after. Megan was coming but changed her mind. She was going out on her bicycle. She's got quite a craze for bicycling."

"I mean what time was it when you went back for the bait? Did you go into the house?"

"No. I'd left it in the conservatory at the back. I don't know what time it was then—about ten minutes to three, perhaps."

"Did you see Megan or Agnes?"

"Megan must have started, I think. No, I didn't see Agnes. I didn't see anyone."

"And after that you went fishing?"

"Yes, we went along by the stream. We didn't catch anything. We hardly ever do, but the boys enjoy it. Brian got rather wet. I had to change his things when we got in."

"You attend to tea on Wednesdays?"

"Yes. It's all ready in the drawing room for Mr. Symmington. I just make the tea when he comes in. The children and I have ours in the schoolroom—and Megan, of course. I have my own tea things and everything in the cupboard up there."

"WHAT time did you get in?"

"At ten minutes to five. I took the boys up and started to lay tea. Then when Mr. Symmington came in at five I went down to make his but he said he would have it with us in the schoolroom. The boys were so pleased. We played Animal Grab afterward. It seems so awful to think of now—with that poor girl in the storeroom all the time."

"Would anybody go to that storeroom normally?"

"Oh, no, it's only used for keeping junk. The hats and coats hang in the little cloakroom to the right of the front door as you come in. No one might have gone to the other storeroom for months."

"I see. And you noticed nothing unusual, nothing abnormal at all when you came back?"

The blue eyes opened very wide. "Oh, no, Inspector, nothing at all. Everything was just the same as usual. That's what was so awful about it."

"And the week before?"

"You mean the day Mrs. Symmington—"

"Yes."

"Oh, that was terrible—terrible!"

"Yes, yes, I know. You were out all that afternoon also?"

"Oh, yes, I always take the boys out in the afternoon—if it's fine enough. We do lessons in the morning. We went up on the moor, I remember—quite a long way. I was afraid I was late back because as I turned in at the gate I saw Mr. Symmington coming from his office at the other end of the road, and I hadn't even put the kettle on, but it was just ten minutes to five."

"You didn't go up to Mrs. Symmington?"

"Oh, no. I never did. She always rested after lunch. She had attacks of neuralgia—and they used to come on after meals. Dr. Griffith had given her some powders to take. She used to lie down and try to sleep."

Nash said in a casual voice, "So no one would take her up the post?"

"The afternoon post? No, I'd look in the letter box and put the letters on the hall table when I came in. But very often Mrs. Symmington used to come down and get it herself. She didn't sleep all the afternoon. She was usually up again by four."

"You didn't think anything was wrong because she wasn't up that afternoon?"

"Oh, no, I never dreamed of such a thing. Mr. Symmington was hanging up his coat in the hall and I said, 'Tea's not quite ready, but the kettle's nearly boiling,' and he nodded and called out, 'Mona, Mona!'—and then as Mrs. Symmington didn't answer he went upstairs to her bedroom, and it must have been the most terrible shock to him. He called me and I came, and he said, 'Keep the children away,' and then he phoned Dr. Griffith and we forgot all about the kettle and it burned the bottom out! Oh dear, it *was* dreadful, and she'd been so happy and cheerful at lunch."

Nash said abruptly, "What is your own opinion of that letter she received, Miss Holland?"

Elsie Holland said indignantly, "Oh, I think it was wicked—wicked!"

"Yes, yes, I don't mean that. Did you think it was true?"

Elsie Holland said firmly:

"No, indeed I don't. Mrs. Symmington was very sensitive—very sensitive indeed. She had to take all sorts of things for her nerves. And she was very—well, *particular*." Elsie flushed. "Anything of that sort—*nasty*, I mean—would have given her a great shock."

Nash was silent for a moment, then he asked: "Have you had any of these letters, Miss Holland?"

"No. No, I haven't had any."

"Are you sure? Please"—he lifted a hand—"don't answer in a hurry. They're not pleasant things to get, I know. And sometimes people don't like to admit they've had them. But it's very important in this case that we should know. We're quite aware that the statements in them are just a tissue of lies, so you needn't feel embarrassed."

"But I haven't, Superintendent. Really I haven't. Not anything of the kind."

SHE was indignant, almost tearful, and her denials seemed genuine enough.

When she went back to the children, Nash stood looking out of the window.

"Well," he said, "that's that! She says she hasn't received any of these letters. And she sounds as though she's speaking the truth."

"She did certainly. I'm sure she was."

"H'm," said Nash. "Then what I want to know is, why the devil hasn't she?"

He went on rather impatiently, as I stared at him:

"She's a pretty girl, isn't she?"

"Rather more than pretty."

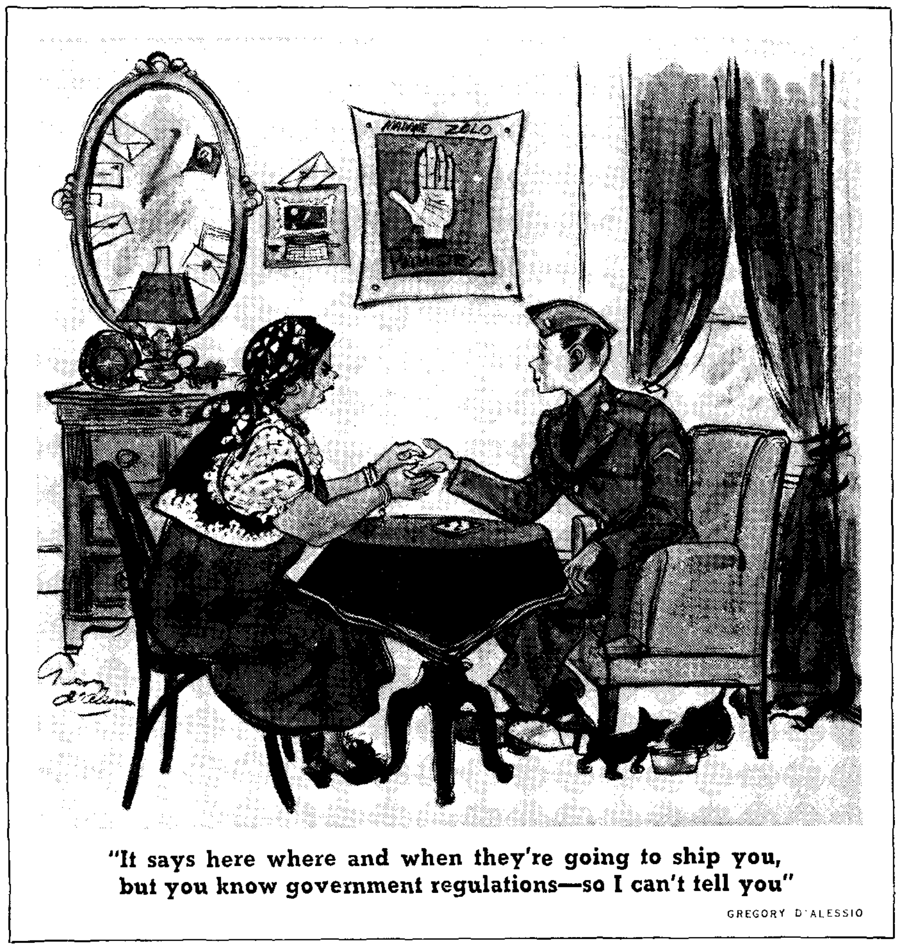
"Exactly. As a matter of fact, she's uncommonly good-looking. And she's young. In fact she's just the meat an anonymous letter writer would like. Then why has she been left out?"

I shook my head.

"It's interesting, you know. I must mention it to Graves. He asked if we could tell him definitely of anyone who hadn't had one."

"She's the second person," I said. "There's Emily Barton, remember."

Nash gave a faint chuckle. "You shouldn't believe everything you're told,



"It says here where and when they're going to ship you, but you know government regulations—so I can't tell you"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Mr. Burton. Miss Barton had one all right—more than one."

"How do you know?"

"That devoted dragon she's lodging with told me—her late parlormaid or cook. Florence Elford. Very indignant she was about it. Would like to have the writer's blood."

"Why did Miss Emily say she hadn't had any?"

"Delicacy. Their language isn't nice. Little Miss Barton has spent her life avoiding the coarse and unrefined."

"What did the letter say?"

"The usual. Quite ludicrous in her case. And incidentally insinuated that she poisoned off her old mother and most of her sisters!"

I said incredulously, "Do you mean to say there's really this dangerous lunatic going about and we can't spot her right away?"

"We'll spot her," said Nash, and his voice was grim. "She'll write just one letter too many."

"But, my goodness, man, she won't go on writing these things—not now."

He looked at me.

"Oh, yes, she will. You see, *she can't stop now*. It's a morbid craving. The letters will go on, make no mistake about that."

I WENT and found Megan before leaving the house. She was in the garden and seemed almost back to her usual self. She greeted me quite cheerfully.

I suggested that she should come back to us again for a while, but after a momentary hesitation she shook her head.

"It's nice of you—but I think I'll stay here. After all, it is—well, I suppose it's my home. And I dare say I can help with the boys a bit."

"Well," I said, "It's as you like."

"Then I think I'll stay. I could—I could—"

"Yes?" I prompted.

"If—if anything awful happened, I could ring you up, couldn't I, and you'd come."

I was touched. "Of course. But what awful thing do you think might happen?"

"Oh, I don't know." She looked vague. "Things seem rather like that just now, don't they?"

"Stop it!" I said. "And don't go nosing out any more bodies! It's not good for you."

She gave me a brief flash of a smile. "No, it isn't. It made me feel awfully sick."

I didn't much like leaving her there, but after all, as she had said, it was her home. And I fancied now that Elsie Holland would feel more responsible for her.

Nash and I went up together to Little Furze. While I gave Joanna an account of the morning's doings, Nash tackled Partridge. He rejoined us, looking discouraged.

"Not much help there. According to this woman, the girl only said she was worried about something and didn't know what to do and that she'd like Miss Partridge's advice."

"Did Partridge mention the fact to anyone?" asked Joanna.

Nash nodded, looking grim.

"Yes, she told Mrs. Emory—your daily woman—on the lines, as far as I can gather, that there were *some* young women who were willing to take advice from their elders and didn't think they could settle everything for themselves offhand! Agnes mightn't be very bright, but she was a nice respectful girl and knew her manners."

"Partridge preening herself, in fact," murmured Joanna. "And Mrs. Emory could have passed it around the town?"

"That's right, Miss Burton."

"There's one thing rather surprises me," I said. "Why were my sister and I included? We were strangers down here—nobody could have had a grudge against us."

"You're failing to allow for the mentality of a Poison Pen—all is grist that comes to their mill. Their grudge, you might say, is against humanity."

"I suppose," said Joanna thoughtfully, "that that is what Mrs. Dane Calthrop meant."

Nash looked at her inquiringly, but she did not enlighten him.

The superintendent said:

"I don't know if you happened to look closely at the envelope of the letter you got, Miss Burton. If so, you may have noticed that it was actually addressed to Miss Barton, and the *a* altered to a *u* afterward."

That remark, properly interpreted, ought to have given us a clue to the whole business. As it was, none of us saw any significance in it.

Nash went off, and I was left with Joanna. She actually said: "You don't think that letter can really have been meant for Miss Emily, do you?"

"It would hardly have begun 'You painted trollop,'" I pointed, and Joanna agreed.

Then she suggested that I should go down to the town. "You ought to hear what everyone is saying. It will be *the* topic this morning!"

I suggested that she should come too, but rather to my surprise Joanna refused. She said she was going to mess about in the garden.

I paused in the doorway and said, lowering my voice, "I suppose Partridge is all right."

"Partridge!"

The amazement in Joanna's voice made me feel ashamed of my idea.

I said apologetically, "I just wondered. She's rather 'queer' in some ways—a grim spinster—the sort of person who might have religious mania."

"This isn't religious mania—or so you told me Graves said."

"Well, sex mania. They're very closely tied up together, I understand. She's repressed and respectable, and has been shut up here with a lot of elderly women for years."

"What put the idea into your head?"

"Well," I said slowly, "we've only her word for it, haven't we, as to what the girl Agnes said to her? Suppose Agnes asked Partridge to tell her why Partridge came and left a note that day—and Partridge said she'd call around that afternoon and explain."

"And then camouflaged it by coming to us and asking if the girl could come here?"

"Yes."

"But she never went out that afternoon."

"YOU don't know that. We were out ourselves, remember."

"Yes, that's true. It's possible, I suppose." Joanna turned it over in her mind. "But I don't think so, all the same. I don't think Partridge has the mentality to cover her tracks over the letters. To wipe off fingerprints, and all that. It isn't only cunning you want—it's knowledge. I don't think she's got that. I suppose—" Joanna hesitated, then said slowly, "they are sure it is a woman, aren't they?"

"You don't think it's a man?" I exclaimed incredulously.

"Not—not an ordinary man—but a certain kind of man. I'm thinking, really, of Mr. Pye."

"So Pye is your selection?"

"Don't you feel yourself that he's a possibility? He's the sort of person who might be lonely—and unhappy—and spiteful. Everyone, you see, rather laughs at him. Can't you see him secretly hating all the normal happy people, and taking a queer, perverse, artistic pleasure in what he was doing?"

"Graves said a middle-aged spinster."

"Mr. Pye," said Joanna, "*is* a middle-aged spinster."

"A misfit," I said slowly.

"Very much so. He's rich, but money doesn't help. And I do feel he might be unbalanced. He is, really, rather a *frightening* little man."

"He got a letter himself, remember."

"We don't know that," Joanna said. "We only thought so. And anyway, he might have been putting on an act."

"For our benefit?"

"Yes. He's clever enough to think of that—and not to overdo it."

"He must be a first-class actor."

"But of course, Jerry, whoever is doing this *must* be a first-class actor. That's partly where the pleasure comes in."

"For heaven's sake, Joanna, don't speak so understandingly! You make me feel that you—that you understand the mentality."

"I think I do. I can—just—get into the mood. If I wasn't Joanna Burton, if I wasn't young and reasonably attractive and able to have a good time, if I was—how shall I put it?—behind bars, watching other people enjoy life, would a black, evil tide rise in me, making me want to hurt, to torture—even to destroy?"

"Joanna!" I took her by the shoulders and shook her. She gave a little sigh and shiver, and smiled at me.

"I frightened you, didn't I, Jerry? But I have a feeling that that's the right way to solve this problem. You've got to be the person, knowing how they feel and what makes them act, and then—and then perhaps you'll know what they're going to do next."

"Oh, gee!" I said. "And I came down here to be a vegetable and get interested in all the dear little local scandals. Dear little local scandals! Libel, vilification, obscene language and murder!"

JOANNA was quite right. The High Street was full of interesting groups. I was determined to get everyone's reactions in turn.

I met Griffith first. He looked terribly ill and tired. So much so that I wondered. Murder is not, certainly, all in the day's work to a doctor, but his profession does equip him to face most things including suffering, the ugly side of human nature, and the fact of death.

"You look all in," I said.

"Do I?" He was vague. "Oh! I've had some worrying cases lately."

"Including our lunatic at large?"

"That, certainly." He looked away from me across the street. I saw a fine nerve twitching in his eyelid.

"You've no suspicions as to—*who?*"

"No. No. I wish I had."

He asked abruptly after Joanna and said, hesitatingly, that he had some photographs she'd wanted to see.

I offered to take them to her.

"Oh, it doesn't matter. I shall be passing that way actually later in the morning."

I began to be afraid that Griffith had got it badly. Curse Joanna! Griffith was too good a man to be dangled as a scalp.

I let him go, for I saw his sister coming and I wanted, for once, to talk to her.

Aimée Griffith began, as it were, in the middle of conversation. "Absolutely shocking!" she boomed. "I hear you were there—quite early?"

There was a question in the words, and her eyes glinted as she stressed the word "early." I wasn't going to tell her that Megan had rung me up. I said instead, "You see, I was a bit uneasy last night. The girl was due to tea at our house and didn't turn up."

"And so you feared the worst? Very smart of you!"

"Yes," I said. "I'm quite the human bloodhound."

"It's the first murder we've ever had

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in Lymstock. Excitement is terrific. Hope the police can handle it all right."

"I shouldn't worry," I said. "They're an efficient body of men."

"Can't even remember what the girl looked like, although I suppose she's opened the door to me dozens of times. Quiet, insignificant little thing. Knocked on the head and then stabbed through the back of the neck, so Owen tells me. Looks like a boy friend to me. What do you think?"

"That's your solution?"

"Seems the most likely one. Had a quarrel, I expect. They're very inbred around here—bad heredity, a lot of them." She paused, and then went on: "I hear Megan Hunter found the body? Must have given her a bit of a shock."

I said shortly, "It did."

"Not too good for her, I should imagine. In my opinion she's not too strong *in the head—and a thing like this might* send her completely off her onion."

I took a sudden resolution. I had to know something.

"Tell me, Miss Griffith, was it you who persuaded Megan to return home yesterday?"

"Well, I wouldn't say exactly persuaded."

I stuck to my guns. "But you did say something to her?"

Aimée Griffith planted her feet firmly and stared me in the eyes. She was, just slightly, on the defensive. She said:

"It's no good—that young woman shirking her responsibilities. She's young and she doesn't know how tongues wag, so I felt it my duty to give her a hint."

"Tongues—?" I broke off because I was too angry to go on.

Aimée Griffith continued with that maddeningly complacent confidence in herself which was her chief characteristic:

"Oh, I dare say *you* don't hear all the gossip that goes around. I do! I know what people are saying. Mind you, I don't for a minute think there's anything in it—not for a minute! But you know what people are—if they can say something ill-natured, they do! And it's rather hard lines on the girl when she's got her living to earn."

"Her living to earn?" I said, puzzled.

Aimée went on:

"It's a difficult position for her, naturally. And I think she did the right thing. I mean, she couldn't go off at a moment's notice and leave the children with no one to look after them. She's been splendid—absolutely splendid. I say so to everybody! But there it is, it's an invidious position, and people will talk."

"Who are you talking about?" I asked.

"Elsie Holland, of course," said Aimée Griffith impatiently. "In my opinion, she's a thoroughly nice girl and has only been doing her duty."

"And what are people saying?"

AIMÉE Griffith laughed. It was, I thought, rather an unpleasant laugh.

"They're saying that she's already considering the possibility of becoming Mrs. Symmington No. 2—that she's all out to console the widower and make herself indispensable."

"But," I said, shocked, "Mrs. Symmington's only been dead a week!"

Aimée Griffith shrugged her shoulders.

"Of course. It's absurd! But you know what people are! The Holland girl is young and she's good-looking—that's enough. And mind you, being a nursery governess isn't much of a prospect for a girl. I wouldn't blame her if she wanted a settled home and a husband and was playing her cards accordingly."

I said quietly, "So you do think that Elsie Holland is a designing hussy?"

Aimée Griffith flushed.

"Not at all. I'm sorry for the girl—with people saying nasty things! That's why I more or less told Megan that she ought to go home. It looks better than having Dick Symmington and the girl alone in the house."

I began to understand things.

Aimée Griffith gave her jolly laugh. "You're shocked, Mr. Burton, at hearing what our gossiping little town thinks. I can tell you this—they always think the worst!"

She laughed again and strode away.

I CAME upon Mr. Pye by the church. He was talking to Emily Barton, who looked pink and excited.

Mr. Pye greeted me with every evidence of delight:

"Ah, Burton, good morning, good morning! How is your charming sister?"

I told him that Joanna was well.

"But not *joining* our village Parliament? We are all agog over the news. Murder! Real Sunday newspaper murder in our midst! Not the most interesting of crimes, I fear. Somewhat sordid. The brutal murder of a little serving maid. No finer points about the crime, but still undeniably news."

Miss Barton said tremulously, "It is shocking—quite shocking."

Mr. Pye turned on her: "But you enjoy it, dear lady, you enjoy it. Confess it now. You disapprove, you deplore, but there *is* the thrill. I insist, there *is* the thrill!"

"Such a nice girl," said Emily Barton. "She came to me from St. Clotilde's Home. Quite a raw girl. But most teachable. She turned into such a nice little maid. Partridge was very pleased with her."

I said quickly, "She was coming to tea with Partridge yesterday afternoon." I turned to Pye: "I expect Aimée Griffith told you."

My tone was quite casual. Pye responded apparently quite unsuspiciously:

"She did mention it, yes. She said, I remember, that it was something quite new for servants to ring up on their employers' telephones."

"Partridge would never dream of doing such a thing," said Miss Emily, "and I am really surprised at Agnes doing so."

"You are behind the times, dear lady," said Mr. Pye. "My two terrors use the telephone constantly and smoked all over the house until I objected. But *one daren't say too much.* Prescott is a divine cook, though temperamental, and Mrs. Prescott is an admirable house parlormaid."

"Yes, indeed, we all think you're very lucky."

I intervened, since I did not want the conversation to become purely domestic.

"The news of the murder has got around very quickly," I said.

"Of course, of course," said Mr. Pye. "The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker. Enter Rumor, painted full of tongues! Lymstock, alas! is going to the dogs. Anonymous letters, murders, any amount of criminal tendencies."

Emily Barton said nervously, "They don't think—there's no idea—that—that the two *are* connected."

Mr. Pye pounced on the idea: "An interesting speculation. The girl knew something, therefore she was murdered. Yes, yes, *most promising. How clever* of you to think of it."

"I—I can't bear it."

Emily Barton spoke abruptly and turned away, walking very fast.

Pye looked after her. His cherubic face was pursed up quizzically.

He turned back to me and shook his head gently.

"A sensitive soul. A charming creature, don't you think?"

I did not want to talk about Emily Barton.

"WHAT do you really think about all this business?" I asked.

"Meaning by that?"

"Anonymous letters, murder . . ."

"Our local crime wave? What do you?"

"I asked you first," I said pleasantly.

Mr. Pye said gently:

"I'm a student, you know, of abnormalities. They interest me. Such apparently unlikely people do the most fantastic things. Take the case of Lizzie Borden. There's not really a reasonable explanation of that. In this case, my advice to the police would be—study *character.* Leave your fingerprints and your measuring of handwriting and your microscopes. Notice instead what people do with their hands, and their little tricks of manner, and the way they eat their food, and if they laugh sometimes for no apparent reason."

I raised my eyebrows.

"Mad?" I said.

"Quite, quite mad," said Mr. Pye, and added, "but you'd never know it!"

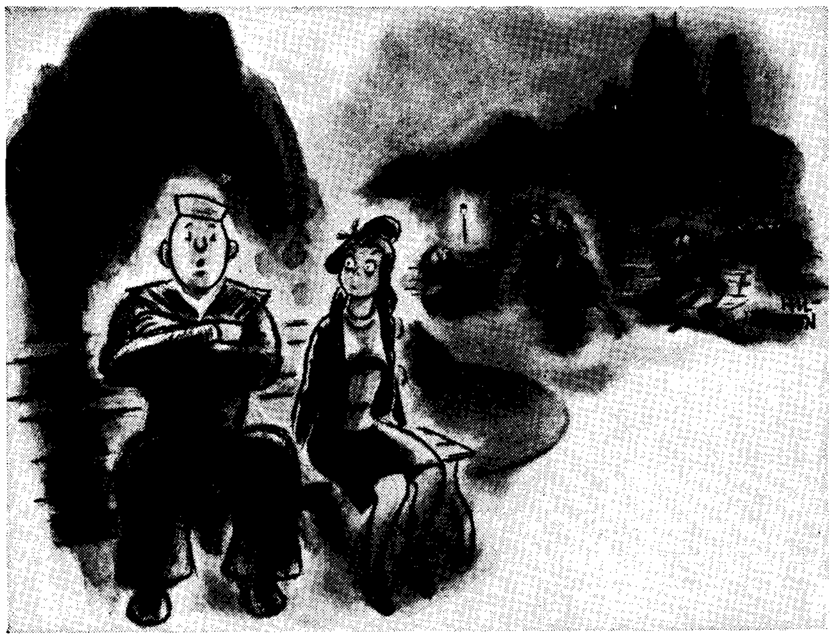
"Who?"

His eyes met mine. He smiled.

"No, no, Burton, that would be slander. *We can't add slander to all the* rest of it."

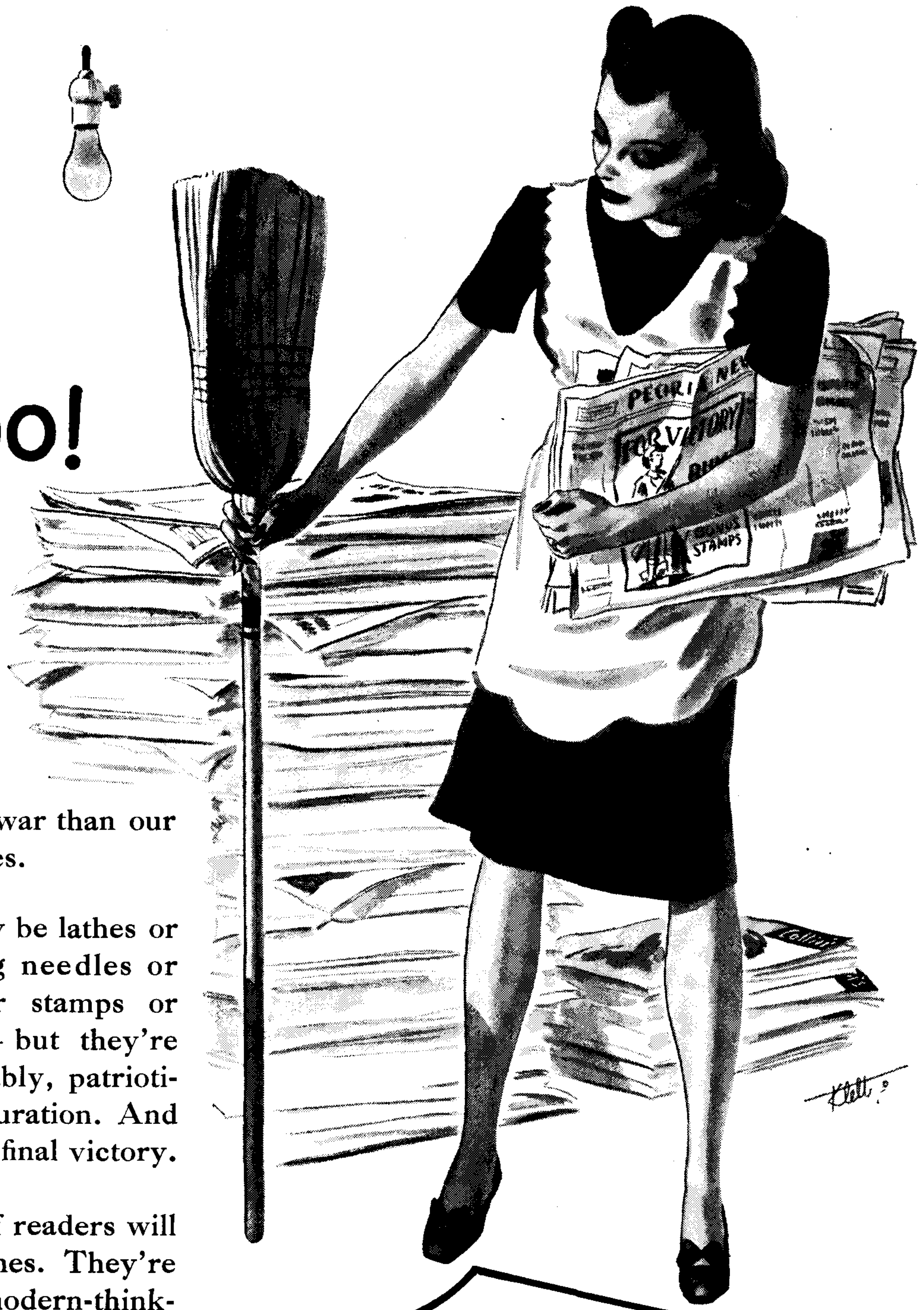
He fairly skipped off down the street.

(To be continued next week)



"Don't worry, Miss Ella Mae. As long as you're with me nothing will happen"

We've gotta win the Battle of Peoria, too!



WE'VE got to lick Hitler on his home grounds. We've got to purge the Pacific of Hirohito's hooligans. And we will.

And Collier's will continue to bring you the blow-by-blow descriptions, sidelights and summaries from its ace correspondents at every trouble spot as no other magazine does.

But we have to win the Battle of Peoria, too—and the Siege of Kokomo. There's an army of more than 130,000,000 Americans at war right here on the home front.

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Their weapons may be lathes or combines, knitting needles or cook books, sugar stamps or buckets of sand — but they're fighting, actively, ably, patriotically and for the duration. And they'll share in the final victory.

Collier's millions of readers will be in the front lines. They're the kind of active, modern-thinking, flexible Americans who would.

Collier's will be in the front lines, too—always closer to its readers than any other magazine in the multimillion field.

Even closer now.

Adversity is a great binder.

Recent home-front articles in Collier's have included "Your Sugar Bowl Blows Up" by Frank J. Taylor, and "Front Line in the Kitchen" by Ruth Carson. In this issue is "Fly for Your Life" by Robert H. Hinckley, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Air. More such articles are coming—rubber, diet, black-outs. In every issue America at war on all fronts will be reported, interpreted, highlighted.

WAR NOTE TO ADVERTISERS

Life goes on for 130,000,000 American civilians here on the home front.

Priorities, rations, substitutes notwithstanding—they'll keep on eating, wearing clothing, sleeping under roofs, crabbing about taxes.

But a lot of habits will have to change.

Your customers are in that home army. They're looking to you to do your share—whether you're making things for them or for our fighting forces. And the story of what you're doing may be the most heartening news they'll get for some months.

Is there a better place to tell them how you fit into the war than in the pages of Collier's—the magazine that millions of the leaders in this civilian army swear by?

Collier's—*At War on All Fronts*

Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 54

plays and novels, three travelogs and an anthology. The USO and Red Cross provide funds for the VBC; the American Library Association, through thousands of members, does the lion's share of the distribution work. The original VBC goal, by the way, was 10,000,000 books and it's never too late to help. Take yours to the nearest public library.

FORT FRANCIS E. WARREN, Wyoming. Fully clothed and somewhat sleepy, Pvt. Frederick Brug, Co. M, 5th Qm. Training regiment, appeared in the company orderly room at 1:30 A. M. one recent morning and told the charge of quarters that he was ready. "For what?" asked the startled CQ. "Oh," replied Pvt. Brug, now slightly more conscious, "I guess I must have only dreamed we were off to Australia." Pvt. Brug spent the remainder of the night in more peaceful slumber and ate breakfast with considerable gusto.

RANDOLPH FIELD, San Antonio. At cadet headquarters, in a special Hall of Fame, will be hung photos of all this field's graduates officially cited for distinguished service in the current war. Cadet Commandant Capt. M. F. Taber cooked up the idea, figuring that, in addition to honoring Randolph's heroes, it might provide inspiration for future classes. Brooks Field (Air Corps Observers) has instituted a similar plan. Not a bad idea for other Air Corps installations with vacant wall space on their hands.

SCOTT FIELD, Ill. Pvt. Charles L. Beaty, whose home address is Flatbush, N. Y., and whose peacetime but not particularly peaceful job is piloting a subway train, is learning code for the second time in his life. First was in 1918, when his military service in the Argonne ended in a French base hospital. Now, with a silver plate in his skull and mustard-gas scars on both legs, the 42-year-old veteran is dit-dit-dashing here for tactical duty with the Air Corps radio men.

PATTERSON FIELD, Fairfield, Ohio. Word comes from Pvt. Chester Modelwski, of Goodello, Mich., that he and a buddy enlisted in the Air Corps last December, and passed the physical examination nicely, thanks. Last February, though, the buddy—Pvt. Paul Polovich—got a card from home telling him he has been placed in 1-B, physically unfit for military service. Pvt. Polovich is getting along fine in the Air Corps and feels dandy and hopes his local draft board won't be annoyed if he stays in the service.

2D ARMORED DIV.

FORT BENNING, Georgia. "Now you've done it," writes Lieut. John N. Hutchinson from this home of the 2d Armored Division. "You mollified us when you corrected, in your column for Mar. 7th, the statement you made Jan. 31st that the 16th Engineers bridged the Chattahoochee River in record time. The 17th, who really built it, are your friends again. But the rest of the division, and probably the whole Army by this time, is sore because of the story of Mar. 21st about the Navy's part in the recovery of a medium tank from the much-publicized Chattahoochee.

"We *did* call on the Navy for help and two Navy divers came up from Pensacola with diving equipment. They tried for two or three days to hitch towing cables to the sunken tank, but the Chattahoochee was too swift and cold for them and they finally gave up. So what then? So a private from our Co. B of the 67th Armored Regiment, the outfit to which the tank belonged, climbed into the rubber suit with the lead shoes, had the helmet clapped on his conk, and went down into the muddy current.

"Well, he not only hooked the cables on but he *got inside* the 28-ton tank and threw the transmission out of gear so the tank could be towed, not dragged. This was a very dangerous enterprise and was contrary to the instructions of the officer in charge who was afraid the air hose might foul. The soldier, Pvt. Henry B. Saunders, who turned out to be a veteran diver and who is now at the Fort Knox officers' candidate school, recently received a letter from the Navy divers. They congratulated him for pulling a job they admitted was too much for them."

That's the end of the story of the tank in the Chattahoochee River and we hope we don't get a blast from the Navy maintaining the whole thing was pure propaganda.

IF COFFEE actually does keep them awake, the soldiers at Benning are the most alert in the world. Latest discovery of the quartermaster corps is that the average soldier consumes four cups a day. Rationing is on a yearly basis—45 pounds per man. When it comes to dessert, pie (guess which kind) takes first place. Other favorites are, in the following order: ice cream, doughnuts, chocolate cake, cherry pie, coconut cake, mince pie, fruit cobbler, banana pudding and butterscotch pudding. Rice pudding comes last and pretty unenthusiastically at that. Without raisins and cream it's pretty flat.

FORT BRAGG, Fayetteville, N. C. Out at the 178th F. A. during a long pep talk anent guard duty, one Pvt. Rufus Patterson stuck his hand in what he thought was a box of cookies. When he began to eat, the lecturer and entire class stopped to watch Pvt. Patterson munch on parts of a jigsaw puzzle. Later he confided to his cronies he thought the cardboard inedibles were animal crackers gone stale.

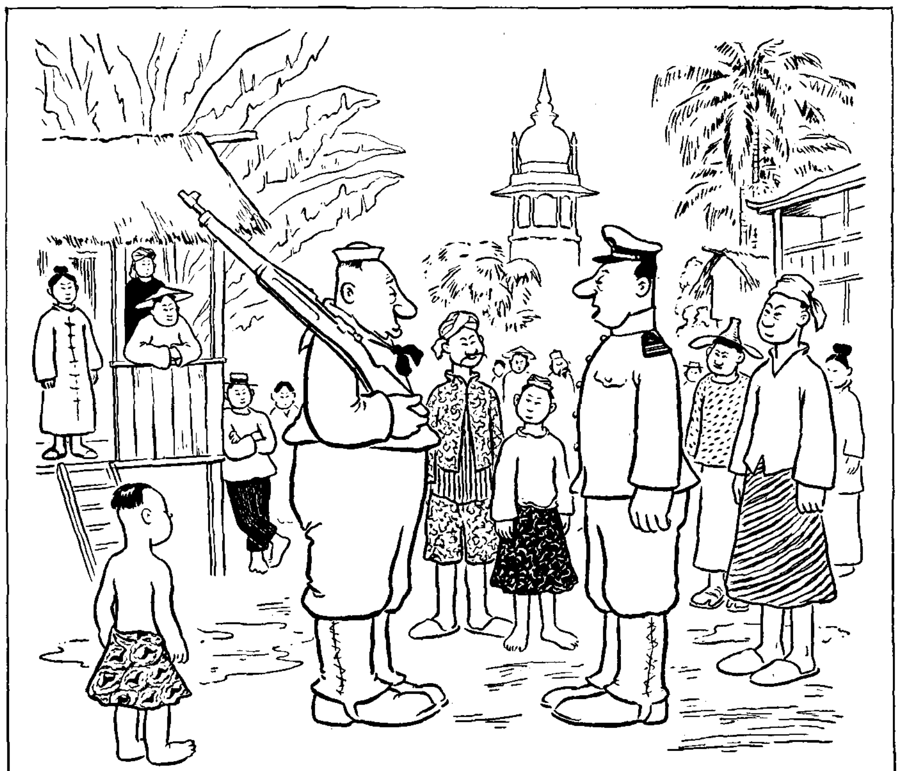
GENERAL

ADD Navy and Marine slang to that revealed in Walter Davenport's Norfolk Night (Collier's, March 28th): Smokestacking is pretending to be drunk. Liberty hound is a guy who always gets back just in time for morning roll call. Gizmo is a whatsit, whosis, snivvy or what have you. To be brought before the commanding officer for punishment is called office hours. A griffin is man who has been in the Asiatics less than a year, a shellback is one who has been across the equator, and an older man who takes a recruit in tow for instruction is labeled a sea pappy.

FEW weeks ago we printed a gentle bleat about the tire-ruining driving habits of Army vehicle chauffeurs. "Amen," comes from Mr. Ernst M. Keck, of San Juan, Puerto Rico. "Judging from their driving habits," Mr. Keck continues, "it would seem that all the continental soldiers down here were cowboys from the Wild West; and of the driving habits of the Puerto Ricans driving Army (or any) equipment, the less said the better. Here's a suggestion, by the way, which would be applicable anywhere. After a street has been dug up, it should be properly filled in again, not just patted with a shovel. After a dozen trucks have driven over one of these shovel-patted jobs the hole leaves two of the finest edges you ever saw for cutting and bruising tires."

RECRUITING officers are getting fed up on the "What's-in-it-for-me?" volunteers who do some fast shopping around when their numbers are called. At first, the Navy, Marines and Coast Guard did a little high-class hijacking of soon-to-be-inducted Army selectees, but them days are gone, brother.

THERE won't be any holdouts in this particular ball game. G. W.



"Alfred, you are to round up all the Japanese, Manchukuans, and Siamese, but don't take any Chinese, Javanese, Burmese or Malays"

F. HUMFREVILLE

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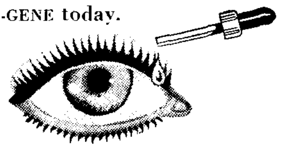

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Fly for Your Lives

Continued from page 14

power, to miniature engines, and then to full-size gliders.

The model-builders are the pampered darlings of the Nazi regime. They have special laboratories where they learn the theory of flight—the meaning of lift and drag, center of gravity and pressure, effect of control surfaces. They work as much as possible in the open air and are taken on elaborate field trips to watch aviation in action. A sample series:

1. Visit to a gliding school . . . observe application of flight stability, resistance of materials, instruments, weather reporting.
2. Visit to an airport . . . observe motor-propulsion, traffic laws and control, landing and take-off, mail and freight, air insurance.
3. Visit to an Air Force Camp . . . military types, fuel and oil, aviation medicine, varied types of careers in air force.
4. Visit to an industrial plant.
5. Visit to a research center.

Those are monthly visits and are almost unlimited in variety, including attendance at flying meets, visits to seaports to see planes catapulted from warships, free rides at the Tempelhof Airdrome in Berlin.

In the high schools, as well as in trade and professional schools, there are regular courses in aviation, covering aircraft construction, air traffic, communications and instruments, meteorology, navigation, motors and air law.

All this time they are lapping up propaganda about the prowess of the Germans in aviation. They hear nothing about the Wrights and Santos-Dumont and Bleriot and Curtiss, but much about Lilienthal, "the first flier." They hear about Richtofen and Udet and Goering. They have no chance of staying out of aviation if Hitler wants them.

The National Socialist Fliers Corps (NSFK) is not only in charge of local chapters throughout the Reich but has full control of teachers in the schools. They give orders; the teachers obey. The system is hard and fast—and it turns out not only fliers but a nation of youths who are air-conditioned.

Art is Aviation—Aviation, Art

Nothing typifies the thoroughness of the Nazi training more fully than its treatment of the arts. Art education itself is not art for art's sake; it is "to win through creative work the hearts of young Germans to the aviation idea." When there is study to be done, the program gives these incredible examples for attention: "Landscape and cloud creations by Rembrandt and Dürer; human flight in painting and sculpture such as Grünewald's Resurrection and Raphael's Sistine Madonna." In modern language study, teachers are instructed to select for translation stories of daring adventures in foreign wars, transport and flight pilots.

What can we do in the face of that?

We have done as well, at the college level, as any nation in the world. This program of ours was under way on a large scale before the invasion of Poland. It was stepped up to 45,000 "puddle-jumper" pilots a year, soon after the invasion of the Low Countries.

But it long has been plain to many people that most of our elementary schools and high schools had a blind spot on the subject of aviation. I began discussing this problem last summer with a number of educators who had written supporting my ideas on mass training of pilots. We agreed that the work of model-airplane clubs was useful and helpful but that the greatest effect could be attained only by introduction of the aviation angle into regular school courses. Then the model-work would become laboratory-testing of regular classroom study.

Before Pearl Harbor, these educators had become an advisory committee on education to the C.A.A. Their enthusiasm has been gratifying. They are requesting the school systems of the country to act as soon as possible. Meetings are being held now and will continue until late May. State and local school authorities are taking part.

Supplemental pamphlets are being prepared to supply aviation deficiencies in current textbooks until the books can be revised. Authors whose works now have wide acceptance are writing aviation supplements on mathematics, geography, biology, physics and chemistry.

There has been no attempt to force this upon our educational system and no necessity for it. The ability of our leaders in free education to keep pace with a dynamic society is one of the basic tests of democracy.

The American Way

The experience of the C.A.A. has shown that this country is ripe for aviation. One of the best stories I know to illustrate this concerns C. C. Calkins and his son Dwight. The father was a manufacturer in Spokane. He decided he'd learn to fly for the fun of it. Because his son got airsick on his first time off the ground, his father got ahead of him. Kidded into trying again, Dwight soon got enthusiastic, too. He took the C.A.A. elementary course and then went on to advanced work, eventually becoming an instructor.

They rented planes for a while, the two of them, and then bought one. They found that salesmanship in the field of light planes was so spotty that they ended by being agents for a manufacturer. The man who owned the hangar decided to sell and they bought it. The airport—hangar and all—was taken over by the Army, so the Calkinses built a port of their own. Then they started training pilots.

C.A.A. trainees learn fast and travel far. Outstanding was the case of Albert W. Strauel, of Alamosa, Colorado. In June 1940, he had never been off the ground. Less than a year later, as an officer of the R.A.F., he took tea in London with the king and queen.

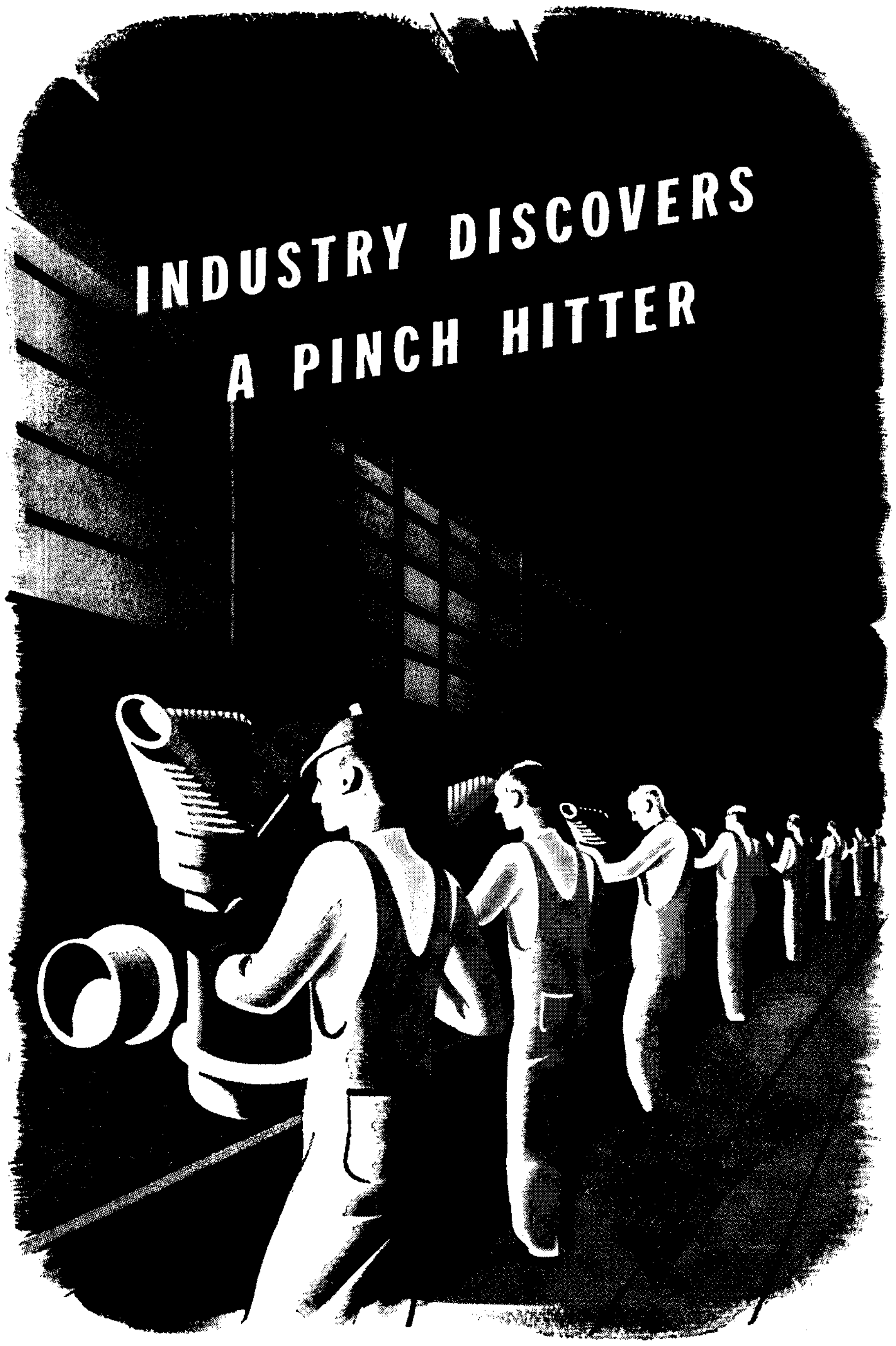
Others flocked to join in the Battle of Britain. Two thirds of the American Eagle Squadron in England learned to fly with C.A.A., according to a survey by Pilot Officer Harold Strickland, a Chicagoan and an Eagle himself.

George Swartz Welch of Wilmington, Delaware, who took his C.A.A. training at Purdue University in the fall program of 1940, was one of the first cited for outstanding achievement in the Pacific after war began.

America can fly; Americans want to fly. It is not a question of every individual piloting an airplane. But nations must fly or die, economically or socially, as well as militarily.

It is a pleasant and exciting prospect, rather than an alarming one. Every flier who has looked at his work from the dimension of the air knows this to be true. We are going to win this war in the air, we are going to keep it won when peace is re-established. America was the pioneer flying nation; it is soon going to be the greatest flying nation.

The End



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Collier's

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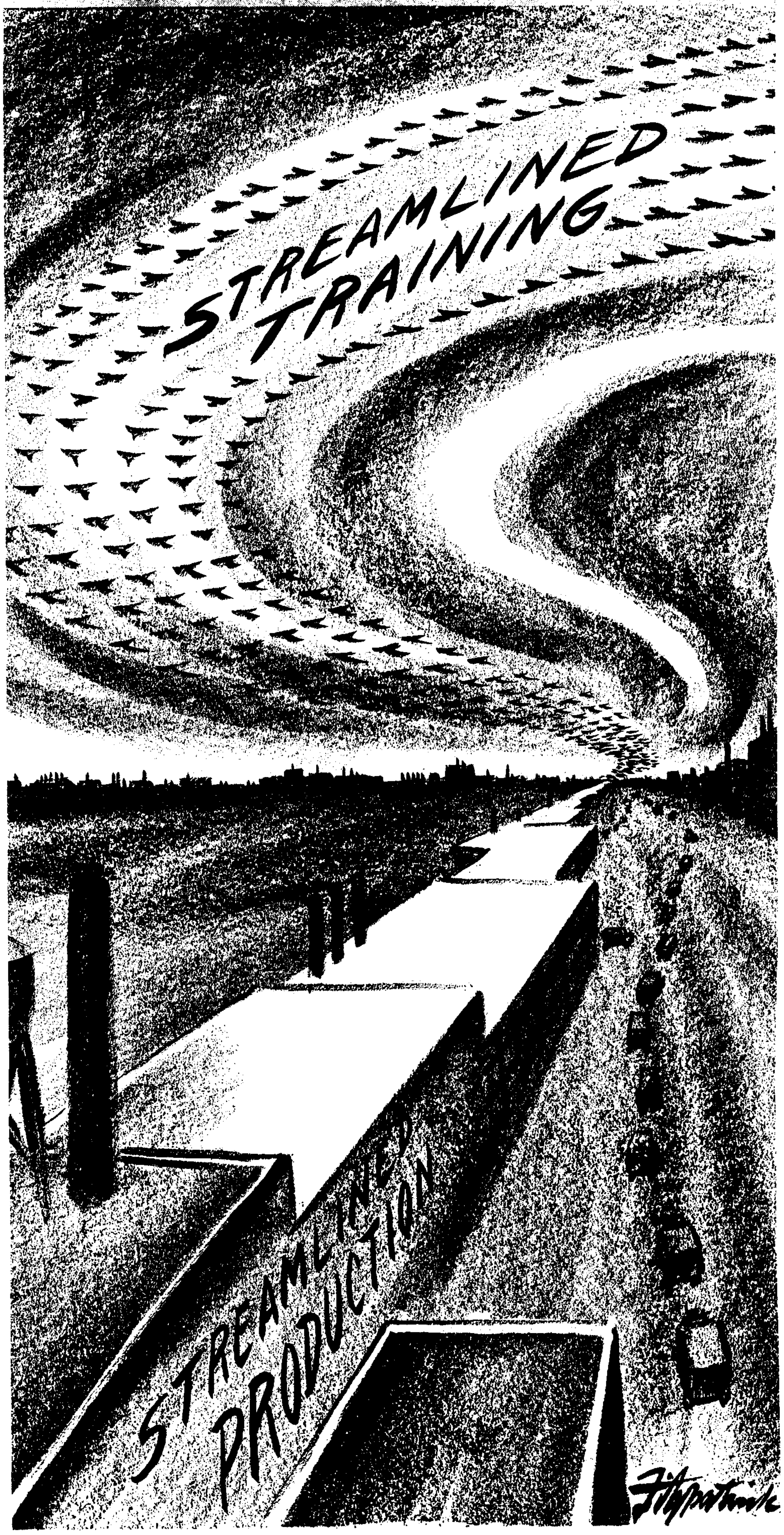
Thorough—But Fast!



THE mighty force of American industrial capacity is beginning to produce the weapons of total war at a magical rate.

Against the background of bad military and naval news in the Far East and on the oceans we have had cheering reports from the great factories now dedicated to the making of the tools of offense and of defense.

The accomplishments of the men and women who tend our industrial machine are miraculous. American productive capacity based on technical science, business organization and mass methods has long been the envy and the marvel of the world.

There is nothing pretentious or unreal about our American capacity to produce in quantities unapproached elsewhere in the world. The initiative, the energy, the technical inventiveness that enabled us to build and to use more motorcars, more telephones, more radios, more washing machines, more of all the endless tools and machines that made possible the American way of life are now our chief reliance for ultimate victory in the terrible war forced upon us.

The American corporation, football of politics for more than a hundred years, is the agency that once brought us relative economic abundance and is now our chief reliance in our days of anxiety and danger.

The corporation, first created for private profit and now dedicated to national defense, gave us the means of arming ourselves at a pace unattained in any other land.

The picture of great bombers weighing thirty and forty tons coming off assembly lines in San Diego, and coming or soon to come in other parts of the country, is a stimulating sight.

All over the land great establishments are making guns, ammunition, planes, tanks and other necessities of war with tremendous rapidity. Donald M. Nelson reported that in the four months after Pearl Harbor war-plane production increased fifty per cent. Mr. Nelson described the tanks and guns we are making as the best in the world.

That is sober fact and not exaggeration. But Mr. Nelson observed that the great increase came after Pearl Harbor.

We had not accumulated great stores of weapons either for defense or offense before Pearl Harbor. There is no profit now in trying to assess responsibility or blame for our refusal to create great armaments before we were attacked. Not so many years ago the great majority of Americans thought that it was safer to be moderately disarmed. We changed our opinions as the war came closer. Some thought faster than others. By December 7th, as a nation, we were of one mind. Happily for us, our industrial machine can work quickly. Because great productive corporations existed we are able to escape the fate of France.

Nobody can go to a war plant near Detroit or in Hartford or Pittsburgh or Birmingham or Seattle or Los Angeles or any other great center of industry without feeling renewed courage and confidence. The men and women of our factories are rising superbly to the emergency.

But war planes in whatever quantity do not fly themselves. A smart corporation manager can produce great bombers within an incredibly brief time but the training of men fit to fly these monsters of the air is more time-consuming.

The Army and the Navy face tremendous training problems. We have not the years the Japanese and the Germans had for schooling young men to fight the war the Axis planned and started. What we do in training, as in manufacture, must be done swiftly.

We must train fast and well. For the enemies our boys in planes and tanks and ships must meet are able fighting men. We cannot be guilty of the blunder of handicapping our men by inadequate training. We are now able to give them the best weapons in the world. We must let them acquire the skill to use these weapons to the best advantage for themselves and for their country.

This is no easy task when the need for reinforcements is so imperative. The decisions our naval and military commanders have to make are heart-rending. So many requirements are so urgent and so hard to reconcile. It is certain, however, that old, gradual methods of training are no longer practicable. Men must be fitted to fly the great bombers in months, not years.

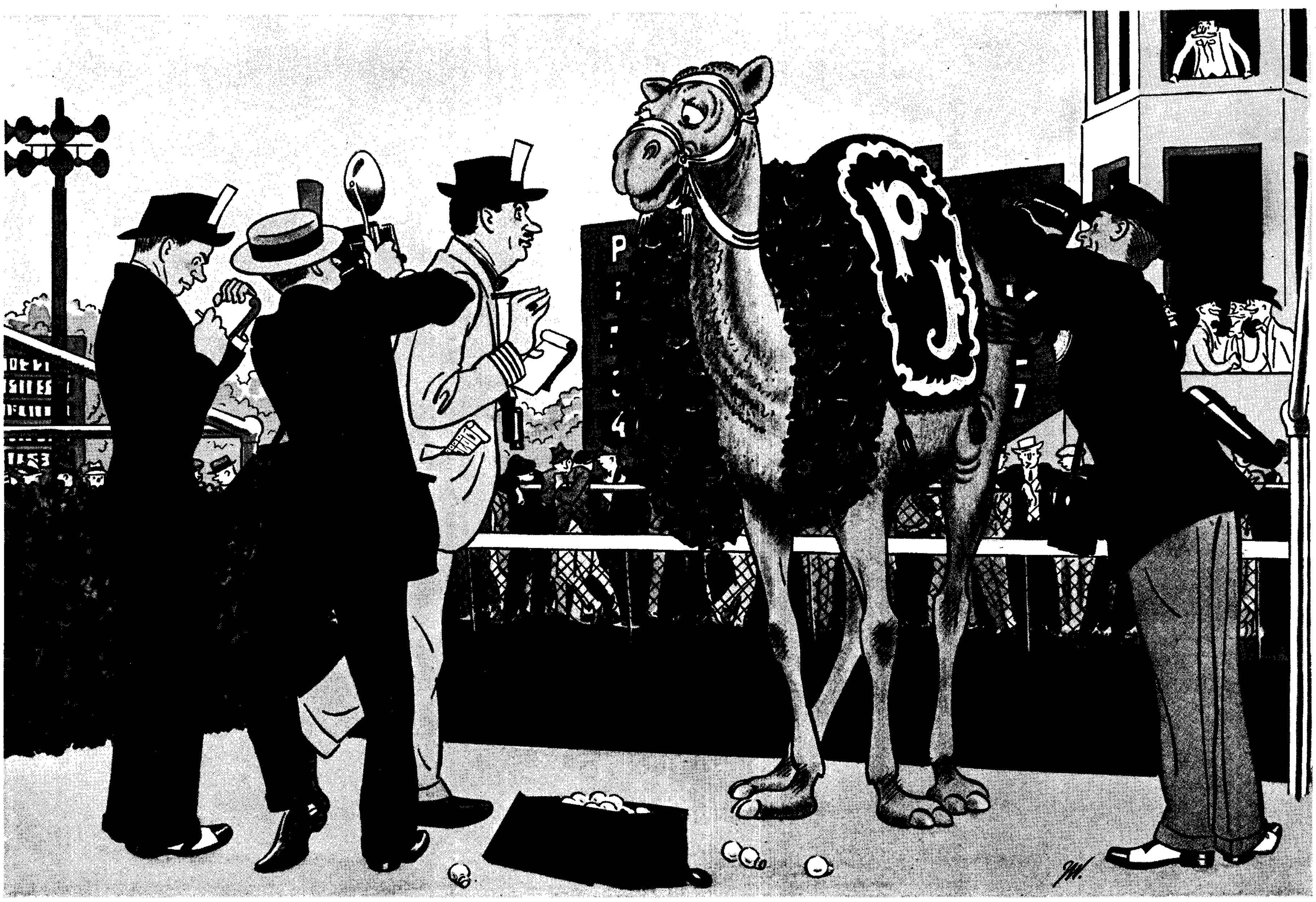
The only possible way is to re-examine our training routines with the same open-minded intelligence and imagination that the designers and engineers and managers have brought and are bringing to the problems of producing planes in overpowering numbers.

Traditions creep into military training as into other education and all human activities. The urgent problem is how to shorten the training period so that we shall have men enough to fly and fight with the magnificent weapons we are providing. The enemy won't wait and we must not pit ill-trained men against better drilled fighters.

The only recourse now is to devise ways of imparting quickly skills that formerly were very slowly developed. Men can learn rapidly if given the proper opportunity.

But the problem won't solve itself. Capable, imaginative men must be detailed to the task and given space, equipment and authority to find the answers.

We owe it to the valiant lads we are sending out to fight for their country. They are entitled to the best we can give them, including the sure skill that will save them and bring victory in the moment of supreme need.



"Hold it, Camel!"

REPORTER: Will you be good enough, my Asiatic Antelope, to tell me how in the name of ten thousand little Persians *you* got that wreath?

CAMEL: Master, it was a gift from grateful track judges.

REPORTER: For what, camel? For what? Did *you* win a race? Are they racing camels around here now? Are you a *racing* camel?

CAMEL: Not at all, master. It was all very simple. I gave the judges some excellent advice about whiskey. They, in turn, were so overjoyed they gave me this wreath.

REPORTER: Wow! What in the name of Seven Hills did you tell 'em?

CAMEL: I told them of a quality in whiskey of which I am the living symbol, Sahib. The quality of *dryness* in whiskey. What some call lack of sweetness. And I told them of a rare and wonderful pearl among whiskies whose magnificent *dryness* permits its full, rich, mellow flavor to come through, unimpaired. This is Paul Jones whiskey, master.

REPORTER: Look, camel, you're not talking to a cub. Dry whiskies come high—and those judges aren't *all* millionaires.

CAMEL: Ten thousand pardons, master. Have I neglected to tell you that this glorious Paul Jones whiskey is sold for so modest a sum that the wisest of men know it as *a great buy?*

REPORTER: Ah. Now my furry foreigner, you've got a *story!* No wonder they were grateful . . . I am too. Would you like another garland, my fine and noble fellow?

CAMEL: Ten thousand thanks, giver of good things! But if I might . . . if the Most Gracious would not mind . . . a little hay, perhaps?

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

RITA HAYWORTH
Columbia Pictures Star
with her own Chesterfield vanity-cigarette case

Chesterfield
Cigarettes
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Chesterfield

IN MY CASE *It's Chesterfield*

In mine too say millions of satisfied smokers . . . for a *Milder* and *decidedly Better-Tasting* cigarette, one that's *Cooler-Smoking,* you just naturally pick Chesterfield.

And of course the big thing in Chesterfield that is giving everybody so much more smoking pleasure is its Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos . . . *for regardless of price there is no better cigarette made today.*

MAKE YOUR NEXT PACK CHESTERFIELDS . . . *and enjoy 'em* *They Satisfy*

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